



*As They Passed Through
The Port*

by

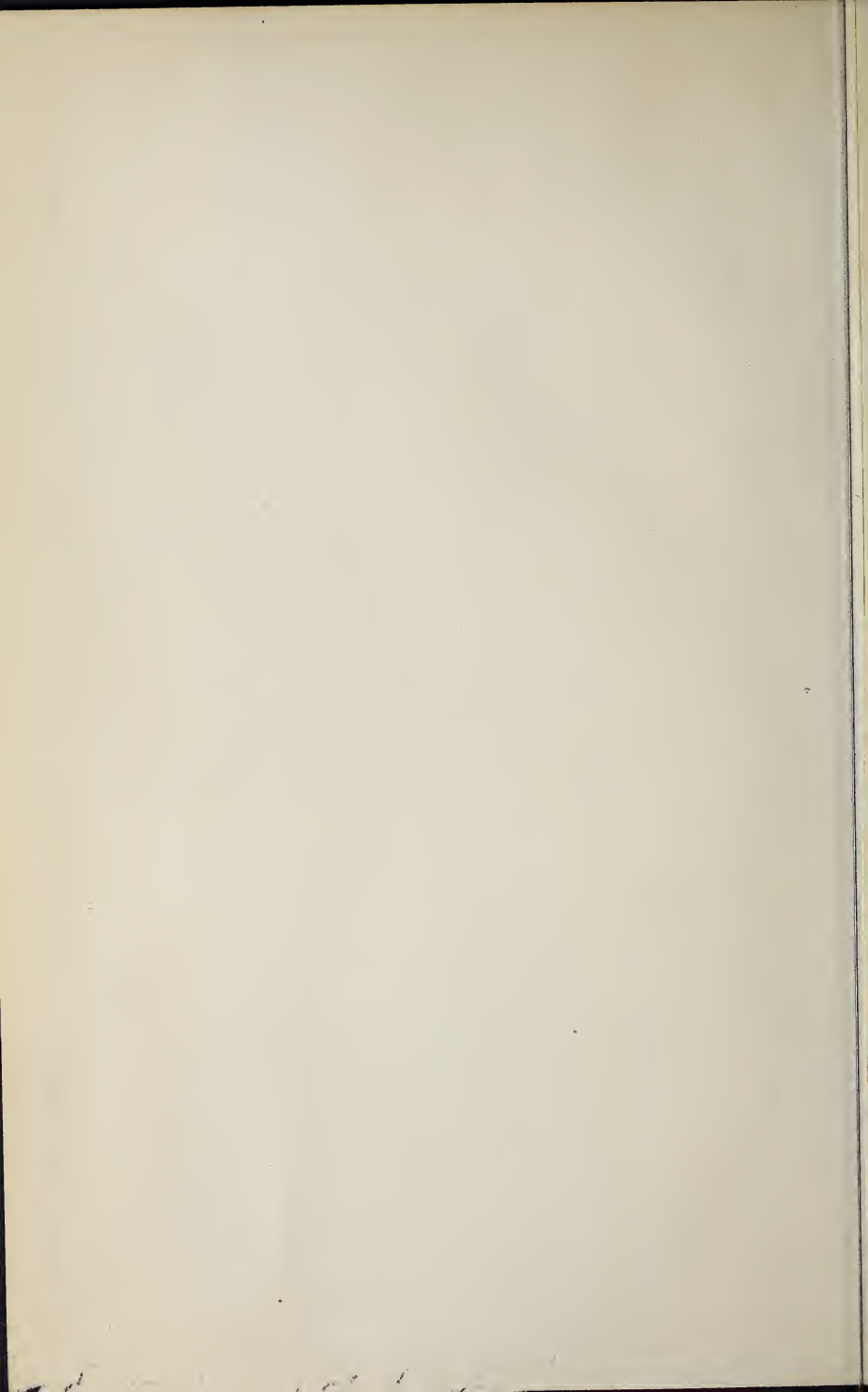
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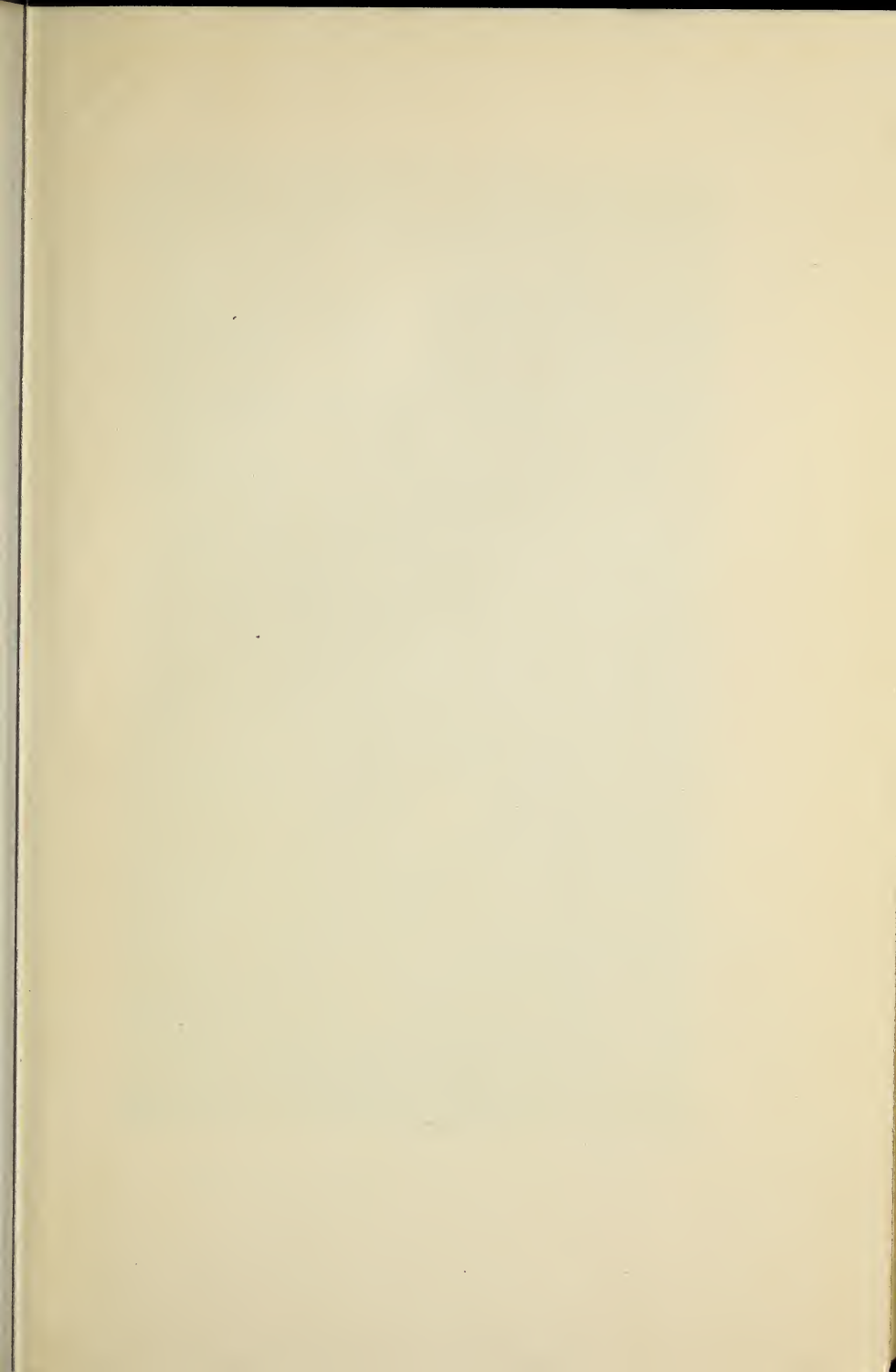
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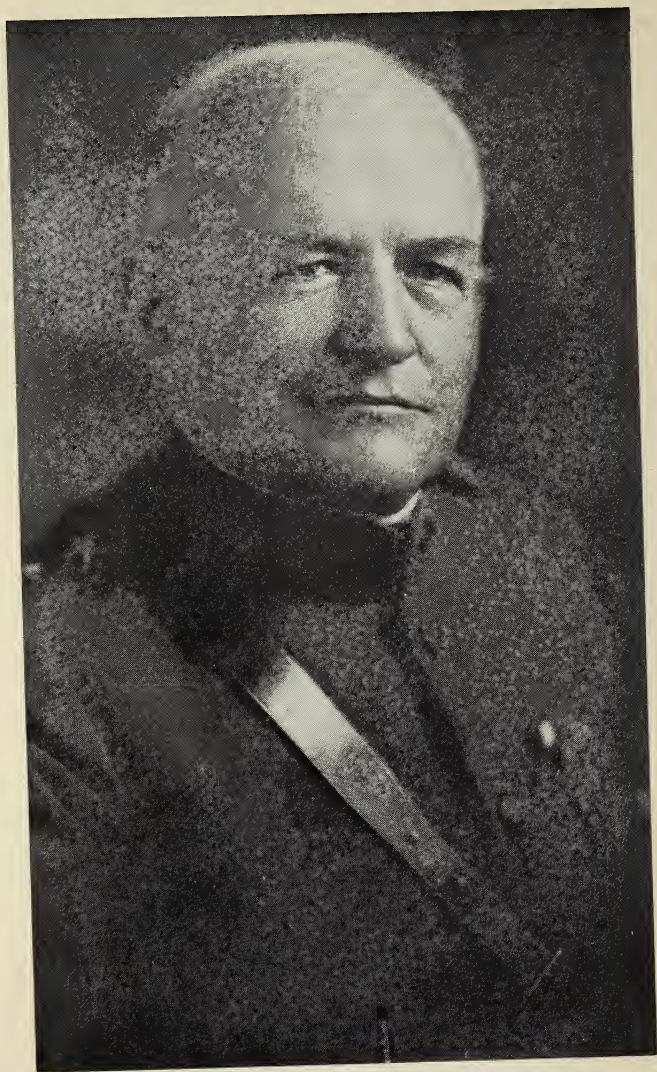


AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE BLIND INC.

GIFT OF
Major-General
David C. Shanks







MAJOR GENERAL DAVID C. SHANKS, COMMANDING
PORT OF EMBARKATION AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

As They Passed Through The Port

by

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID C. SHANKS

U. S. Army, Retired

Commanding Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.



Author

"Management of the American Soldier"

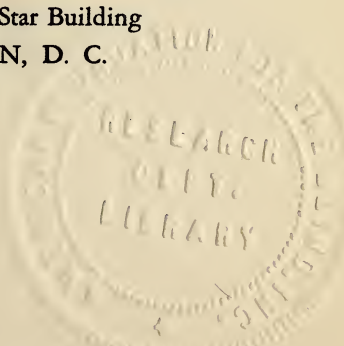


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UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED,

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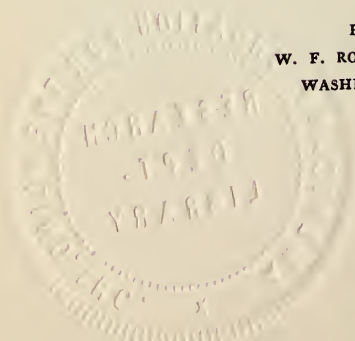
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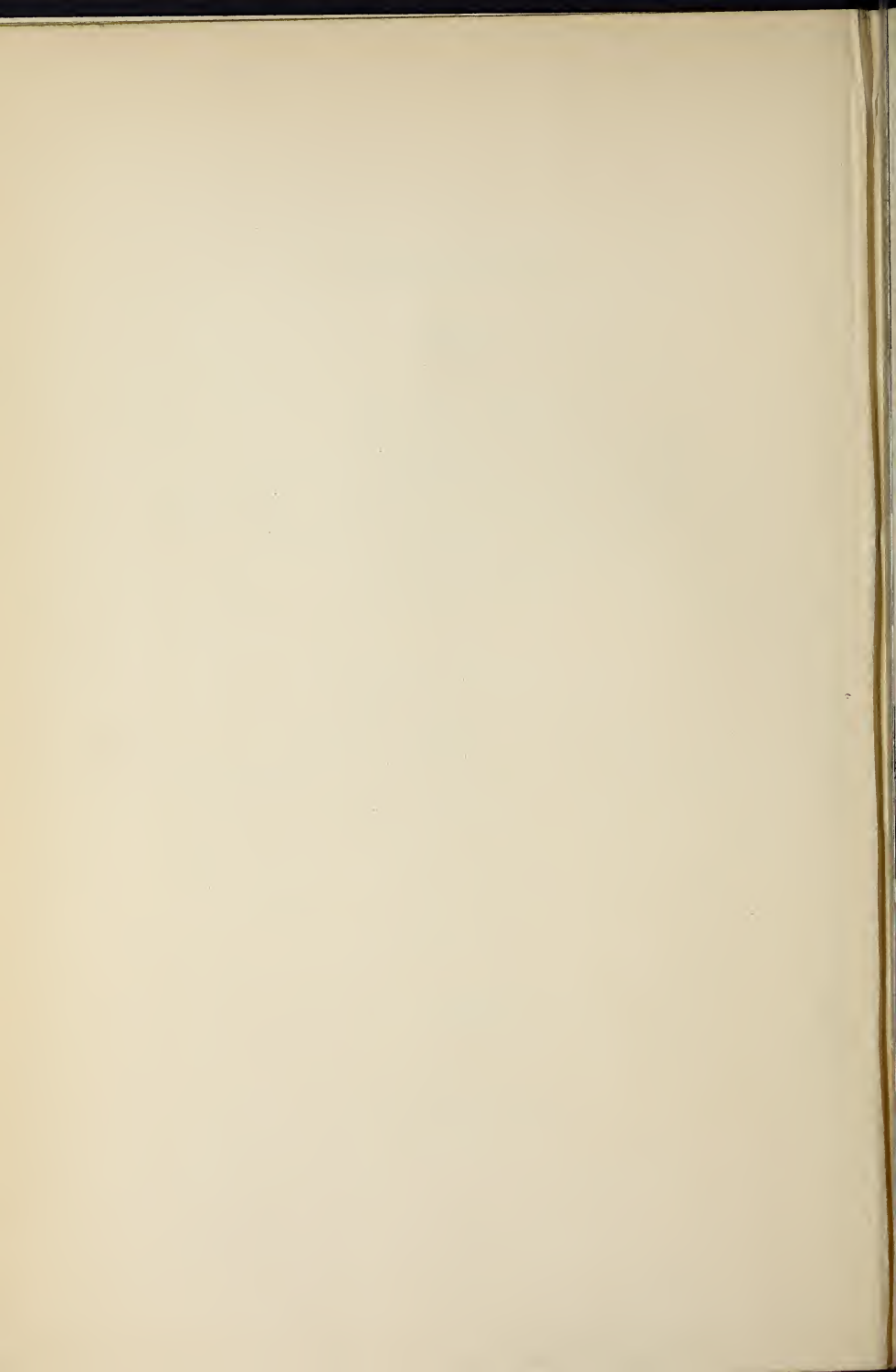
DEDICATION



*To the 1,777,109
American soldiers, officers and men,
who passed through Hoboken to serve their
country in the great struggle
beyond the sea,
and*

*To the vast throngs
of patriotic women all over
our land who in camp, in rest house, in hospital
and on our piers served their country by serving
those who wore their country's uniform, these
sketches are dedicated as a tribute
of admiration.*





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CHAPTER I

WHY I WROTE THIS STORY

N SELECTING a title for these sketches I have had but one idea in mind—to get away from anything that sounded official. This story is not military; it is not official; it is not a history.

What I shall try to portray is the personal, the human side of the service as I saw it during my two and a half years at Hoboken. Nowhere else have there ever been such vast, ever changing throngs of American soldiers; nowhere else has there ever been such a wealth of human incident. If there were many thousands of soldiers to go, there were likewise many thousands of kindred, sweethearts and loyal friends to bid them Godspeed. When the war was over and the human tide turned homeward there were many more thousands of mothers and daughters and wives and sisters and sweethearts and friends to give joyous welcome, and to throng our piers and our camps as long as the loved one remained.

In the lives of our boys the hours spent in the great metropolis were memorable ones; the

moments of embarkation and of debarkation were psychological moments. It is likely that much the greater part of our boys had never before been on a ship. Probably a majority had never even seen an ocean-going vessel. How crude were the ideas of some of these country lads may be surmised from the fact that occasionally considerable numbers of them on a ferry en route from Jersey City to a Brooklyn pier would suppose that already they were off for France, and would make anxious enquiries as to the probable date of arrival.

During my service at Hoboken a great many interesting incidents occurred in our camps, our rest houses, our hospitals or on our piers. Some of these incidents I witnessed personally. Many others were related to me by brother officers, welfare workers or others, to all of whom I make my grateful acknowledgment.

This story is an effort to depict the soldier not as a soldier but as a man.

CHAPTER II

HOW MY JOB WAS WISHED UPON ME

WHEN we entered the war I was on duty as Inspector General of the Philippine Department with station in Manila, and at that time held the rank of colonel of infantry.

When notice of my promotion to the grade of Brigadier General was received I had to pack up and catch a transport within thirty hours. It is not easy to pack and crate the goods and chattels of an entire family within thirty hours. However, Colonel Bellinger, the Department Quartermaster, sent eight Jap carpenters and twelve Filipino laborers to my quarters together with a truck load of lumber and packing boxes. We worked all day and until far into the night, the Filipinos throwing the various articles into boxes while the Japs nailed down the lids and made the necessary crates. Next morning when the property had been weighed, marked and sent to the piers I found the Filipinos had done their work so thoroughly that they had packed up my cap, and I had to drive to the transport minus

headgear until I could recover another cap from a trunk already on board.

At that time I knew nothing about ports of embarkation, had no idea of serving at one, and not the slightest desire to see one except as a passenger.

Upon arrival in San Francisco I had a telegram to report in person to the Chief of Staff in Washington. This telegram was the subject of warm congratulations from General Liggett and other officers whom I knew in San Francisco. Until that time every General Officer who had gone across had first been summoned to the War Department for conference prior to sailing. It seemed that I was one of the lucky ones due to get immediate orders for foreign service. As I traveled across the continent my mind was busy in arranging for my family in what I believed was to be our early separation. By the time we reached Washington all details had been attended to. I imagined that one of the first questions General Bliss was going to ask was: "How soon can you be ready to sail for the other side?" I was all prepared to make a ten strike by my reply: "Immediately, Sir."

Things did not turn out that way, and I had no opportunity to make my little speech.

On the contrary, General Bliss said nothing at all about going to the other side. He informed me at once that I had been selected to have command of the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, and outlined clearly the work to be done and what would be needed to accomplish it. General Bliss told me that the port already had been started and had a working organization, but stressed the necessity of securing the additional officers and men to take care of the inevitable expansion, which he warned me was going to be both extensive and sudden. General Bliss had exceedingly clear vision when he gave me this advice.

I spent four days in Washington going over the records on file there that related to the port, but more especially in desperate efforts to find some officers of experience who would be available for detail as my assistants.

At this time (nearly four months after our entrance into the war) all of our experienced officers already had been assigned to important jobs of one kind or another.

As a rule the officers who were still footloose and available for assignment were not the kind I was looking for.

There was as yet no executive officer at the Port and no Chief of Staff.

The embarkation camps had not yet been started, and it was plainly to be seen that officers by the hundred would be needed.

As a matter of fact when I arrived at Hoboken, there were, all told, seventy seven officers on duty there.

Eventually there were more than 2,500 so that it is evident there was need of effort to find these additional officers.

It is natural that any man who is going to tackle a big job wants experienced men as his assistants, and, if possible, he wants men who are known to him personally.

And so I set to work with all of the energy and the will power I could command.

With some of the officers whom I needed so badly I had personal interviews; with some I communicated by long-distance phone or by wire.

The results of my efforts were a distinct disappointment, not to say a positive shock.

My best friends apparently no longer knew me. If I had had smallpox, scarlet fever and Asiatic cholera all combined they could scarcely have been more frigid.

Nobody wanted to go to the port because it was deemed that service there would inevitably shut out any chance of foreign service.

The general tenor of the replies I received was in substance: "Thank you very much; appreciate your kind offer, and hope to see you later as I pass through the Port en route to France."

CHAPTER III

HOBOKEN!

A CITY unknown to the vast majority of the American boys who passed through its gates. Some of them perhaps had heard the name coupled in jests of the stage with Kalamazoo, Oshkosh, and Painted Post, but beyond this—nothing.

Hoboken which had meant little suddenly became to these boys the Significant City, a stepping stone up to the plane of life's highest endeavor. Once they did not know it; now they can never forget it. Today Hoboken in the American household counts little for its commerce or for the activities of its general business life—but all for memory. Size of population considered, Hoboken was the most pronouncedly German city within the United States. From the first it has seemed to me one of the strange things of life that from this the most German city within our country should go forth that vast army of American boys which was to play such an important part in overwhelming the "Fatherland."

I arrived at Hoboken on the morning of July 30, 1917, the first of the three hottest days I have ever known. They were later referred to in the New York papers as the "Hot Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," and were said to be record breakers for high temperatures in New York. They were certainly record breakers for me, and I had spent nearly nine years in the Philippine Islands. Within seven months New York was destined to see other records broken when two successive cold waves each established a new low temperature record and when weeks of bitter cold hung on with a biting, disheartening persistence.

When I looked on Hoboken on the morning of July 30th, I saw that city for the first time. Both of the big German steamship companies, the North-German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American had used Germans exclusively on their piers and vessels and in their warehouses. Many of their finest vessels including the palatial *Fatherland* had been interned at Hoboken and German crews had been left in charge of the vessels. German saloons were plentiful and there was no reason to doubt the hostile sentiments of some of our nearest neigh-

bors. There was a law of Congress which would have closed all saloons within one half mile of any barrack occupied by soldiers. It was a long, hard struggle to get this law put into effect at Hoboken because it required the proclamation of the President to make it binding.

Once or twice, the day and the hour for its enforcement had been set when a Hoboken committee would go to Washington with a plea that the maintenance of the streets and the very existence of the schools would be imperilled without the benefit of the revenue derived by taxes upon saloons.

There was more than one occasion during my two and a half years' stay at Hoboken when I wished that the port had been located in some state other than that from which hailed the President and his private secretary.

When the President's proclamation finally was issued it resulted in the closing of some two hundred and thirty-seven saloons with resulting benefit to the maintenance of law and order.

It was fortunate that by this time Major Craig had gotten organized his splendid police force consisting in large part of drafted men of the New York and Brooklyn police

departments. They saw to it that the saloons were really and truly closed.

Almost immediately after my arrival at Hoboken on July 30th, I set out on an inspection trip to view the "Port Newark Terminal" property near the city of Newark.

One of the pressing needs of the government was a vast warehouse space in which could be stored the enormous quantities of supplies then being accumulated for shipment to France. The "Port Newark Terminal" was supposed to be the answer to this need.

I had heard a great deal concerning the value and suitability of this property from some members of the "civilian storage committee" whom I had met in Washington, and had come to hope that it might fill all of our needs in the way of storage.

I was dismally disappointed to find that it consisted of some hundred and forty acres of reclaimed swamp land without other improvement than a long wooden bulkhead reached by a narrow channel not more than twenty feet in depth.

Against my earnest protest the government spent something more than fifteen millions of

dollars in the effort to develop this property, and in the end was compelled to commandeer the huge Bush Terminal property in south Brooklyn to answer its needs for live storage.

The persistence with which the advocates of the Newark property pushed their views, and especially the emphasis they placed upon the word "*Port*" when referring to the Port Newark Terminal can be explained only by remembering that trait of human nature which impels the inhabitants of a village located in a tidal flat to select some such name as "Mount Airy" or "Washington Heights." On the other hand the residents of a wild, windswept spur of the Rockies are sure to hit upon "Pleasant Valley" as the name most appropriate for their habitat.

The afternoon of my first day at Hoboken—and it was certainly a scorcher—was spent in a visit to the site of Camp Merritt, our proposed embarkation camp near Tenaflly, New Jersey.

At the time of my visit nothing had been done, but construction was started on August 20th, under Captain (afterwards Lieut. Col.) David G. Stivers, D.S.M., a man of vast business experience in the Anaconda mines at Butte, Montana, who pressed the work with such





CAPTAIN (AFTERWARDS LIEUT. COL.) DAVID GAY STIVERS,
CONSTRUCTING QUARTERMASTER AT
CAMP MERRITT AND PORT NEWARK TERMINAL.

energy and skill that the first troops to enter Camp Merritt arrived before the end of September, and before Christmas the camp could care comfortably for twenty thousand men.

Its expansion went steadily forward until it had reached a capacity of more than forty thousand with hospital accommodations for more than two thousand patients.

The site of Camp Merritt had been under consideration before the World War. Early in the first Wilson administration we had trouble with Mexico, and it looked as if we might send an army there. Major General Wm. M. Black on duty at Governor's Island began to look up sites for an embarkation camp. Among others whom he interviewed on the subject was Mr. J. Spencer Smith of Tenafly. At the suggestion of Mr. Smith an inspection was made of the ground adjacent to that town. This site had the advantages of lying between the West Shore and the Erie railroads and was accessible to both. Moreover it was within marching distance of the New York piers, and troops could readily be sent by ferry from Alpine landing on the Hudson River. When we entered the war a re-survey of this site was made leading to its selection.

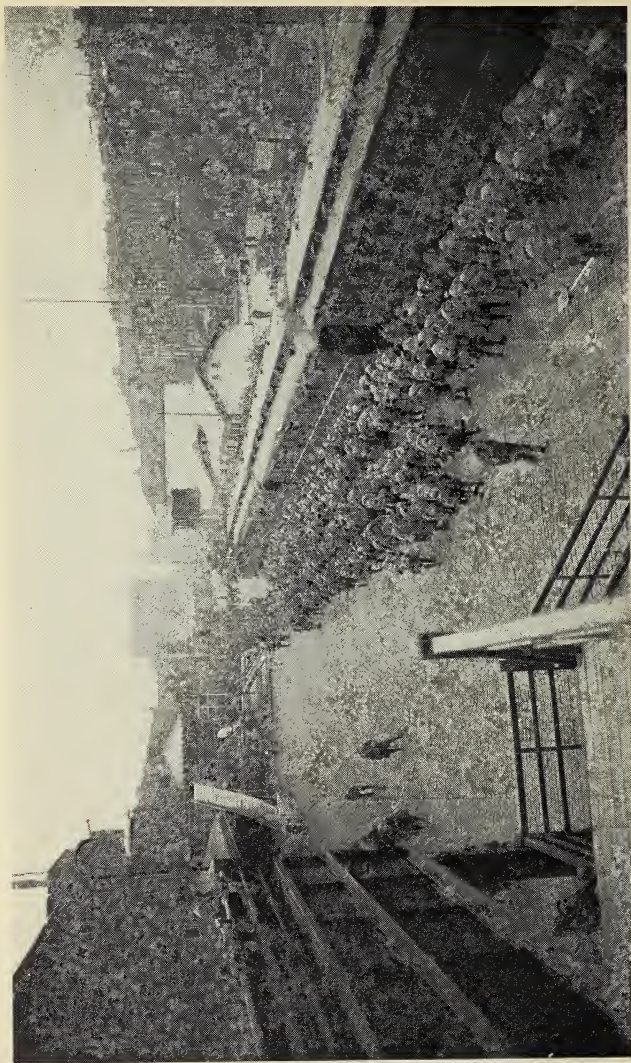
CHAPTER IV

THE EMBARKATION PIERS

THE Hoboken piers where were located the headquarters of our embarkation service consisted of the three piers of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company on the south immediately adjoining the three piers of the North German Lloyd Company on the north.

Sometime during the year 1900 the North-German Lloyd Company's piers had been completely destroyed by a very disastrous fire which also had burned several fine ships resting at the piers with a loss of some two hundred lives. When these piers were rebuilt the following year they were of double-deck construction, thoroughly fire-proof and were the latest word in pier construction of that date. Only one of the Hamburg-American piers was of much value. The river on each side of it had been dredged to a depth of more than forty feet to accommodate the *Leviathan* on one side and the *Imperator* on the other, the two largest ships in the world thus resting at the same pier. The remaining two piers of the Hamburg-American





HOBOKEN PIERS ON LEFT; TROOP TRAIN ON RIGHT. THE THIRD STORY OF THE BUILDING SHOWN HERE CONTAINED THE HEADQUARTERS, THE TROOP MOVEMENT AND THE TRANSPORTATION OFFICES OF THE PORT. THIS STORY WAS ADDED BY OUR GOVERNMENT IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE WAR.

Company were single deck wooden structures with piles so old and weak as to place great restrictions upon the loads they could bear. In the year 1921 both of these wooden piers were destroyed by a fire which seriously threatened destruction of the huge *Leviathan* and the bodies of four thousand American soldiers on the adjoining pier.

At the time we entered the war Colonel John M. Carson, Quartermaster Corps, was on duty as Depot Quartermaster at New York City and not long afterwards he was designated as General Superintendent, Army Transport Service, at New York City. Colonel Carson was an officer of large experience and notable ability as an organizer and administrator. A little later he was transferred to service in France where he earned and received a promotion to the grade of Brigadier General. It was Colonel Carson who, soon after our entrance into the war, had recommended the seizure of the Hoboken piers. On Sunday evening, April 15, 1917, his recommendations were approved by the Secretary of War and the President. On April 18th, the piers were formally taken over by a battalion of the 22nd Infantry of the Regular Army

brought over from Governor's Island and installed as a guard. At this time all of these piers were encumbered with miscellaneous property under guardianship of the two German Steamship companies. Among other items were some forty thousand empty beer kegs which had been lying there since Germany began the war in 1914. Immediately after the piers had been taken over, the various staff and supply departments of the army rushed all sorts of supplies and equipment to New York with a view to having it handy for shipment when opportunity offered. Our Government had provided no sufficient warehouse space and this property accumulated on the piers.

With all of his ability and foresight, Colonel Carson was not able to prevent the piers and the adjoining yard from becoming littered up with all sorts of supplies and impedimenta. Driven almost to desperation by the necessity of finding storage space he had been obliged to take all of the upper deck space of the three North-German Lloyd piers for use as a ration and clothing base.

The Shipping Board had suavely reached out and preempted all of the upper deck of Pier 4, and was an applicant for anything else it could

get hold of. When I first saw the Hoboken piers, all of the lower deck space of every pier was crowded from floor to ceiling with boxes, bags, crates and miscellaneous supplies. In short, the embarkation piers had become a storage reservoir for property and supplies of every kind. Among other property taking up valuable space were some six thousand tons of barbed wire belonging to the French Government. It required many months to induce the French officials to provide other storage space for this wire which was never sent across. In short, everybody was better provided for than the soldier who was to embark—for him, his baggage and equipment, there was little or no room left. The first telegram I sent to the War Department from Hoboken was to request an immediate stoppage of the policy of using the piers as warehouses, and recommending that space be provided elsewhere for storage purposes. The "Port Newark Terminal" being too far away, was never practicable for live storage. Consequently the big Bush Terminals in south Brooklyn were commandeered on January 1, 1918, and went far towards solving our storage problems.

One effect of the crowded condition of the piers was to make it so that after the War Department had given its reluctant consent to having the Red Cross women serve refreshments to our troops on the piers, they had to exercise considerable acrobatic agility in climbing over the various crates and boxes which encumbered almost every foot of space.

Long before the returning tide of soldiers had set in we had cleared out the upper deck of Pier 3, which was steam heated and provided with movable tables where our returning heroes might eat their first meal at home in comfort.

While the headquarters of the embarkation service were located on the Hoboken piers they embraced all troop shipments from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, Portland, Halifax and St. Johns. We maintained no permanent detachments at these cities, but officers and men were sent as required, from time to time, to supervise the troop movements from those points.

CHAPTER V

"A FEW" MAGAZINES

SCARCELY anything throughout the war was more outstanding or more admirable than the interest of the American people in the welfare of our soldiers. Apparently there was no sacrifice our people would not make whenever they felt that it would result in benefit to the soldier.

It was just at this time, shortly after my arrival at Hoboken, when the piers from floor to ceiling were crowded with all sorts of supplies awaiting shipment, that there occurred two incidents which I want to relate because they are so perfectly characteristic of the American people.

At that time we had hardly more than forty thousand men in France, but it occurred to one of the numerous welfare committees in New York City that our boys who had gone across must be lonely and in need of reading material. A plan was devised to meet this distressing situation and a committee went to Washington, placed the matter before the

Secretary of War and Postmaster General and received their enthusiastic indorsement.

Here was the plan: Anybody who had finished reading a magazine had only to place a one cent stamp on it and send it to the Commanding General, Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, who would see that it was forwarded on the first transport. The plan was published in every newspaper in our land. Even the country papers in the back counties of the far West published it—many of them on the front page with favorable editorial comment. For a few days the post office department was able to make deliveries in their own mail wagons. A week later we were sending down army trucks to help out the postal authorities; by the end of a fortnight the magazines were arriving in carload lots.

In all my life I never supposed there were so many magazines in existence. We stacked them up like cord wood in every spare space on the piers—they overflowed into the yard where they were covered over with paulins.

Every day General Pershing was sending cables begging that preference be given to this or that article of rations or supplies and urging haste; but I do not recall that he ever mentioned

magazines as one of the things he needed most. I have no way of knowing the total weight of magazines received, but I should say a quarter of a ton for each soldier in France.

The Secretary of War came along about this time and I told him if he did not find a way to stop the magazines they would sink every ship we had. The order was revoked and the supply diminished, but never wholly ceased throughout the war.

This world has stood a long time and perhaps it is a pardonable ambition for a man to want to feel he holds a real world record. And so, without boasting, but on assuredly solid grounds, I feel that, from the beginning of time and perhaps for ages yet to come, I may fairly claim to be the man to whom more magazines have been sent than to any other individual in the history of the world.

CHAPTER VI

SOME CHRISTMAS BOXES

THE subsidence of the flood of magazines was scarcely noticeable when there was thrust upon us a new form of activity even more characteristic of the American People—Christmas boxes for our boys in France.

The War Department published the orders providing for the shipment of the boxes. The order specified the maximum size of the box that might be sent, and strictly forbade the sending of anything perishable or any article of an inflammable nature.

Included in the order was the limiting date after which boxes could not be received for shipment—and the kindly advice was embodied to ship early and avoid the rush.

The people heeded the suggestion to ship early, but they never ceased until long after the specified limiting date—in fact we received and forwarded packages that did not reach the Port until long after Christmas.

My own instructions from the War Department were explicit, and required that each box

should be opened to make sure it contained no perishable nor inflammable articles, and especially that no bombs nor infernal machines were included.

Experience with the magazines had shown what might be expected from the American people once they got warmed up, so we prepared for action by bringing down from Camp Merritt six officers and two hundred and fifty men whose sole duty was to handle Christmas boxes.

They were swamped within the first ten days. When the tide was at its height there was a double line of trucks extending a solid half mile from the Lackawanna ferry to the delivery platform at the Port, and this line was there night and day.

I recall that one evening after seven o'clock when I was getting ready to leave for home and dinner the post office department in New York City put in a telephone call to speak to me personally.

When I answered, it was to receive the information that they had just dispatched fifty-three truck loads of Christmas boxes, and here was what they asked: That I make sure and have the

trucks all unloaded and returned that night so that they might be on hand for more boxes the next morning. It was a fortunate thing for us that about this time the transport *Pocahontas* broke down just as she was about to sail, for we immediately took off two battalions of engineers and set them to work on Christmas boxes.

At the peak of activity we had seventy officers and eleven hundred and sixty men working in three shifts of eight hours each—for it was necessary to have the work go on day and night.

As a side product we had a "Christmas Box Hospital" where the boxes received in broken or damaged condition were sent for necessary repairs. Forty carpenters and three officers were the surgeons in charge of this hospital and my recollection is that they operated upon something like forty thousand patients.

All sorts and kinds of presents were included; one box from the Pacific Coast contained a dozen dressed squabs. Many inflammable articles were found and had to be taken out. All the while our men were watching to make sure that no bombs or infernal machines were included.

At last one day a highly suspicious package

was found. It was a steel cylinder some eight or ten inches in length and four or five inches in diameter. It was provided with a screw top and was just the kind of package best adapted to contain a bomb or an infernal machine.

Captain Boyce looked it over, and at once called for volunteers. Several men responded and they took the suspicious tube to a vacant lot where, with many precautions, the top was unscrewed to find that it was a paraffin lined cylinder filled with strawberry jam. The donor evidently intended that jam to get through safely, and I hope it did. This is the same Captain Boyce who made for himself such a name as drillmaster of thousands of volunteers. "Boyce's Tigers" became a well-known organization, and an American Legion Post of which he is commander still bears that name.

When the French vessel filled with explosives blew up and wrought such havoc at Halifax I sent Captain Boyce at fifteen minutes' notice to accompany the Red Cross Relief train which Mrs. William K. Draper and her assistants had organized and equipped

with such dispatch that the Captain had no time to go home for a change of clothing.

Apropos of Christmas boxes a lady of New York City "put one over" on me with such neatness and despatch that the job was finished before I had the slightest intimation as to what was about to happen.

One day she called up and asked about the prohibition against sending inflammable substances in Christmas boxes. I explained to her that the prohibition was because of the fear of starting a fire on board ship. She expressed much regret saying that she had just received a letter from her brother in the trenches, and he had told her of some of his discomforts. Among others was the fact that in the cold and wet of the trenches he could not even get warm water to shave with. She seemed particularly disappointed at the order because she said that she had set her heart on sending her brother some boxes of "canned heat"—familiar to most persons as coming in small metal boxes, and consisting presumably of some form of solidified alcohol. I had every wish to gratify the lady's desire to send her brother some canned heat. I told her

that I thought I could arrange to send her package provided she would keep it a secret—for I could not afford to establish troublesome precedents.

In the course of our conversation there were two important factors subsequently developed which did not appear. The first factor was that the lady was quite wealthy; the second was that her brother was colonel of a regiment in France.

I am sure that I did not at the time stop to draw any mental picture of what was later to happen. But if I had done so, I should have pictured to myself the arrival of a messenger boy with a small package of canned heat under his arm—and that I would arrange with one of the officers of an outgoing transport to take the package across in his state-room, and put it where it would be delivered with other packages after his arrival in France.

Two weeks or more elapsed and the incident had almost passed from my mind in the rush of other business, when one day my aide informed me that Mr.....was on the phone, and desired to speak to me personally.

The gentleman occupied an important posi-

tion in the business world, and I recognized his name at once. He began very diplomatically by informing me that he understood that I had promised his wife to send some canned heat to her brother in France. I replied that I had given such a promise, and asked him where was the canned heat in question—to which he answered that it was on a lighter at the foot of Street, adding that he was prepared to deliver the lighter at any point I might designate.

This was a stunner for I could hardly ask even the best-natured ship's officer at the port to take a lighter load of canned heat across in his stateroom. I was up against it, for none of our ships must be endangered by sending such a quantity of inflammable material on her.

I asked the gentleman to let me have time to look around a bit, and I found that we had down in the lower harbor a gasoline tanker filled and about ready to sail. So we sent the canned heat down and had it put aboard the tanker, and I hope sincerely that it sent out many a genial ray.

Afterwards I learned that the lady was mak-

ing a present of canned heat to her brother's regiment, and that in getting together the necessary quantity the market had been cornered as far east as New Haven.

Naturally, most of the boxes that were sent across were sent by the friends or relatives of some particular soldier, but it is indicative of the large, generous heart of the American people that quite a few boxes were received addressed to "Any American Soldier in France."

The only present in bulk that was sent across was something like two hundred thousand pounds of dressed turkeys for the Christmas and New Year's dinners of General Pershing's men. Our government always supplies turkey for the holiday dinners of its soldiers.

We surely had a hard time getting those turkeys across. It so happened that about the time we were ready to ship the turkeys, Colonel William Hayward and his colored regiment, the old Fifteenth Infantry of the New York National Guard, were ready to sail. We put the turkeys together with Colonel Hayward and the 15th on the same transport.

After a day at sea engine trouble developed and the transport was forced to return.

Turkeys together with the Colonel and his regiment were placed on another transport. Just as they were ready to sail the refrigerating apparatus broke down entirely requiring extensive repairs.

Soldiers and turkeys were transferred to become shipmates on the *Pocahontas*. They were about ready to sail when a deep-seated fire was discovered at the bottom of her coal bunker, and made necessary the unloading of all the coal.

It was Colonel Hayward himself who came up to tell me about the discovery of this fire, and he has always insisted that in the excitement of the moment I made a few cursory observations about the futility of attempting to ship Christmas turkeys and colored soldiers on the same transport.

Finally they all got across, the turkeys in time to fulfill their mission and the Colonel and his regiment in time to render excellent service for our government.

Apropos of Colonel Hayward I heard him tell a story on his return concerning one of

his recruits received in France as replacement. This recruit, Simpson by name, was short, unmistakably black, and fresh from the cotton-fields of Mississippi. On one occasion Colonel Hayward found it necessary to get some ammunition from the dump pile in the rear up to the front without delay. Transportation was lacking, and time pressed. The only possible means of getting the ammunition to the front was on the backs of the men.

Simpson was one of the men detailed for this duty and they loaded him to the limit.

Short of stature to start with he seemed visibly to shrink as he trudged over the soft ground with his heavy load. Finally he delivered the ammunition at the appointed place and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Then he walked up to the non-commissioned officer in charge of the work and said: "Sergeant, I jest wants to ask you one question. How you got my name on your roll?"

To which the Sergeant replied: "What's the matter with you, nigger, your name's Simpson ain't it?"

"Yes Sah, Sergeant, that's my name. I was

jest afraid you had made a mistake and er thought my name was Samson."

One day while the Fifteenth was at the Port waiting for a transport, some white soldiers walked up to a very dark-skinned member and said to him: "Sam, I don't see why they want to send you fellows over there, for when they get you there they will have to put a white soldier with a bayonet behind everyone of you to get you to go forward."

The colored soldier smiled pleasantly and answered: "Anyhow that's one time you white soldiers won't run over us."

The joke was not on the colored soldier.

During the war we sent a great many colored soldiers through the Port. They have a psychology somewhat different from that of the white soldier, and, as a rule, are much more dependent upon their officers.

Naturally jovial in disposition there is still a tendency to foreboding. They had a hankering for speculation on the dangers from submarines that occasionally made some of them pretty gloomy.

Going across on our transports every soldier had an assignment to a particular life boat,

and the assignment was noted on his card so that there could be no mistake.

One day on the *George Washington* in a storm they found a colored soldier in a driving rain sitting tightly in the life boat to which he had been assigned.

He exhibited his card as a proof of his right to sit there, and it was with difficulty that he could be convinced that the time to take to life boats had not yet arrived.

Some of them suffered a good deal from seasickness. One day when our troops were returning and had had an especially rough trip, someone asked a colored soldier if he wasn't glad to see the Statue of Liberty.

"Yea, Boss, surely was—but I ain't never gwine to look that old girl in the face no more 'less they turn her around," he answered.

While the submarine menace was at its worst a bunch of colored soldiers were standing on the piers awaiting their turn to go on board. Evidently they were spending their idle moments speculating on the dangers of the journey when along came Captain Townsend in charge of our military post-office.

Townsend is a southern man by birth, and

knows the darkey character well. Seeing their gloomy looks he halted and said to them: "Say, boys, let me tell you something. The climate is different over there. Watermelons are just now ripe in Berlin. Be sure to go in and get your share."

The change from contemplation of submarines to recollections of watermelons was a fortunate one, and the whole bunch broke out in a happy laugh.

Major General Henry P. McCain, of the regular army, tells a story showing the power of the colored soldier, on occasion, to draw a distinction without much difference. For a long time during the war General McCain had command of our big training camp at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. One morning the General was making his daily rounds of the camp when he encountered a rather lonesome looking darkey soldier. The General paused to make a kindly inquiry as to how the colored soldier was getting along. "No, Sah," was the reply, "I ain't gittin' on at all well." The General asked the reason. "I ain't gittin' enough to eat, Sah," was the soldier's answer. This was a distinct surprise to General McCain,

who assured the colored man that he would look into the matter at once. Seeking some further details the General asked the darkey just what he had for breakfast that morning. When the breakfast menu had been enumerated it was found to be ample for a wood-chopper or for a prize-fighter in vigorous training. General McCain noted, however, that the darkey soldier had not included a cereal among the breakfast dishes, and a cereal was generally furnished. The General asked whether a cereal had not been furnished that morning. "No, Sah," was the reply. "I didn't git no cereal at all." "What," said the General, "didn't they give you any oatmeal, or anything like that?" "Oh, yas, Sah," said the darkey lad: "they give us plenty of oatmeal, but we didn't git no cereal at all."

CHAPTER VII

SERVICE AT HOME

FATE denied to me, as it denied to many of my brother officers of the regular army, opportunity for service in France. Considerably less than fifty per cent of the officers of the regular army had the privilege of overseas service. Of necessity some had to stay behind to attend to those prosaic but essential duties necessary to the existence of every army great or small. The little handful of officers and men on duty at Hoboken when I arrived there was steadily expanded until, at the peak, there were at the port and the embarkation camps 2,500 officers, 17,000 enlisted men and 14,000 civilian employees.

The great majority of these officers and men were there by order and not by choice. Oftentimes I thought, and sometimes I felt, that the hardest luck that befell anybody came to those on duty at our ports of embarkation. It seemed to me that it would not be so hard to be at some camp in the interior where one could not see what was going on. But to be

right on the piers every day where we could see one exuberant, enthusiastic organization after another sail away, and then to turn back to the daily grind and drudgery gave a feeling that must be closely akin to that of a pretty girl with a sprained ankle at a particularly fine ball. We actually had some soldiers who deserted from our embarkation camps or from the piers, went across as stowaways, and reported their whereabouts after getting overseas. When a soldier goes absent in order to have a chance to fight his country's battles you cannot find it in your heart to punish him.

It was but natural that a great many of our officers should chafe at being left behind. In the early days many were able to secure their release from further duty at Hoboken through official order of the War Department. Finally so many tried to get away, and the effect of a continually changing personnel was so disastrous that the Secretary of War gave written instructions that nobody should be relieved unless I had first approved his application. This was one of the most valuable bits of military literature that ever came into my possession.

The War Department continued to issue orders relieving some of my assistants, but under these written instructions of the Secretary they could not get away unless I had first approved their release.

During more than forty years of service it was the first time I could ever with safety disregard an explicit order of the War Department. It soon got noised around that the order of the War Department relieving an officer from further duty at Hoboken was no good unless I had first approved it.

Straightway I began to have a great many personal applications. I recall especially the case of one young officer who came to see me more than once.

He was performing a duty in which he had had considerable experience and for which he seemed especially fitted so I was forced to deny him. Finally one day his bride, an especially sweet and attractive girl, came to see me, and begged me to let him go. I asked her whether she was quite sure of herself, and I could see the quiver in her lip as she told me that she was.

Then she told me how every evening when

her husband came home he would get out his maps and charts and try to follow out the newspaper accounts of the movements on the field of battle.

In spite of her efforts tears came to her eyes as she told me she wanted to do her bit, and that she loved her husband too much to stand in his way. So I let her husband go, but the war was over before he had found his chance.

As illustrative of the very general desire of all of our soldiers for active service I must relate a little incident that occurred at Camp Merritt, our big Embarkation Camp near Tenafly, New Jersey.

We had on duty there some five thousand soldiers whose duty it was to guard the camp, handle the supplies, cook the rations, and do all of the chores and drudgery inseparable from the administration of a big camp.

All the while they saw other soldiers by the thousand arrive in camp, secure their equipment and leave in exuberant spirits for overseas' service while they themselves were left behind much in the position of the small boy left at

home to mind the baby while the other boys go swimming.

One day not long after the armistice I was out at Camp Merritt and a strange sight met my gaze. In a prominent part of the camp under a fine oak tree there was a new-made grave.

It was neatly sodded over and a white paling fence surrounded it. A white monument stood at the head of the grave, and these are the words on the monument:

"Sacred to the memory of our hopes of going over which died here November 11, 1918."

Such was the feeling of the men left behind, not only in our embarkation camps but all over the country—for we still had two other millions to take the place of those who had gone across.

Their blood was as red and their patriotism as genuine as that of their comrades on the battlefield; but fate had left them behind to learn the bitter lesson that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

The effort to get together an adequate and an efficient personnel at Hoboken was a job of no small difficulty. When I arrived there I

found that some of the most valuable officers were making desperate efforts to get away. For instance, Major Jewell and Major Hambleton were the only two adjutants general on duty. Very soon they both secured orders sending them on foreign service where they earned and received promotion to the grade of colonel with award of the Distinguished Service Medal.

Every officer worth his salt wanted active service, and I could not blame any who sought it; but the taking of officers from the port had reached a stage where it had to be stopped absolutely if we hoped to attain any degree of efficiency.

In my frantic search for officers needed so badly there were two fortunate factors of great value. In the first place the officer in charge of the "Personnel Desk" of the Adjutant General's Office was Brigadier General Eugene F. Ladd, a classmate and an intimate friend of mine. Prior to the war General Ladd had held down this desk and was thoroughly familiar with it.

Owing to ill health he had retired with the grade of colonel, but now came back to take

up his old job, and "carried on" until overstrain again forced him to let go. He has recently passed away due in large part to the stress of war-time overwork.

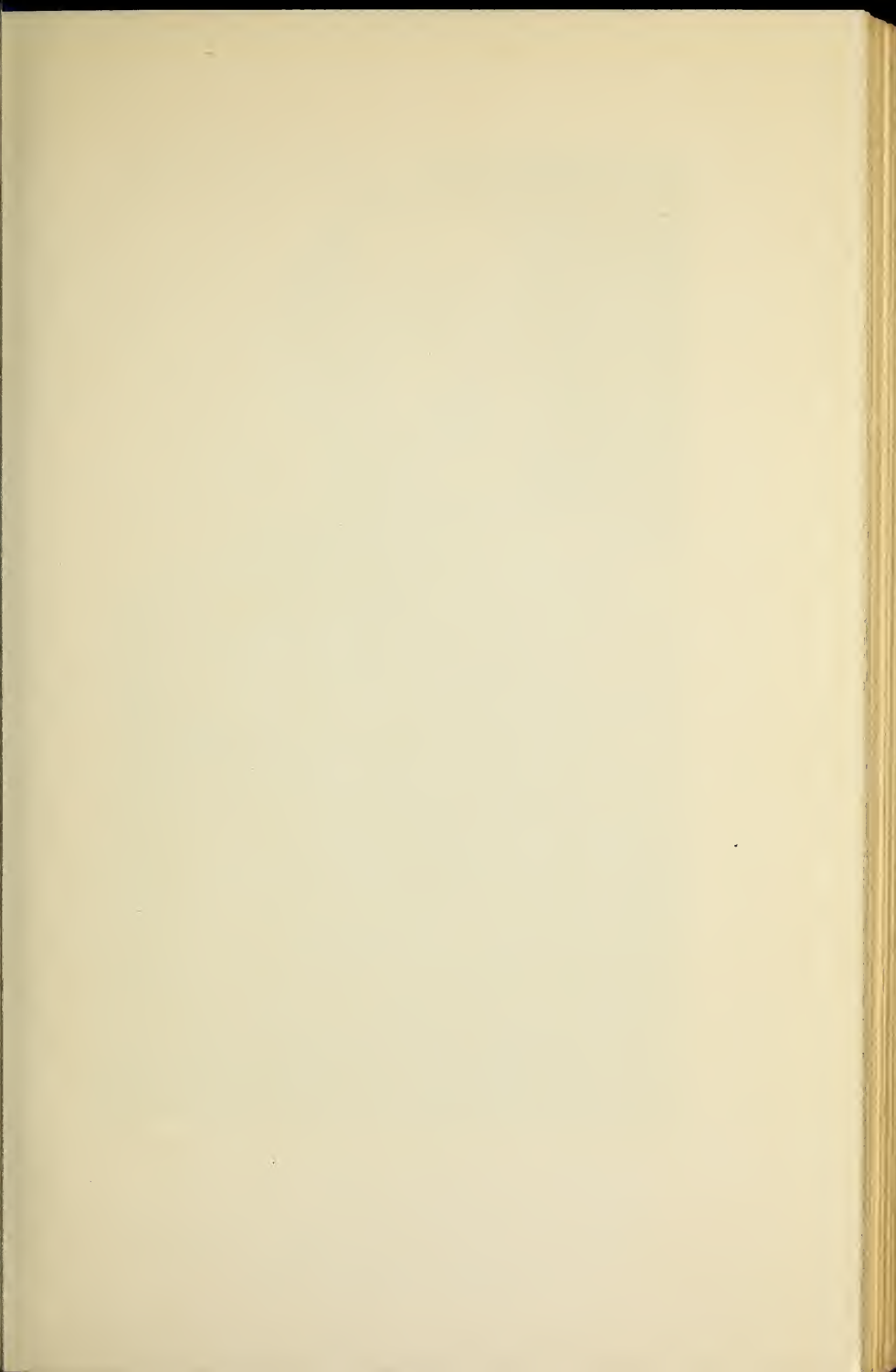
General Ladd knew more about the stations, the duties and the capacities of officers than any other man in the whole army.

With his assistance I was able to get the names and addresses of many officers who might be diverted to Hoboken.

He was able to suggest to me the names of a number of retired officers no longer capable of field service, but amply able to render excellent service where the physical demands were not too great.

During the entire time I was on duty at Hoboken, until the Port had reached its maximum strength, I had to call every now and then for fresh invoices of officers, and always the assistance of General Ladd was of great value.

In finding officers suited for some of the more important positions we had to put the "draft law" into effect. For instance, General McManus, in charge of the troop movement office, and General Longan, Chief of Staff, were





BRIGADIER GENERAL EUGENE F. LADD, CLASSMATE AND FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR. IN CHARGE OF THE "PERSONNEL DESK" OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE IN WASHINGTON. HE WAS OF GREAT HELP IN ASSEMBLING THE PERSONNEL TO CARRY ON THE WORK AT THE PORT AND THE EMBARKATION CAMPS.

both "drafted"—that is to say they already had jobs which would have carried them overseas, and they wanted active service abroad, but had to surrender their personal preference in order to come to Hoboken.

I want to pause here to pay a tribute to the energy, the ability and the unswerving loyalty of these two officers. They were invaluable to me, and rendered to our government service of highest order. I did not at the time, however, realize the injury I was doing the future prospects of these officers when I insisted upon their giving up service on the other side to stay behind and help in the important work of getting our troops overseas.

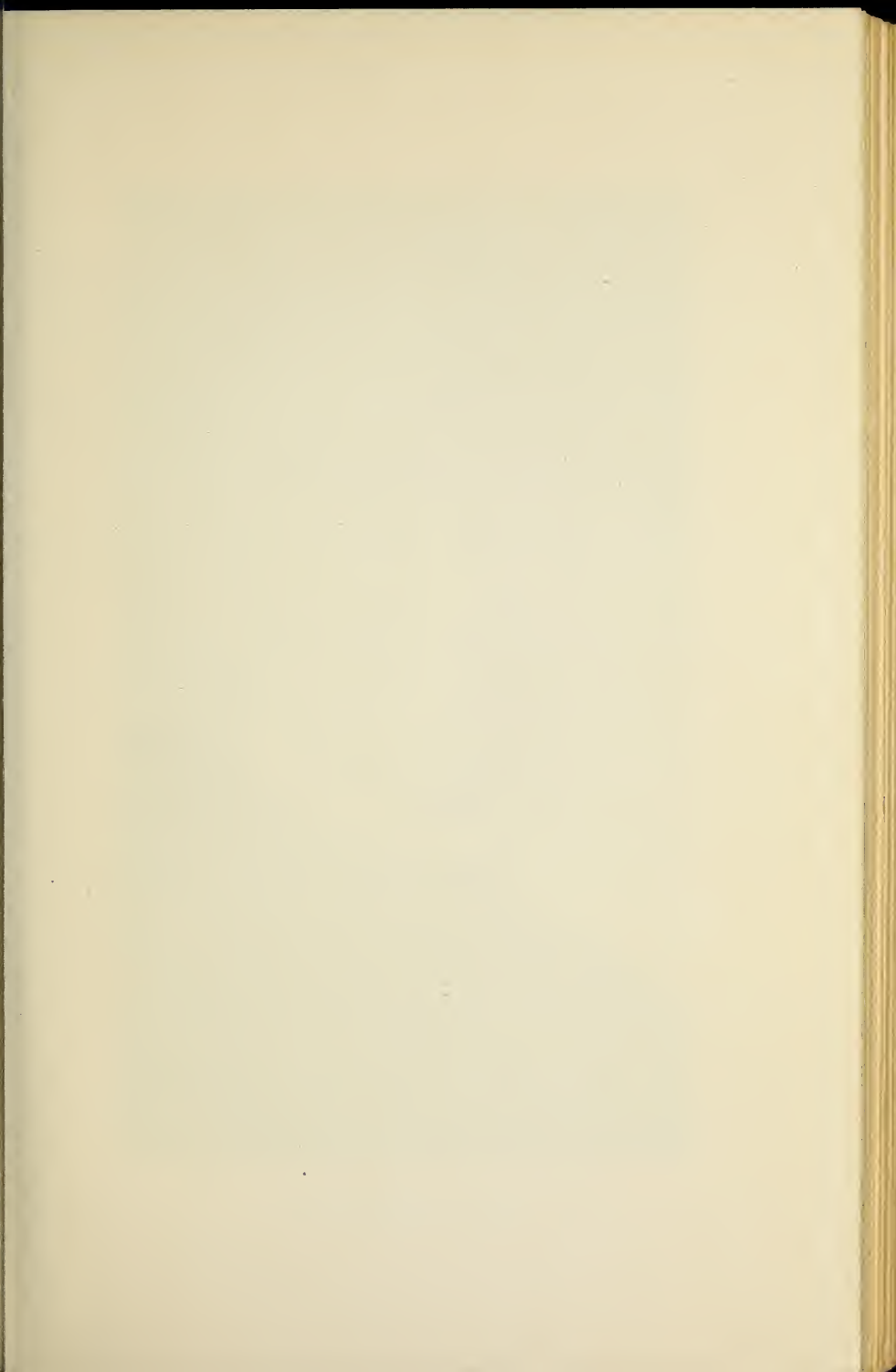
The lack of recognition of the service rendered by officers who, through no fault of their own, were forced to serve at home will be an object lesson for future generations of officers. No officer worth his salt will ever be satisfied to stay at home when there is opportunity for service abroad. More than fifty per cent of the officers of the regular army were forced to stay behind. But the number of those who served at home and who have received promo-

tion to the grade of general officer can be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

I am one of the "stay-at-homes" who can speak frankly because I received all in the way of promotion I could ever hope for. But I have felt keenly the bad fortune of some of the fine officers who did loyal, efficient work on this side of the great ocean, and who are doomed to end their service without recognition.

Besides the kindly assistance of General Ladd the other saving factor was to be found in the fact that a great many of the tasks at Hoboken required experienced men of technical or business ability rather than those of extensive military training.

For instance, if we needed men having knowledge of railway or water transportation, or as pier superintendents, or repairs of motor vehicles, or any other technical job, it was much easier, much simpler, and much better to take a man from civil life who already had the practical knowledge and experience we were looking for and give him a commission as an officer, rather than to take even a high-class officer whose only training had been along military lines and attempt to train





BRIGADIER RUFUS E. LONGAN, CHIEF OF STAFF,
PORT OF EMBARKATION.

him to perform some technical duty for which, perhaps, he had no special liking and no special ability.

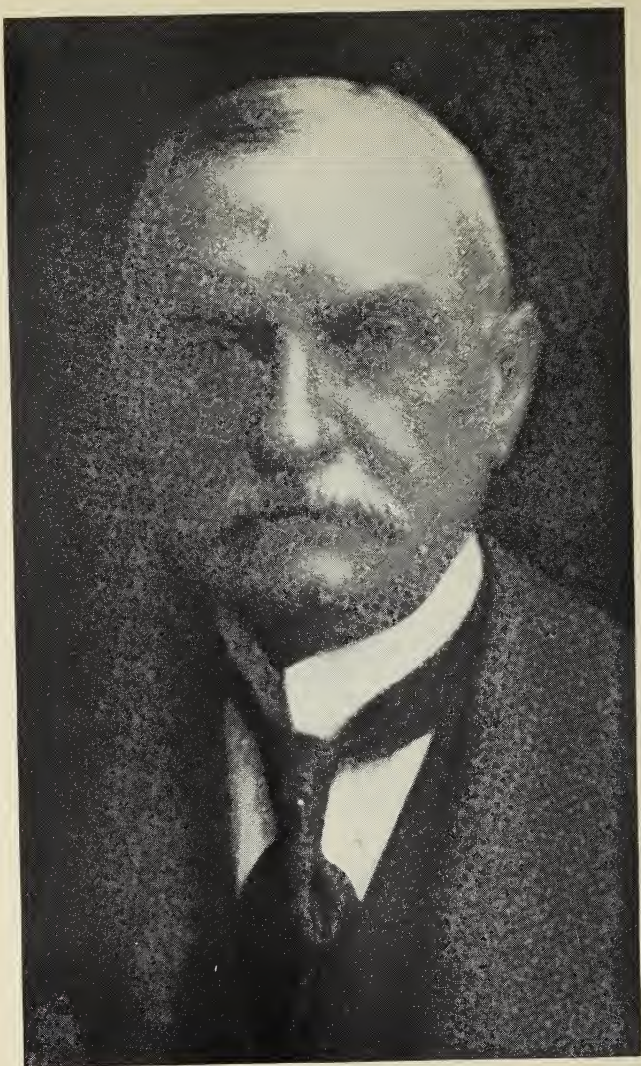
Some of the most valuable officers we had at Hoboken were men without any prior military training.

Nevertheless, they knew the special jobs to which they were assigned, and hence their services were of value from the very starting point of their work.

CHAPTER VIII

AS THEY WENT ACROSS

AS ALREADY stated I did not have the privilege of overseas' service—yet there was one respect in which my opportunities were unique. Standing on the side lines at Hoboken I saw our army go and come. Few officers saw more of our army than I. At the Hoboken piers there was a splendid opportunity to observe the progress and development of our army of civilian soldiers. My daily life was on the piers with frequent side trips to our embarkation camps. Every day I saw our young officers by the score, or even by the hundreds. Many of them were college graduates, the finest sort of material in the world. They had the intellectual equipment; they had the spirit; they were filled with enthusiasm; they were willing workers. As I watched from day to day I thought I could easily see their greatest weakness—a lack of experience in the management of men. It is a costly process if a young officer has to learn this most



MR. THOMAS F. RYAN, WIDELY KNOWN CAPITALIST
OF NEW YORK AND VIRGINIA. MR. RYAN PUBLISHED
200,000 COPIES OF GENERAL SHANKS' BOOKLET,
"MANAGEMENT OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER," FOR
GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION AMONG OUR YOUNG
EMERGENCY OFFICERS.

important part of his profession only at the expense of the mistakes he may make.

About this time I happened to be talking to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, the widely known New York capitalist, and remarked to him about this outstanding weakness of our young officers, and at the same time stated that, as far as I knew, there was no book which would exactly cover this field. At once he turned to me with an offer to publish such a book if I would write it. It was at a time when everybody was striving to do his bit in the common cause, and I could not let such an offer go to waste. My days, however, were filled with work at the piers. With my daughter as amanuensis I spent a good many evenings in writing a booklet termed "Management of the American Soldier" of which Mr. Ryan published two hundred thousand copies for gratuitous distribution. The favorable reception accorded this booklet led to many suggestions that I undertake to write a story of the human, the personal side of the embarkation service and hence, in part at least, is responsible for the present effort.

As time went on I noted with growing inter-

est and pleasure how each organization tried to excel the records of its predecessors. Frequently the training was still crude, and left much to be desired—but always the right spirit was there.

I am not of those who believe that the country caught its fine national spirit from its soldiers. I feel that our soldiers but carried across with them the spirit of the people they had left behind. No American army ever fought more effectively than did our boys in the great World War. The reason for it is the backing they got at home. No brave army ever yet came from a nation of slackers or skulkers, nor from a people filled with selfish indifference. What were the causes which led to the development of that finest spirit our country has ever known?

They were many and various, yet I believe that the main reasons may be summarized under four brief heads:

First of all was the justice of our cause and the feeling throughout the nation that patience had lasted as long as the national honor would permit.

Secondly, was the fact that we had not

rushed into war prematurely. In his second election President Wilson had been voted for by many who based their support upon the ground that he had "kept us out of war." Although, at the time, this viewpoint did not at all appeal to me I have since come to the conclusion that it was fortunate that we had not entered the war at an earlier stage. For when once President Wilson had made up his mind that war could be avoided no longer, he was able to secure a national backing that probably could never have been attained at an earlier date.

Thirdly, the loyalty, the patriotism and the untiring efforts of our women had a far-reaching influence. It is useless ever to hope for a fine national spirit unless the support of our women has been attained.

Fourthly, and most important of all, was the enactment of the law of universal service—known as the "draft law." In all of our previous wars wherein we had relied exclusively upon voluntary enlistments only those families were interested which had representatives in the army. But with the enactment of the draft law this was changed. When the

draft law had come into operation there was scarcely a family in all of our broad land that was not vitally effected. It was the draft law which tied every family in the country to the welfare of the government; it was the draft law which lit the fires of patriotism and made us a united people.

If ever again we are called upon to defend the nation we should have a draft law broad enough and deep enough to cover not only the entire man power, but the entire resources of the country as well.

Never again should our nation witness the spectacle of stevedores on the Hoboken piers striking for exorbitant increases in wages while the soldier in front-line trenches receives less than a third of what they decline to accept.

Our country was fired with unbounded patriotism. Everywhere the slacker was an object of scorn. At every banquet, at every assembly, at every liberty loan drive, speakers vied with one another in the effort to fire the national spirit. Here is a toast embraced in a little poem which still sticks in my mind as emblematic of those hectic days:

“Here’s to the blue of the frozen North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be over all
When the sons of the North advance.

Here’s to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be over all
When the sons of the South advance.

Here’s to the blue and the gray as one
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be over all
When the sons of the Stars and Stripes
advance.”

CHAPTER IX

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN THE WORLD WAR

WHEN General Pershing's first expedition sailed for France on June 14, 1917, Colonel John C. F. Tillson, of the regular army, was in command of the Port and had charge of the embarkation of troops. I have asked Colonel Tillson whether he was able to recall anything unusual in connection with the sailing of our first expedition, and this is what he said:

"Everything was ready; whistles were blowing, and the tugs were busy getting into position when there marched on the dock a whole battalion of trained nurses. I can see them now in their new uniforms marching proudly and in perfect formation. It was a solemn moment and impressed everybody. Work ceased and a hush prevailed. They were the last to go on board; and as they passed up the gang-plank we realized for the first time that the country was at war."

From that June day in 1917 until Brigadier

General William D. Connor with the last of our soldiers, except the garrison on the Rhine, returned to Hoboken on the Northern Pacific on January 24, 1920, the women of our country played a high and patriotic part. The welfare work for our boys as they went and came was superb in quality, and remarkable in its scope, its thoroughness and in its enthusiasm. Among our welfare workers American women were predominant, both in numbers and in importance.

One of the controlling motives which leads me to write this story is a desire to pay a deserved tribute of admiration to those noble, patriotic women who, by the scores of thousands, in camp, in rest houses, in hospital and on our piers, served their country by serving those who wore their country's uniform. And in this summary let us not fail to include those millions of mothers, daughters, wives, sisters and sweethearts who, with tireless fingers, knitted ceaselessly that our boys might not lack the comfort of woolen garments.

With pride I take off my hat in admiration for the work of our women during the great struggle. I am sure that no man on either

side of the great ocean had larger opportunity to observe the extent and to estimate the value of the work done for American soldiers by the women of our land. No man is wise enough to measure its far-reaching influence. To my mind the patriotism of our women and their splendid work among our soldiers all over the land were a potential influence in building up the finest national spirit our country has ever known.

We had a right to expect from every officer and man the best that was in him. They wore the government uniform; they were on the government payroll; the country was at war. Officers and men fulfilled every reasonable expectation. But the women of our country were on no payroll. Though they wore a uniform it was provided at their own expense. In their labor of love they knew neither night nor day. Upon the wholesome, heartening influence of our women; upon their patriotic, untiring work among our soldiers rested in large part the splendid morale of the American Army.

CHAPTER X

LETTERS RECEIVED AT THE PORT

DURING the progress of the war something more than twelve millions of letters and documents were received at the Port Headquarters.

The great bulk of these were, of course, routine or official in character.

Now and then there was a letter unusual in its nature or interesting because of some special quality.

Nearly all of our soldiers wanted service overseas; some of them struggled and pined for it.

Now and then would be found one who preferred to serve his country by remaining within its borders.

One such hailed from far-off Oklahoma. He had gotten as far as Camp Merritt when his courage failed him, and he submitted an application for discharge on the ground that he was needed back at home to care for the wife and six children whom he had left behind.

The poor fellow could not write so he attested his name, Dan Smith, by means of his "X."

A postscript, added evidently at his suggestion, informed me that his wife back in Oklahoma had been communicated with, and that doubtless she would be heard from within a few days giving some further facts.

Sure enough I did hear from his wife within a few days, and, quoting from memory, her letter ran something like this:

"General Shanks:

"Dan can't read, and you needn't tell him what I say. But me and the children needs the victuals he eats and the space he takes.

"He is no account when he is at home. If you can make any use of him, please keep him.

"You are welcome to him.

"Yours truly,

"Mandy Smith."

During the progress of the war Americans had a new experience when there was established a censorship of letters.

Censorship is something foreign to American ideals; but they stood for it on this side as

well as on the other because it was regarded as one of the highly necessary means of winning the war.

As far as this side was concerned there were very few letters that were censored in any degree whatever.

The only precaution was to see that the letter did not contain any information which might be useful to the enemy if the letter fell into his possession.

Captain Clair Haydn Bell has published a little book entitled: "What the Censor Saw," which contains some very human excerpts from letters which passed through his office.

Of course, all names and all identifying allusions were first removed.

Here is an extract from a soldier's letter to his father and mother written, as were thousands upon thousands of others, with the intent to impart a tinge of cheerfulness to the loved ones they were leaving behind:

"Dear Father and Mother:

"I suppose when you receive this, if indeed you do receive it, you will say, 'Why we thought he was gone.'

"Well you may think anything you want. In fact you may just let your imagination run riot—that's the one thing that is not being censored. But I am unable to tell you a thing.

"All movements are kept absolutely quiet. The only people who know anything about us are the few hundred thousand who watched us embark from the Port.

"The soldiers promenade the decks and are much in evidence; but at night when they can't be seen they must stay below, and all matches must be turned in.

"Oh, yes, it's very secret, but it's war. And being a soldier I have come to say that it's right if for no other reason than that it is an order, and how easy it is to get along when you live that way.

"Experiences have been many and varied, nor am I the only landlubber afloat who is getting an eyefull.

"But just now the War Department is not particularly interested in whether the family back in Elm Flat is hearing about their son Henry, and whether he is enjoying his trip and what he is seeing.

"A ship is a large assortment of places that you can never find a second time, and all are surrounded by 'Keep Off the Grass' signs.

"Have you ever taken a bath aboard ship? No? Then you have missed one of the most nerve-racking experiences of a life-time.

"In our stateroom we have a large luxurious bath, hot water, cold water, fresh water, salt water.

"Never in my life have I seen such an imposing array of faucets, push-buttons, spigots, electric light switches, thingamabobs and doodads.

"And I say this after I have reached the age in life when one ceases to wonder what are the things that are found on a woman's dresser.

"I entered that bathroom in my birthday suit, and I never felt so much alone in my life.

"Handles and buttons leered at me, pointed their bony fingers at me and dared me to find the right button.

"I turned one button, and immediately found myself covered with ice-cold water. I was under the shower bath and had turned it on.

"Then I turned another and something above

me screeched. I guess I had blown the whistle.

"Then I turned another, and nothing at all happened. Then another, and the ship's bells rang eight times.

"Then another, and the electric lights went out. Still another, and the electric fan started to work.

"There is nothing like an electric fan after a nice cold bath that you had not intended to take.

"Then I pushed a button, and in bobbed a kinky, black South African head, another still, and in came the steward. I told them to go away and when I wanted them I would call them.

"Perhaps, I thought, I may push one in a minute that will call the Captain.

"Oh, it's a great life. You have heard seamen spoken of as old sea dogs.

"Well the reason is that after a person has been on board a while he is ready to bite anybody at any time.

"I asked a sailor where the canteen was and he said: 'Just for'd the poop deck,' and seeing that I did not look as intelligent as might

be expected he further explained that it was 'On the starboard side, just abaft the D deck companionway.'

"For a country boy who is used to finding things by using the schoolhouse or the courthouse as a reference point life on board ship is a very rocky one full of ups and downs. There's a sort of grim humor pervading that last remark."

Here is a really typical letter from an American soldier. If the man who wrote this letter ever sees these lines he may well feel proud of the letter he wrote:

"En route to embark.

"Dear Alice and Altha

"Dear Father and Mother

"Dear Grandfather and Grandmother

"Dear Frank:

"I have written an 'I have arrived safely overseas' card which will be delivered if we do arrive safely. But I am writing this letter to be delivered in any case. For I want you to know that I am starting out on this supreme adventure with an absolutely tranquil mind, and a heart uplifted by a calm confidence

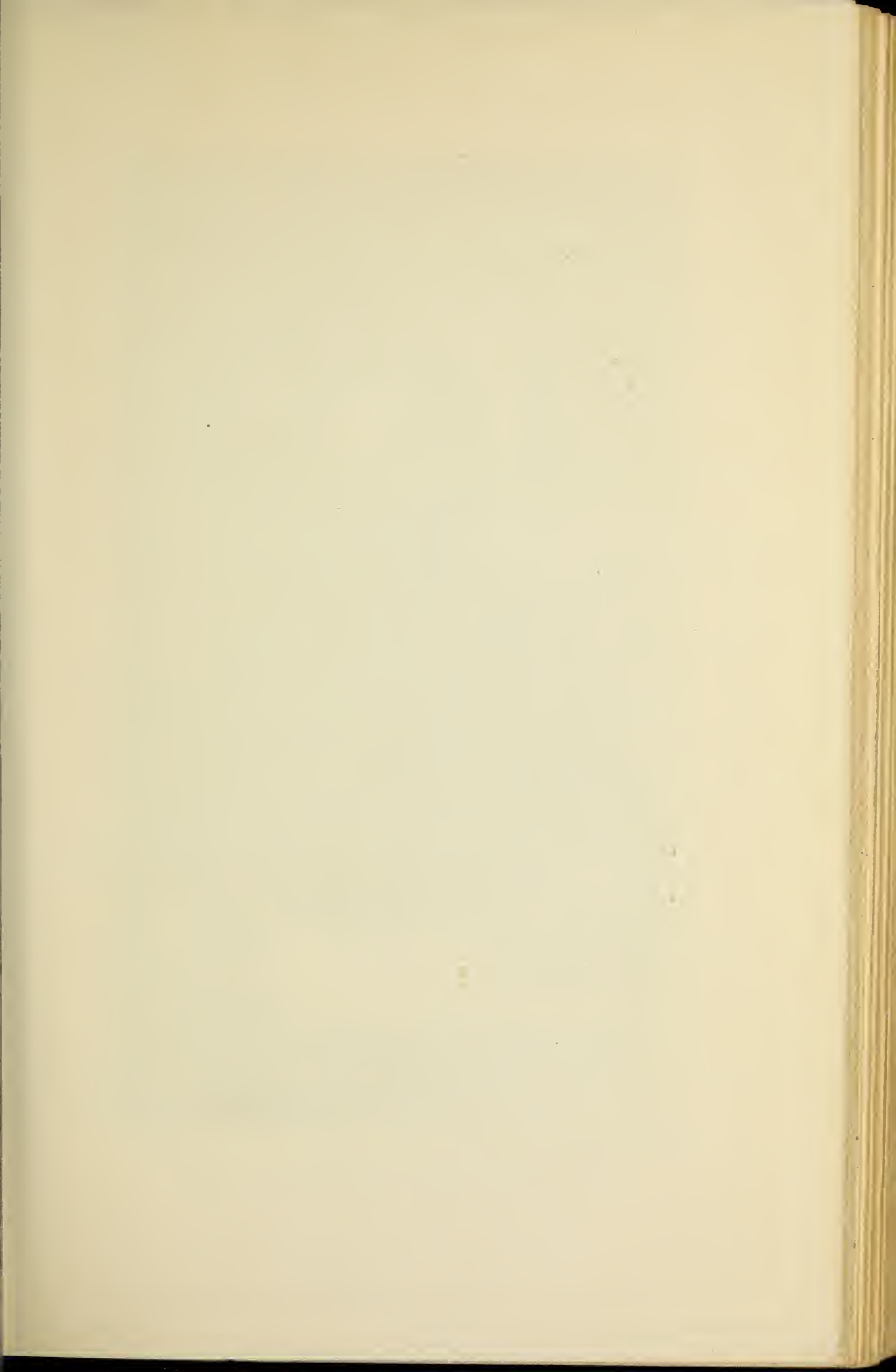
in the justice and righteousness of the cause in which we are engaged. And if it should be written that I am not to arrive safely, or if I should be later called upon to sacrifice my life in this cause, I shall still count it the crowning good fortune of my life to have had my small part in this great and glorious undertaking of making the world safe for democracy. And, if I never return to you here, think of me as waiting for you at the end of that journey which we must all take to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. God be with you till we meet again, be it on this shore or the other.

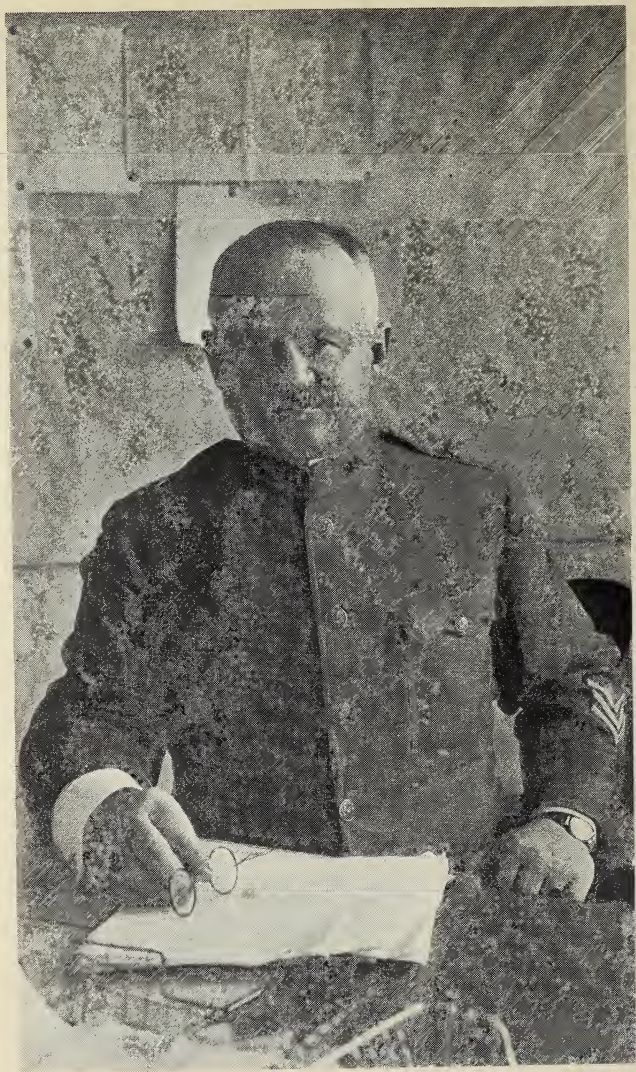
“Your

“Robert.”

One of our rules of debarkation prohibited any one being on the piers when troops were disembarking except those employed in official business or engaged in welfare work.

If all of the relatives and friends could be right on the dock as the ship drew alongside, there would not be space to turn around in and the work of taking the troops off would be delayed for hours.





BRIG. GEN. GEORGE H. McMANUS, IN CHARGE
TROOP MOVEMENTS THROUGHOUT THE WAR.

Just inside the grounds we had built a big reception room which would hold two or three thousands of people and where relatives and friends could wait until the troops had come off the ship.

In the cases of those who had done welfare work on the piers General McManus, in charge of troop movements, sometimes made an exception.

Here is a plea from one such, and I think I have hardly ever read a more human letter.

General McManus would have needed a heart of stone to refuse the girl who wrote this letter:

"My dear General McManus:

"Please, please, *please*, let me have a pass to meet the *Santa Cecilia* due here from Brest this week.

"My fiance, Corporal..... is on board, and it seems as if this last week is harder to wait than the long year plus that is now past.

"I feel that I'll simply explode if I can't see him either at the pier or at Long Island City where the troops entrain.

"I have worked for the soldiers ever since

war was declared, and I have gone down the bay to welcome Nebraska and Montana and Missouri and Kansas boys—and now I want a chance to welcome my own boy.

“These are Texas and Oklahoma troops, so I hope you won’t have many requests for passes—anyway I beg and plead that, in memory of your own courting days, you’ll send me one. *Please.*”

General McManus had not forgot his own courting days and the girl got her pass.

Of all the letters I ever read the one that burned itself deepest into my memory came from a mountain village in Pennsylvania some time during the latter part of August, 1918.

This letter was blotted, tear-stained and crumpled, and only God above knows with what anguish of soul it was penned. The writer said that she was a widow with but one son, a private in a certain artillery organization which she named. She stated that her boy had gotten as far as Camp Merritt, but had then gone absent without leave and was hiding at home. She wrote that she had told her son that she could not bear to be the mother of a

deserter, and had pleaded with him to rejoin his organization, but in vain. After a sleepless night of prayer she had determined to report her son to the proper authority and ask that they send for him and make him do his duty. She did not want to see him punished, but did want to see him do his duty as a soldier. In looking up the case I found that the organization to which the soldier belonged had been held at Camp Merritt for some time because of General Pershing's cabled request asking that infantry and machine-gun units be rushed over to the exclusion of units of other arms. Doubtless, the boy had become homesick—for homesickness is a veritable trial to many a recruit. I could have had the soldier arrested as a deserter, but I felt that such a mother was entitled to every consideration. Accordingly, I sent my aide to the captain of the soldier's company suggesting that he have the soldier brought back and punished in some other way than by discharge. A few days later I was relieved from command of the Port of Hoboken to take command of the 16th Division at Camp Kearney, California, and never knew the outcome of the case. I have always regarded

the letter of the Pennsylvania mother as the purest bit of patriotism that came under my personal observation during the war.

There was another letter received which I like to think about because of its happy outcome. One day while our sick and wounded were returning on every vessel fitted to carry them I received a letter postmarked in a western city. When I opened the letter the first thing to fall out on my desk was a picture cut from a Sunday newspaper showing a ferry boat crowded with soldiers. It seemed to me that I never saw more soldiers on one ferry than appeared to be on this one. Standing in the foreground leaning over the rail was one soldier whose face was unusually clear and distinct. The poor fellow looked as if he had been very ill indeed. The writer in order to draw attention to this soldier had placed a cross mark on his cap and another on his blouse beneath his chin. When I looked for the letter accompanying the picture I found it to be in the scrawling writing and the simple words of a school girl, and ran something like this:

"General Shanks:

"My mother tells me to write and send you this picture. We think it is the picture of my brother, but the War Department wrote us that he was killed in Flanders last fall." The writer signed her name and then added a post-script: "My mother says to tell you she knows that is her boy. Can you help us?"

At once I sent for the officer in charge of the big passenger lists running at that time more than two hundred thousand per month and asked him to get busy, suggesting that he would probably find the soldier in one of our debarkation hospitals. Within two hours he came back to tell me the soldier had been found, and we sent a telegram that of all the many thousands bearing my name during the war gave me most pleasure. It told the mother that her boy was ill in the big Green-hut hospital, but was rapidly getting better and would leave for home within a few days.

CHAPTER XI

WELFARE WORK ON THE PIERS

I DO not hesitate to express the opinion that one of the sad mistakes of the war—a mistake that cost us a host of friends among our emergency soldiers, among our public officials and among the public at large, was the failure to place a proper estimate upon the value of the human element in the soldier.

There is no military knowledge, however thorough, and there is no driving power, however great, that will secure best results without recognition of the assured fact that the soldier is first of all a man.

When I succeeded Brigadier General William M. Wright in command of the Port on August 1, 1917, I found there were stringent orders from the War Department prohibiting the presence of any persons on the piers when troops were sailing except those there on official business.

I had a great many applications from representatives of various societies and organizations desiring the privilege of furnishing

refreshments or otherwise contributing to the pleasure or comfort of soldiers about to embark. To all of these appeals I was obliged to turn a deaf ear. The War Department was insistent upon the effort to maintain secrecy and I had no choice.

Among others who came to see me about doing welfare work was Mrs. E. M. Parker (the present Mrs. John S. Ellsworth) who later did such splendid work on our piers with the canteen branch of the Red Cross of which her husband, Mr. John S. Ellsworth, was director and manager.

I explained to her fully the nature of the War Department instructions, and that, under these instructions, she and her assistants could not be permitted to come to the piers when troops were embarking.

A little later we had two or three trainloads of troops due to arrive at the Weehawken station of the West Shore Railroad about 5.30 A.M.—a beastly hour in the month of November. Mrs. Parker and her co-workers wanted the privilege of serving coffee and sandwiches to these soldiers. The railway station was not on the piers nor at the Port,

so I felt at liberty to comply with her request.

I carefully selected a young officer to go up and render any assistance possible to these patriotic women who were willing to get up before daylight on a cold November morning to serve refreshments to our soldiers. I failed to keep a copy of the note I gave him, but Mrs. Ellsworth has recently furnished me with one.

I reproduce this note here for I feel proud of the efforts which I made, and which eventually were successful, to induce the War Department to authorize welfare work on our piers.

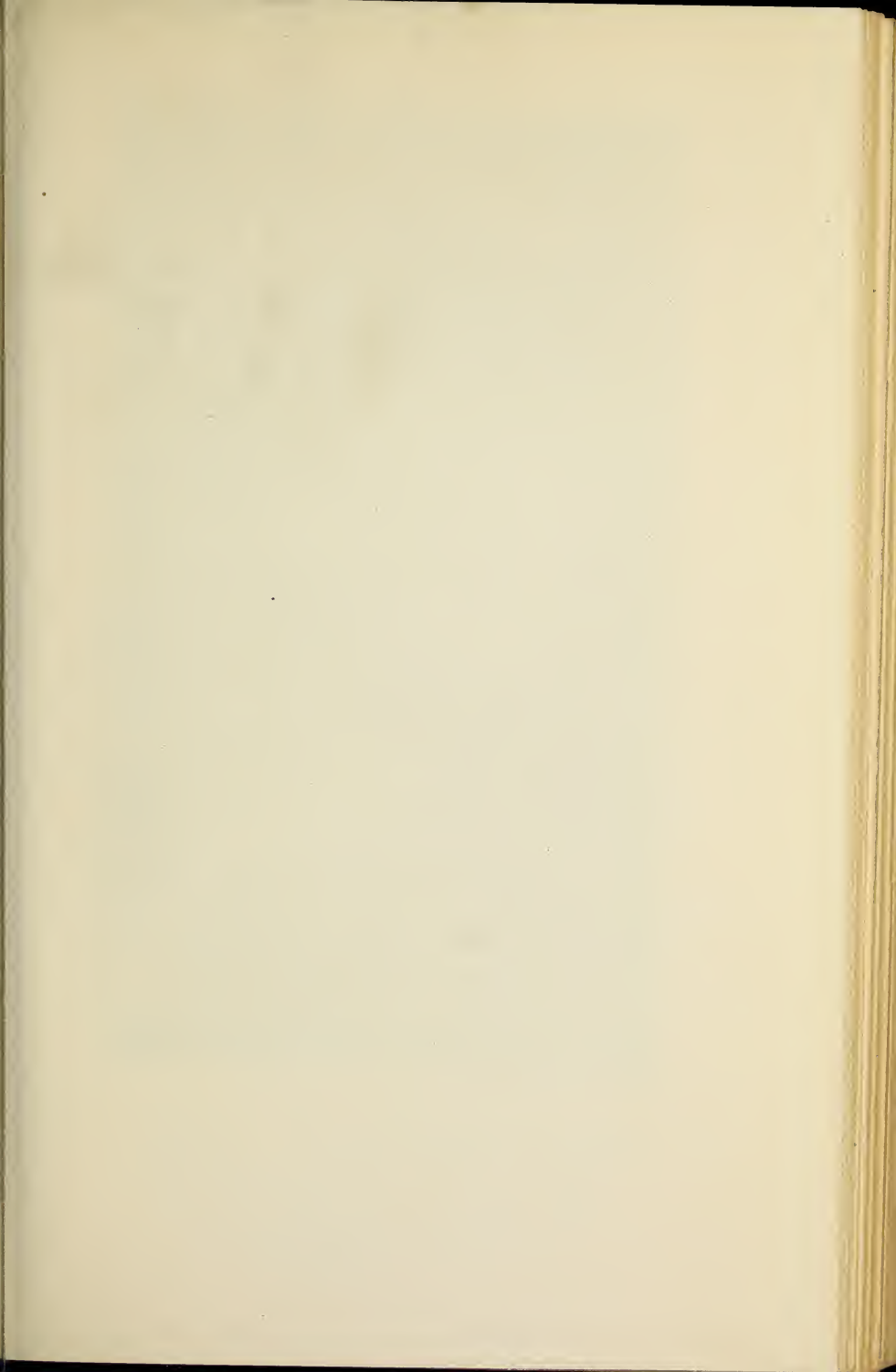
I feel that no service I ever rendered to the government was more valuable than the efforts made to secure authority for welfare work with its attendant result of recognizing the value of the human element in the soldier.

The note is as follows:

“Headquarters Port of Embarkation,
“Hoboken, New Jersey, Nov. 21, 1917.

“My dear Mrs. Parker:

“This will be handed you by Lieut. McCarthy of the 49th Infantry who has been





MRS. JOHN S. ELLSWORTH OF NEW YORK, AT THE
HEAD OF THE CANTEEN BRANCH OF RED CROSS
WORKERS WHO DID SO MUCH FOR OUR SOLDIERS
GOING AND COMING. IT WAS MRS. ELLSWORTH WHO
FIRST STARTED CANTEEN WELFARE WORK FOR
OUR SOLDIERS AT THE WEEHAWKEN RAILWAY
STATION IN NOVEMBER, 1917.

sent up to confer with you, and to render any assistance in his power.

"I desire to express to you for myself and for the soldiers concerned my appreciation of the work you are doing. Certainly the work is deserving of all the appreciation and all the thanks we can render you.

Very sincerely yours,
David C. Shanks,
Major General, National Army."

Later that morning I talked with some of the officers of the organizations concerned, and found them enthusiastic and appreciative of the service that had been rendered to them and their men.

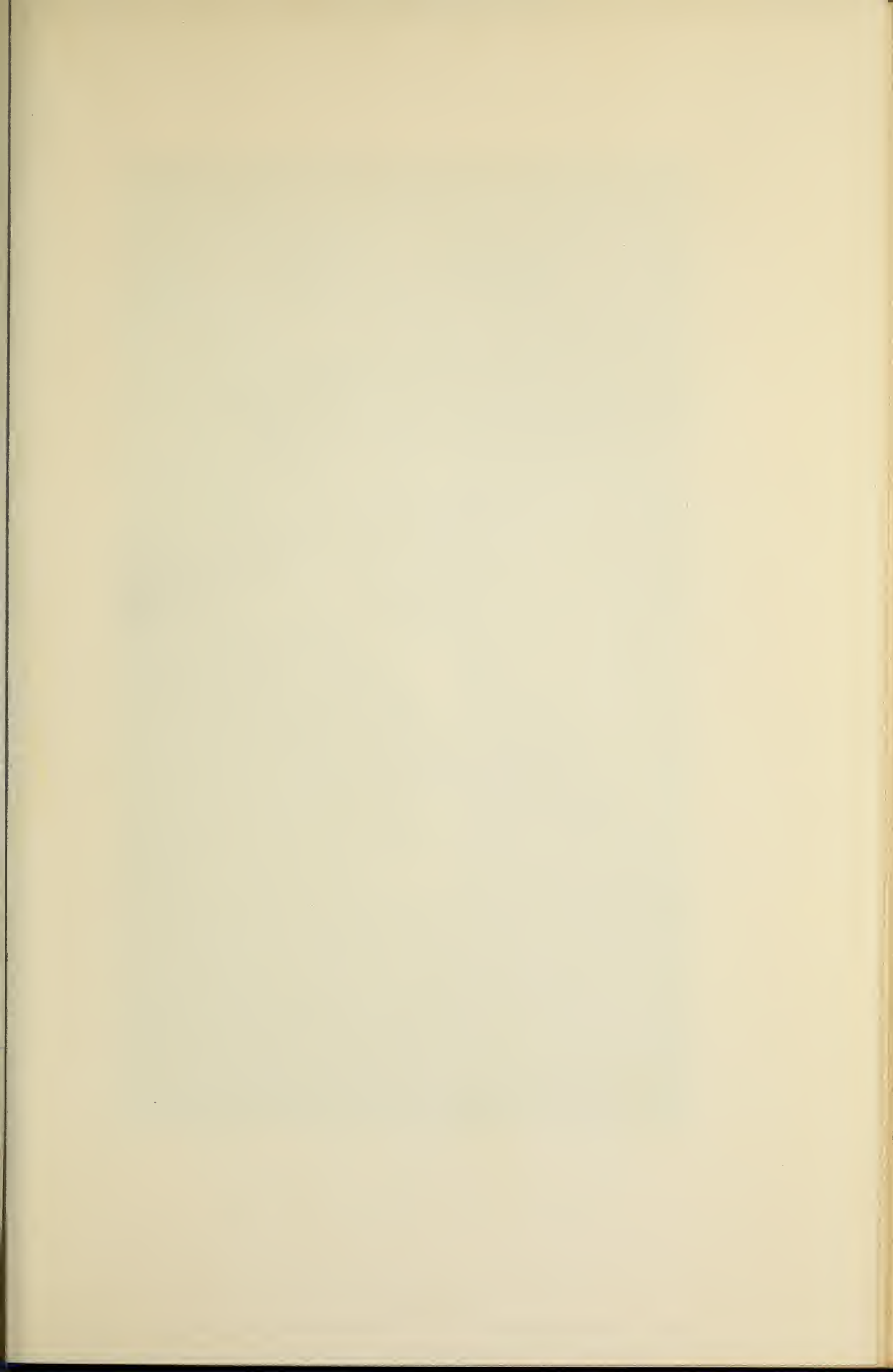
But why not? Does not any man of sense know that all men appreciate a courtesy? Do we not all know that kindness does good and not harm? Straightway I started a campaign to obtain for all soldiers going overseas the same kindly service that had been tendered to these soldiers at the Weehawken Ferry.

As far as possible I made my appeals by long distance phone or by personal letter. Long experience in army methods has taught

me that when you are really desirous of attaining an end it is better to smooth the pathway by personal explanation before submitting any official applications. There is no man so difficult to budge—nay, so absolutely hopeless of moving—as one of these case-hardened, self-satisfied officials of the War Department who ends all further discussion and all further consideration by saying: “But I am on record as having said, etc., etc.”

My strenuous effort was, therefore, to avoid getting any kind of record on paper until it was the kind of record I was looking for. Every attempt I made was met with the rejoinder that absolute secrecy must be maintained in the shipment of troops, and that such secrecy must not be imperilled by having even the best women in the land come to the piers to serve refreshments to our soldiers. I kept up my efforts, although early success did not seem promising.

Early in January, 1918, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Campbell, accompanied by Mrs. Franklin B. Hart, all of Hoboken, came to see me to reinforce the requests of Mrs. Ellsworth to be permitted to serve coffee and buns to our boys while they were on the piers





MRS. PALMER CAMPBELL, LEADER OF HOBOKEN
UNIT, AND ONE OF THOSE INSTRUMENTAL IN
STARTING WELFARE WORK FOR OUR BOYS.

awaiting embarkation. There are no better people in the land than those who were so eagerly asking permission to serve our soldiers. We had just had some intensely cold weather, and the morale of the troops in camp had suffered by reason of delays in sailing due to shortage in coal.

Discussing this matter with Washington over the long distance phone I said that I believed it would be not only helpful to our men in a physical sense to have coffee and buns served to them while they were waiting on the piers, but that it would have a fine effect upon their morale to feel that our best women took interest enough in them to come down and give them a cup of coffee before they sailed.

The War Department insisted upon the rule of secrecy in connection with embarkation and wanted to know who was going to guarantee that the women doing welfare work on the piers would not do a lot of talking, and thus upset the secrecy which was deemed indispensable. To this I replied that the women making these requests were among the best in our land, that they were reliable and patriotic to the highest degree, and that personally I

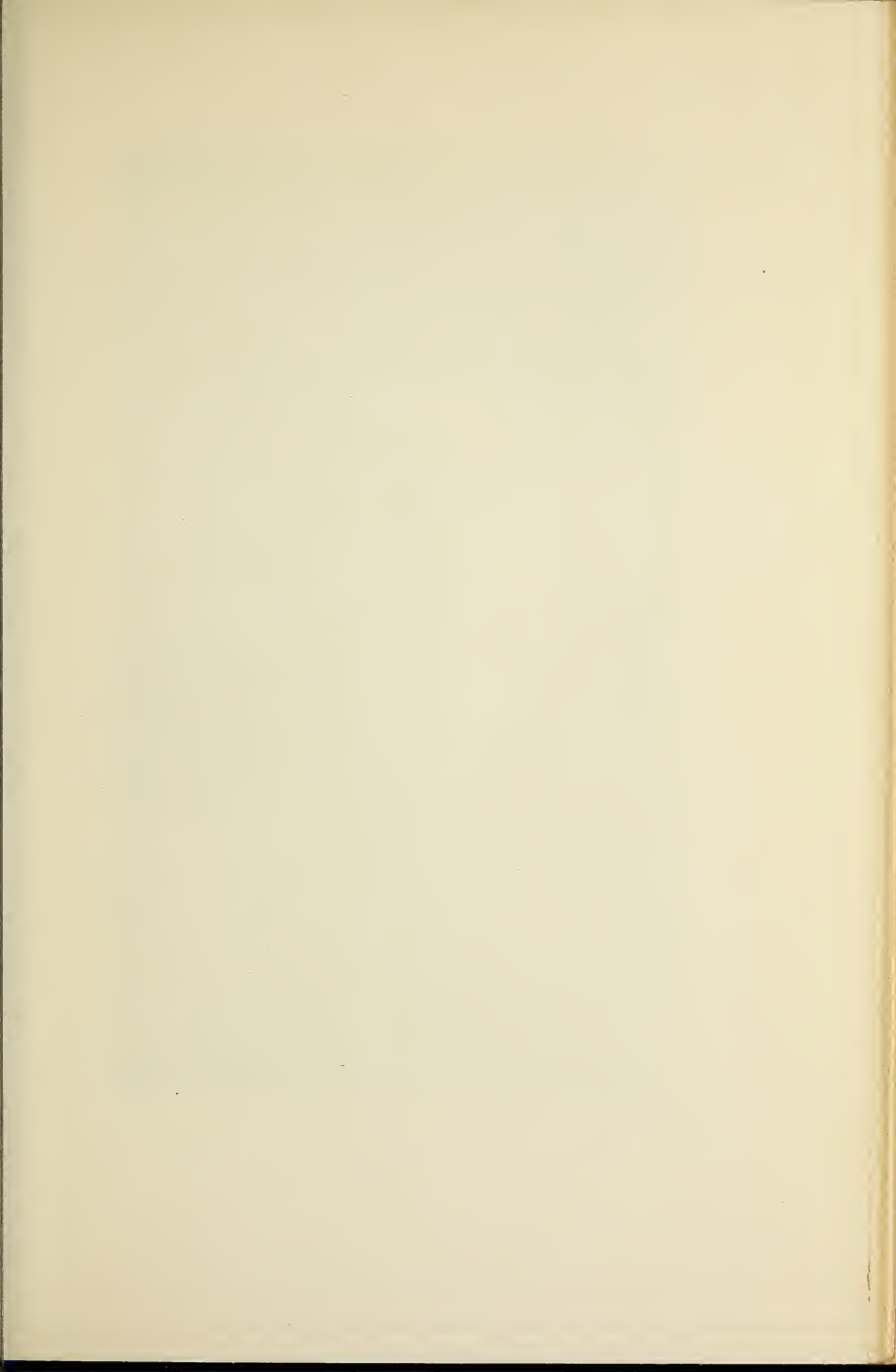
would guarantee that the requirements of the War Department would be complied with.

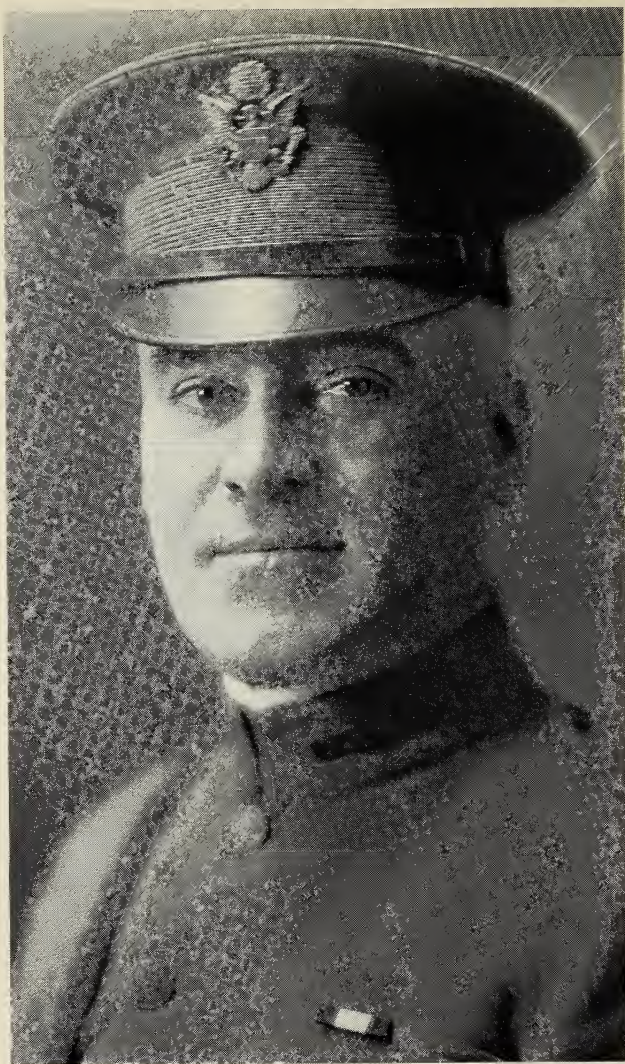
Afterwards I put this in writing and at last we had the kind of record that we wanted, and the work began.

I take this occasion to say that not once during the many months of service on our piers when more than three millions of our boys went and came was there a single instance of betrayal of the confidence reposed in our loyal and faithful welfare workers.

I give it as my fixed opinion based upon excellent opportunities for observation that the welfare work conducted by our patriotic men and especially by our patriotic women was of incalculable value in creating and maintaining a proper spirit among our men.

I know that there are quite a few officers who deride the "Chocolate" or the "Pink Tea" soldier, and who feel that every soldier from the date of his entrance into the service should be taught to be self-reliant and perfectly capable of looking after his own wants without extraneous assistance. To such officers welfare work was a waste of effort, and the human element in the soldier was of minor importance.





MAJOR JOHN T. AXTON, CHAPLAIN, U. S. ARMY,
IN CHARGE WELFARE ACTIVITIES. NOW COLONEL
AND CHIEF OF CHAPLAINS CORPS.

It had long been obvious that one of the main needs of the Port was the strongest and best-equipped man I could find to take general charge of its welfare work. After a little consideration there was no doubt in my mind as to the man to fill the bill.

Major John T. Axton (now Colonel and Chief of the Chaplains' Corps) was at that time on duty at the Fort Leavenworth Military Prison.

Major Axton and I had served together in the old 18th Infantry, and I knew his capacity as an administrator and his power of gaining and holding the confidence of the enlisted soldier.

I sent him a telegram inviting him to come and work with me at the Port, and he willingly agreed. But we struck a snag in getting his order issued. His commanding officer was not willing to let him go.

This was one of the numerous instances where my good friend and classmate, Brigadier General Eugene F. Ladd, of the Adjutant General's Department, came to my help.

The commanding officer of the Fort Leavenworth prison went off on a short trip;

by the time he returned Major Axton's order had been issued and he was on his way to the Port.

Chaplain Axton soon found that his job had expanded enormously, but he was fully equal to it for he is a man of fine business and executive ability, and his work at the port gained for him the award of the Distinguished Service Medal, and the appointment which he now holds as Chief of the Chaplains' Corps of the army.

I have asked Colonel Axton if he would not kindly prepare for me a condensed statement of welfare activities at the port, and this is what he says:

"It would be futile to attempt to measure the relative service or sacrifice of those individuals or societies who, the moment the movement of troops overseas began, made tender of their services for welfare work at the Port of Embarkation and the camps that were operated in connection with the port.

"Men and women counted it a very high privilege to give all of their time, being on call night and day whenever and wherever needed as volunteer workers to do those

things which would encourage and strengthen soldiers. All rendered service of inestimable value in sustaining the morale of officers and men.

"In general the supervision of welfare activities was committed to the army chaplains on duty at the Port of Embarkation and on the various transports. For outward-bound movement of troops, passenger lists were so arranged that chaplains for overseas duty were distributed over the ships so as to provide spiritual instruction and counsel to the maximum number of men. To supplement the work of these chaplains a reservoir of chaplains was maintained at the Port and drawn upon for transport service in cases where no chaplains were included in the passenger lists. These men made round trips and became especially valuable because of their knowledge of transport conditions.

"For the return movement of troops regular transport chaplains were assigned to all of the larger vessels. In those cases where a navy chaplain was already on board care was taken to see that the army chaplains detailed to that particular vessel were not of the same faith—

so that, as far as possible, a Roman Catholic and a Protestant Chaplain were on duty with each vessel.

"The placing of welfare workers aboard transports was not inaugurated until March, 1918, at which time the Y. M. C. A. began placing two secretaries on each troop-carrying vessel. It was in the autumn of the same year that the Knights of Columbus availed themselves of the opportunity for this class of service, and their representatives were placed aboard all outgoing transports. These two welfare organizations acted jointly, the co-operation was splendid, and all reports indicated a thoroughly worth-while service.

"For the return movement of troops, under War Department authority, representatives of the American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board, the Knights of Columbus, and the American Library Association, were allowed for each transport. In only a few cases did the American Library Association deem it necessary to assign personnel.

"The number of these welfare workers reached its highest point on June 1, 1919, when there were on board transports sailing from

the Port of New York alone, one hundred and fourteen Y. M. C. A. secretaries, eighty-two Knights of Columbus secretaries, thirty-one Red Cross representatives, twenty-three Jewish Welfare Board secretaries, and six representatives of the American Library Association. The work of these societies on these transports closed with the fiscal year 1919.

"For use on transports vast quantities of entertainment apparatus, athletic equipment and creature comforts were provided by welfare organizations and by individuals interested in the soldier. From the outbreak of the war the New York Athletic Club provided medicine balls and boxing gloves in abundance for every transport sailing from the Port of New York. The Thomas A. Edison Company furnished especially constructed Army and Navy phonographs for every vessel. The Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Welfare Board made up a gift package containing candy, cigarettes and tobacco, games and writing material, and furnished graphophones and records, and also folding organs and hymn books. The American Library Association provided an abundance of

wholesome reading matter. The American Red Cross furnished knit goods and creature comforts for the sick. The Christian Science War Relief and the Navy League of the United States supplied large quantities of most excellent knit goods that were distributed by chaplains especially to men who had been overlooked by other organizations. The Army Girls Tobacco Fund administered by Miss Carson, daughter of Colonel Carson, was the first organization to sense the opportunity for supplying soldiers with smoking material, and operated continuously along that line until the necessity no longer existed.

"The American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council, the Salvation Army, the American Library Association, the War Camp Community Service and the Christian Science War Relief operated special clubs in the immediate vicinity of the Port of Embarkation designed to contribute to the pleasure and the contentment of both soldiers and sailors.

"The expansion of this work is a most interesting story, but only a general statement can be given because to catalog their activities within the brief compass of a few pages is not possible."

CHAPTER XII

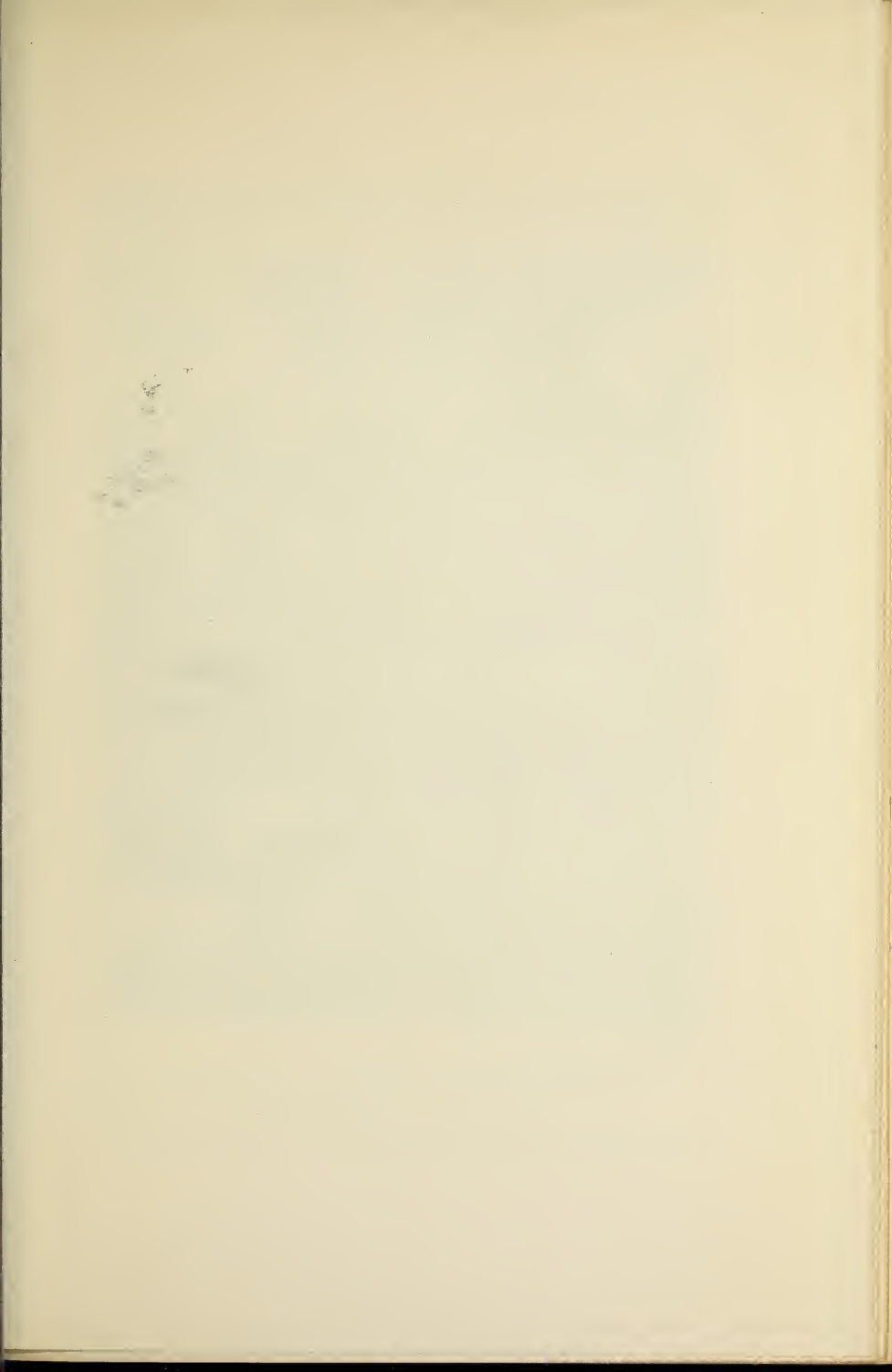
MERRITT HALL

IN THE meantime Camp Merritt had been growing fast. The camp was named for Major General Wesley Merritt of the Regular Army who had won great distinction as a cavalry leader during the Civil War.

Mrs. Merritt, widow of General Merritt, desired to do something for the soldiers of Camp Merritt and at the same time to do honor to the memory of her husband. She sent her representative, the Rev. Dr. Stimson, to see me who said that Mrs. Merritt could afford to donate ten thousand dollars towards the purpose she had in view, and that what she had in mind was the establishment of a soldiers' club.

The building to constitute the club already had been tentatively selected. It was a stone building surrounded by trees and flowers, and the general surroundings were such as strongly to appeal to a woman's heart.

But it had two fatal defects. In the first place it was outside the limits of the camp





Dumont Studio

GENERAL PERSHING, MRS. MERRITT AND GOVERNOR
SILZER OF NEW JERSEY AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
CAMP MERRITT MEMORIAL SHAFT.

proper and not easily accessible to the mass of soldiers. In the second place, it would hardly hold more than a hundred men and hence could not serve the soldiers on any large scale.

I made an appointment to go out to the camp with Dr. Stimson, and pointed out to him the disadvantages above enumerated. While out at Camp Merritt we saw Major Stivers, the Constructing Quartermaster, who asked us to go with him to take a look at the contractor's mess building. I confess that this building as I saw it that first day was distinctly disappointing.

It was a low, rambling building of rough material with flat roof, dark and unattractive. It consisted of two low-roofed halls each of which was more than one hundred feet square and capable of seating two thousand men. The kitchen, with ample concrete floor, was located between the two halls which had served as dining rooms for the workmen engaged in building Camp Merritt. Doctor Stimson could see little promise in these mere shells. Major Stivers, however, rapidly outlined the advantages of the building.

It was central in location, and it would hold

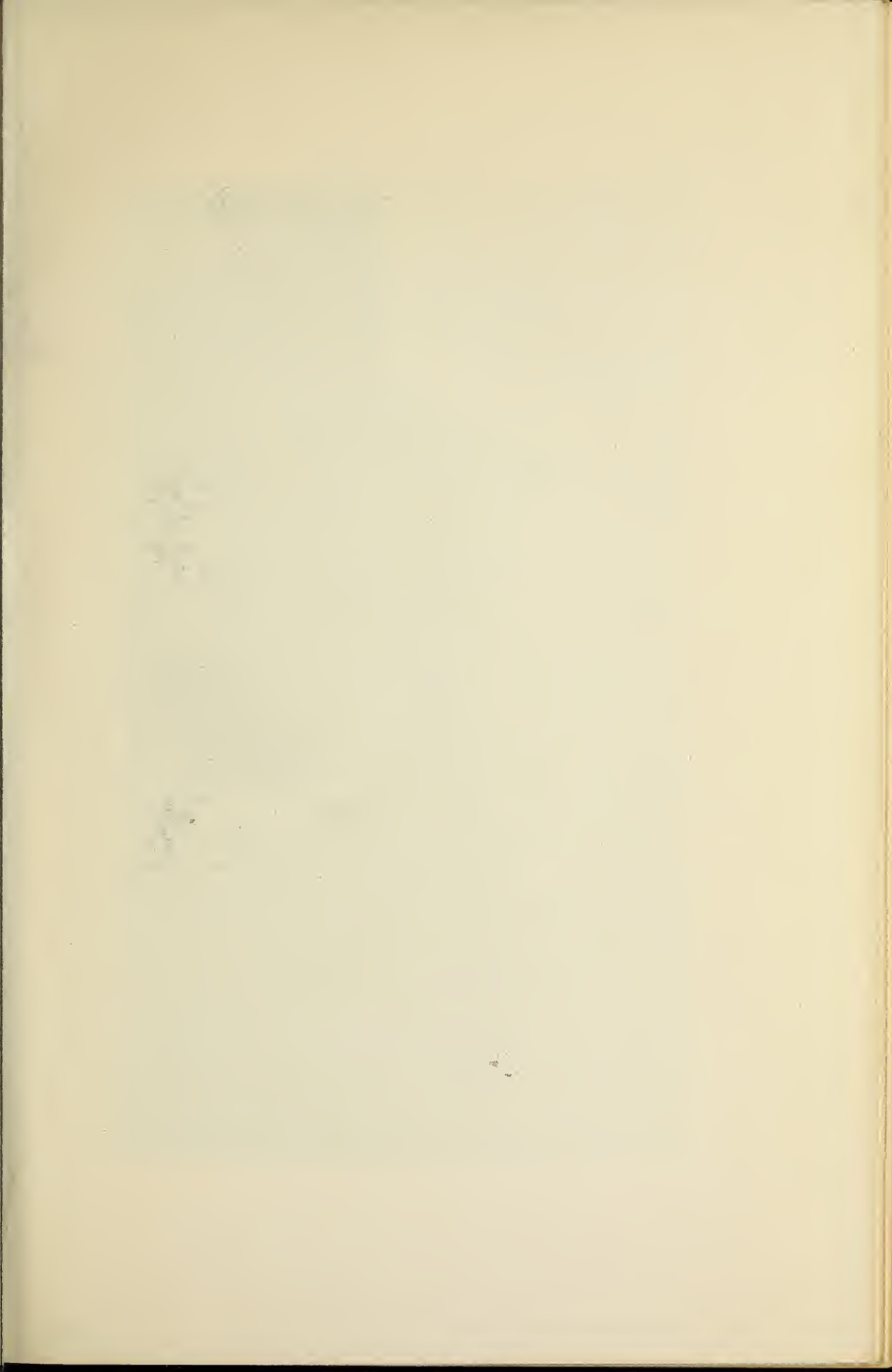
thousands of men. It would cost not a penny since the contractor was through with that part of the camp, and had no further use for the building. A new roof could be put on and skylights installed thus giving adequate light. The rough walls could be lined with wall board, and a new floor of matched boards laid on top of the old one. In short, as Stivers pointed out its advantages I became convinced that he was right.

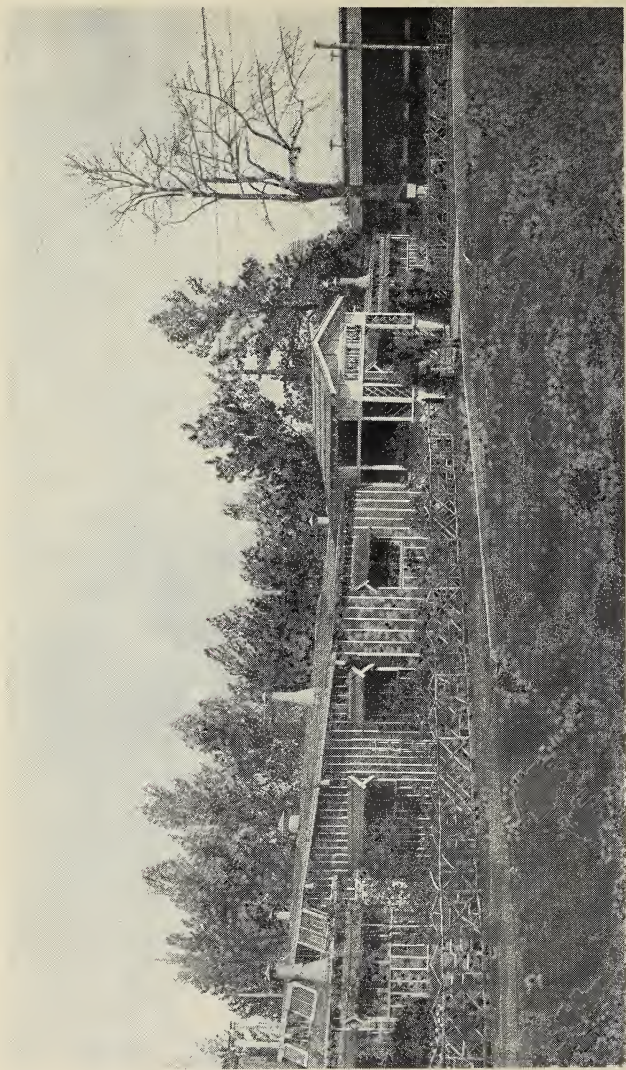
Mrs. Merritt left the matter to our judgment, and very soon the work was in progress converting the contractor's rough mess building into what was afterwards known as Merritt Hall, the largest and most successful soldiers' club ever in operation in America.

The ladies of the surrounding communities were extremely kind, and made curtains for the numerous windows, and donated various useful articles of furniture.

By this time Major Axton had arrived at the Port, and the supervision of the club was turned over to him.

He procured some twenty pool tables for the amusement room together with large quantities of chairs, desks, rugs, drop lights, library





MERRITT HALL, THE LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL SOLDIERS' CLUB EVER OPERATED IN AMERICA.

tables and other necessities so that the club was most attractive in appearance.

In the construction of Merritt Hall we owed a great deal to the active interest and driving force of Major Stivers the Constructing Quartermaster. All of the actual work was done under his immediate supervision. Through his influence several hundred workmen who had formerly taken their meals there each donated one day's pay. The additional money thus obtained enabled the installation of several desirable features which would not otherwise have been possible—among others the construction of a handsome, large fireplace in the big library and lounge room. At the date of dedication on January 30th, all expenses had been paid, and the club started on its successful career unhampered by debt.

Stivers was one of the lucky officers who, having finished his work in constructing Camp Merritt and the Port Newark Terminal, was able to secure active service on the other side. He went across as Quartermaster of the Third Division of the regular army commanded by Major General Joseph T. Dickman—the Division which stopped the Germans in their

tracks at the Marne July 15, 1918, and definitely started them on their journey towards home.

He was wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive October 14, 1918; was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and the Croix de Guerre, and received two citations from General Pershing besides a mention in orders "for gallantry in action."

CHAPTER XIII

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND OTHERS

BY THE latter part of January Merritt Hall was ready for its dedication. The name of only one man came into my mind to make the dedication speech and give the club a proper send-off.

If his services could be secured, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was preeminently the man for the occasion. I called up his office in the endeavor to make an appointment to see him.

With courteous emphasis his secretary informed me that the Colonel was fully occupied, and that no appointments of any kind whatever could be considered.

The telephone is a poor way to argue such a question, so taking my car I went over to interview the Colonel's secretary in person, but I found her adamant.

The Colonel was deep in an investigation having for its object the obtaining of a supply of pure milk for the children of the poorer families of the city. His time was fully taken up for a good many days to come, and her

instructions were positive against any appointments whatever.

Taking a slip of paper I wrote on it: "Would consider it a favor if I can see you for two minutes in behalf of the soldiers of Camp Merritt." I attached my card to the slip and the secretary promised to see that my brief note was delivered as soon as the Colonel was through with his morning round of investigations.

I had hardly gotten back to my office when the phone rang and the Colonel's secretary informed me that he would like to see me at the Harvard Club at three o'clock on the second day following.

At our interview I explained to the Colonel that morale needed stirring up a bit because of the long-continued cold weather and the many delays in sending troops on schedule time, due to scarcity of coal, was having a depressing effect on the boys at Camp Merritt.

I added that the principal good that I hoped for from his speech was because I knew it would be handed down to succeeding organizations, and thus become like a seed planted in fertile ground.

Colonel Roosevelt picked the very first afternoon he could get off which proved to be the afternoon of January 30th. The weather was cold and the roads were filled with snow and ice. We found the huge reading room at Merritt Hall filled to overflowing, and the Colonel delivered one of his old-time speeches full of humor and pep and patriotism.

There were many ladies and prominent visitors present, all of whom were delighted and gave him a rousing reception.

The Colonel then went to the big Y. M. C. A. building for a remarkable overflow meeting.

Every seat was taken, every foot of standing room, and up among the rafters on every sill or joist that offered either foot or handhold there was a soldier. And such enthusiasm I have never before witnessed in any audience, great or small. At its conclusion soldiers by the hundred pressed forward to grasp Colonel Roosevelt's hand. He was most gracious, and shook hands with as many as he could, finally waving himself outside in order to hurry back to the city where he had a dinner engagement at eight o'clock and for which

he was some half-hour late owing to the dreadful state of the roads.

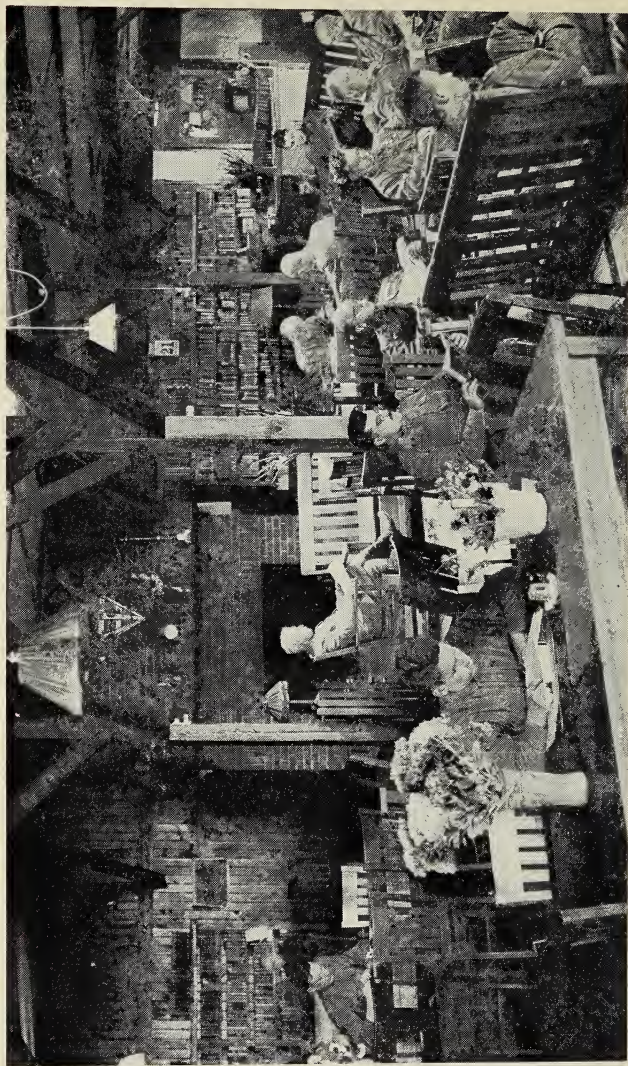
As he left my car at his hotel Colonel Roosevelt turned and shook hands warmly with my chauffeur who was an enlisted soldier, and complimented him for his excellent driving over the icy roads. It was a simple act, but its thoughtfulness was characteristic of the man.

The four hours spent with Colonel Roosevelt in a closed car are memorable ones to me. He discussed many and varied subjects, and all of them in a most interesting way.

There is one thing that lingers in my mind above all else. Soon after leaving Camp Merritt on our return I was endeavoring to express my appreciation, and to tell him how far-reaching would be his words spoken in that camp through which would pass so many thousands of our soldiers when he turned to me with great earnestness and said: "My dear General, here am I, a man of action, and all I can do is to write or to talk."

It was then that I understood how deep was his disappointment that he could not be at the battle front.





LIBRARY AND LOUNGE ROOM AT MERRITT HALL WHERE COLONEL ROOSEVELT
DELIVERED HIS DEDICATION ADDRESS ON JANUARY 30, 1918.

But he gave all that he had; he did all that he could, and he would gladly have done more if that had been possible.

But Colonel Roosevelt did more for our boys than merely to make speeches. I trust that any who read these lines may not fail to read that touching description by Mrs. Charles E. L. Clark of what Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt did for our boys at Camp Mills, our big embarkation camp near Garden City, Long Island.

Colonel Roosevelt had a genuine, an unostentatious and a sustained interest in the soldier unexcelled by any man of my observation. When he died the American soldier, whether regular, volunteer or national guard, lost his best friend.

Before leaving the subject of Merritt Hall I feel that I should say a few words relative to its practical working. The American Library Association installed in its reading rooms some twenty thousand volumes and provided their own librarians to wait upon the soldiers.

Kind friends had donated candelabra and library lamps and other useful articles of furni-

ture so that its huge lounging room was most attractive as well as most ample.

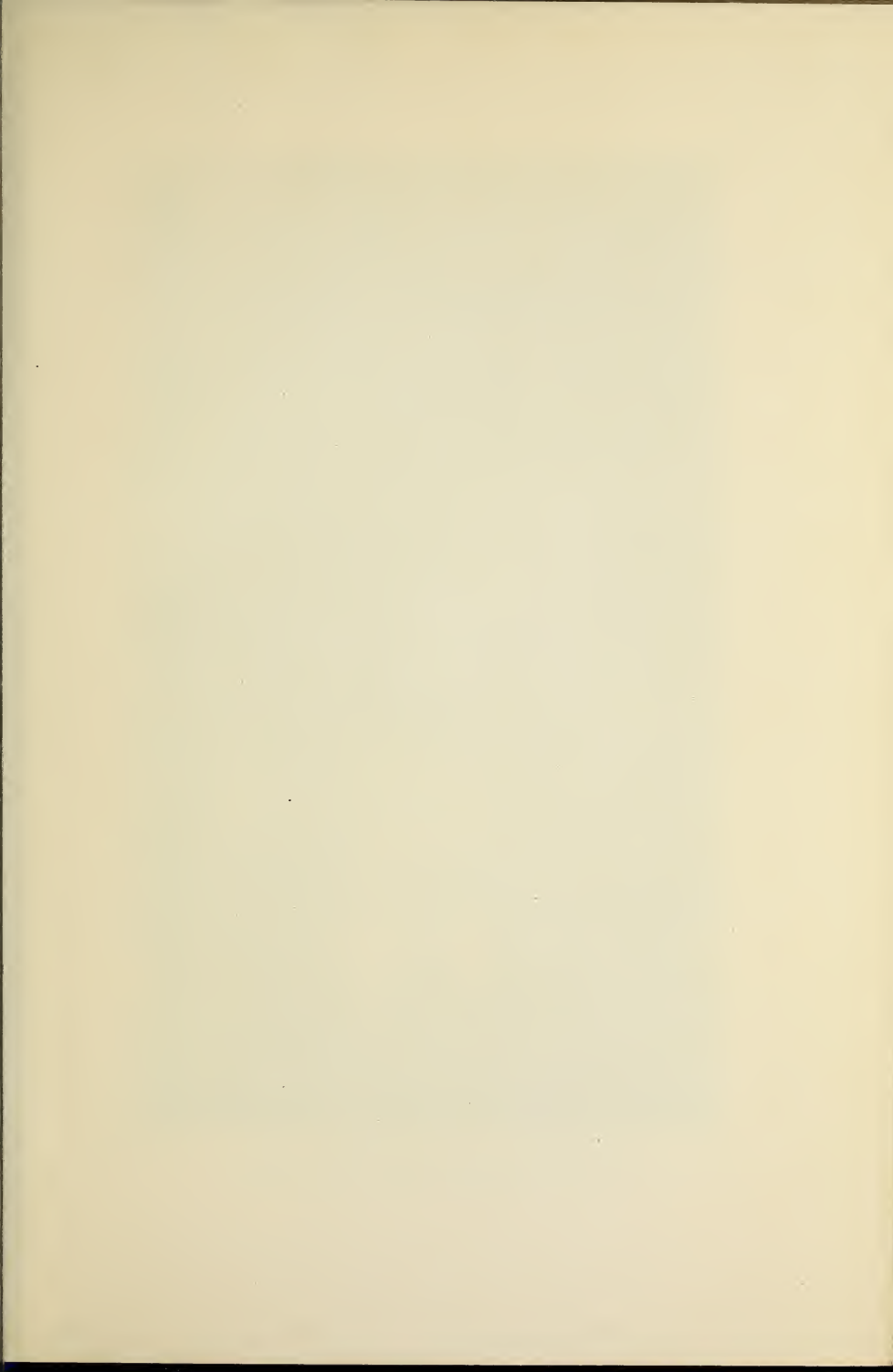
Its leading feature from a soldier's point of view was probably its restaurant where excellent food was obtainable at a trifle above cost.

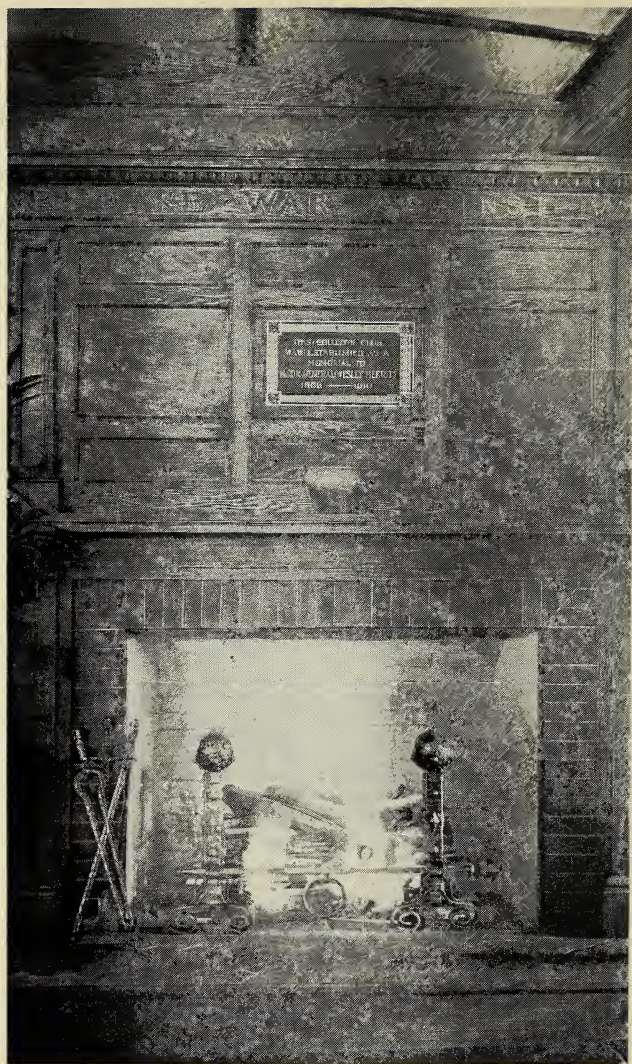
Scarcely ever from reveille to taps was there a single one of its twenty pool tables that was not in use.

Always there were on hand patriotic women to entertain and render useful service—among others there was one organization whose specific duty it was to darn the boys' socks and to mend the holes in their clothing.

The income from Merritt Hall ranged from three to five thousand dollars per day, and every effort was made to keep its prices at a minimum. Its expenditures were inspected regularly by the Inspector in the same way as expenditures of government funds.

The profits of Merritt Hall had come from the patronage of soldiers, and under the supervision of Major Axton these profits were expended in providing for the comfort or the pleasure of soldiers.





FIREPLACE IN LIBRARY, MERRITT HALL.
NOTE THE "WE MAKE WAR AGAINST WAR."

CHAPTER XIV

SOME OTHER DEDICATIONS

JUST after Colonel Roosevelt had finished his address in Merritt Hall, Mrs. William K. Draper, Vice-Chairman of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross, walked up to me and said: "General Shanks, Merritt Hall is now in good working order, is there anything else you need at Camp Merritt?"

I thought for a moment and then told her that Camp Merritt had one big need that, while pronounced, seemed to be in a fair way to continue as a need because nothing was in sight to remedy it.

This need was a club which would be for officers what Merritt Hall was for the enlisted soldier.

For the soldiers at Camp Merritt there were ample accommodations. Besides Merritt Hall, there were four Y. M. C. A. buildings; a Knights of Columbus building; a Y. W. C. A. Hostess House; Jewish and Catholic Welfare Houses, to say nothing of the Rest Houses pro-

vided and maintained for soldiers in each of the nearby communities.

But at Camp Merritt there was no place where the officers might foregather for refreshment or diversion.

An officers' club was needed very badly, but I told Mrs. Draper that it would cost a lot of money to build it for, unlike Merritt Hall, we had no building which could be remodeled.

Mrs. Draper had already done so much for our soldiers in the way of getting started for them the delivery of knitted garments that I hesitated to impose further upon her good-will.

Moreover, I knew that she was a very busy official of the Red Cross, and that the ordinary funds of that organization would not be available for providing an officers' club.

Mrs. Draper is a woman with such extraordinary power of getting results that whatever she undertakes is likely to be accomplished, and secretly I was glad she had asked me the question.

It was but a short time before the splendid officers' Club at Camp Merritt was being built.

For a long time it was a state secret as to where the money had come from.

I have since learned that it was one of the many munificent gifts of Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, recently deceased. It is, of course, too late to thank Mr. Dodge personally. But it is not too late, on behalf of the thousands of officers who at one time or another enjoyed the comforts of this splendid club, to express a grateful appreciation of Mr. Dodge's generous gift. During the war there was never a time in or around New York when some generous citizen did not come forward to meet any real need of our soldier lads.

When the club and its furnishings were all complete it was deemed fitting that it should be opened with appropriate ceremonies—and here likewise there was not the slightest doubt as to the best man to do the job.

Mr. Henry P. Davison, President of the American Red Cross, did the talking on this occasion, and nothing more need be said than to say that he was at his best.

I have already made mention of the big Y. M. C. A. building where Colonel Roose-

velt had made his memorable "overflow" speech. That building when it was finished had been dedicated by Governor Walter E. Edge in a rousing address evoking great enthusiasm among his soldier auditors.

In the Spring the big Liberty Theater was ready for opening, and of course, some ceremony in connection therewith was deemed fitting.

No man in the United States is better fitted to dedicate a new theatre than the Dean of American dramatists—and so I had great pleasure in taking our best-known dramatic author, Augustus Thomas, out to do the speech-making, and a first-class, artistic, patriotic speech he made. The attraction for that evening was that fine wholesome play, "Turn to the Right."

It seems to me that scarcely any class of people excelled our actors and actresses in their patriotic spirit and their willingness to do to the limit of their ability whatever would contribute to the pleasure of the soldier during the great struggle.

Many of our very best and highest-price

shows, costing three dollars on Broadway, were given to our boys at Camp Merritt and Camp Mills for twenty-five cents. It would take a whole book—and a big one at that—to tell what our theatrical talent did for our boys in uniform.

I want to relate this little incident attendant upon the greatest show I have ever seen. Late one afternoon somewhere about the month of January, 1919, Daniel M. Brady, the godfather of the 69th Irish regiment, called me up by phone to tell me that I must come at once to the Lamb's Club to a theatrical show which would be a stunner. I was never busier and I phoned to Dan that it was simply impossible for me to leave. Then he told me that there was to be a special show and dinner in honor of the wounded men of the 69th Infantry who had just gotten back—and he added: "The regular army must be represented, you know." I didn't have any duty at any time higher than to do honor to our wounded, so I went at once. It was about 5.30 when I arrived, and the guests were just being seated. I was placed at the table of the guests of honor—and here are the waiters who served that table—each one

wearing a big gingham apron: Dave Warfield, Wilton Lackey, John McGraw.

The dinner was good—but the show, if I live a thousand years, I'll never see a better. They had set the hour at 5.30 because the mat-inées were over by that time and evening performances would not begin until eight. The Lamb's Club gave that show and they simply combed New York for the very cream of talent. It was an honor for an actor to be asked to appear. When you assemble the best theatrical talent in all New York to take part in one gigantic show—believe me you have a show worth seeing. Night after night many of the finest shows in New York were open to our boys gratis or at nominal cost through the generosity of the producing managers and the actors themselves.

I have made mention of these events at Camp Merritt somewhat in detail because there is one lesson that I want to stress, and that is that the best talent in our country, in whatever line, was always at the disposal of our government whenever the welfare of the soldier was concerned.

Just think of this galaxy of talent:

Colonel Roosevelt at Merritt Hall

Governor Walter E. Edge at the Y. M.
C. A.

Henry P. Davison at the Officers' Club

Augustus Thomas at the Liberty Theater.

Can you beat that array? I hardly think so.

CHAPTER XV

WELFARE WORK AT CAMP MERRITT

WITHOUT opportunity for observation one can form no proper conception of the amount of welfare work at an embarkation camp such as Camp Merritt.

More than a hundred thousand men passed through the camp within a single month. The kindred, the sweethearts and the friends who came to bid them good-bye, or to greet them on their return, were legion.

The camp was amply provided with welfare houses of all kinds. Besides the numerous centers of recreation or diversion within the camp proper there were soldiers' rest houses, presided over by lovely, patriotic women, in every one of the surrounding towns and villages.

This story would be altogether lacking in accuracy if it failed to make mention of the kindly sentiment of the surrounding community towards our soldiers.

Every possible courtesy and kindness was extended to the man in uniform, and wherever he went he was made to feel welcome.

The Hostess Houses in the camp were tended by noble women who gave up their entire time to looking after the boys, their kindred and their friends.

A great many interesting incidents occurred, but, as a matter of course, I can select only a few of them.

At each of these Hostess Houses there was an information desk whose function was to assist relatives and friends in getting in touch with the particular soldier in whom they were interested.

Sometimes the relatives did not understand the workings of the information desk, or through impatience adopted means of their own. Here is what happened to one of the latter class as related by Mrs. Flora B. Smith in charge of the Camp Merritt Hostess House:

"A self-important woman arrived who knew more about sending into camp for soldiers than we did. She would not wait for our orderly, but hired a soldier herself to go and get her son, George Jackson, and when this soldier returned bringing back a burly negro, George Jackson, by name, she threw several fits one

after another, and was going to have the whole bunch of us arrested."

Here is another tale of woe, as related by Mrs. Smith:

"A girl arrived at Picket 4 early in the morning and asked us to locate her sweetheart. We told her that he had gone with his company down the hill the night before, and that they were on their way across the sea. She screamed and howled, and said it couldn't be true because she had come on to be married, and had her wedding gown right there in her valise—more screams and louder. Colonel Cassatt, the Camp Inspector, came to the door about that time, and hearing the screams became interested. After some phoning he took the maid in his car with him to Hoboken, had the boy taken from the ship, and the wedding was held right there on the pier."

Among other welfare workers at Camp Merritt was Mrs. Grace W. Hurd who, at my request, has written a description of some of her work. Few writers have a better power of graphic description.

I should like very much indeed to quote Mrs. Hurd's description in full, but the following

extracts will at least give an idea of what was done to bring sunshine into the lives of these boys and their loved ones:

"Just outside the picket at the crest of the hill stood our first hostess house. It was during the bitter winter of 1917-1918 when American soldiers were being shipped overseas. At night there would be a light in our window. It was the promised good-bye to the stalwart men from the west who had crowded our little house but a few hours before.

"We could hear the crunch of their feet on the icy hillside, see dimly the moving outline, catch the heavy roll of army trucks, and then—silence.

"Again in the evenings of Spring would come the sound of the distant tramp like the patter of rain, and up the hill would come troops from the North, South, East or West, calling out 'Hostess House' as they passed.

"One of our Hostess House Staff had a birthday, and there was a cake and candy and corn-popping at an open fire. This little party saved the day for a departing soldier. He had come to us day by day hoping against hope that his mother would reach camp before he

sailed. He had quarreled with his family, and had run away from home to join the army two years before. A fine boy he was whose speech and manner betokened his good breeding.

"The mother did not come before he left, but he carried away with him the memory of that last night at the Hostess House and the good wishes of those who had watched and waited with him. Troops came and left our camp with great rapidity. Often visitors came when it was too late to see the soldier whom they sought.

"Women would weep—sometimes faint—when the answer came back 'gone,' but by far the greater number were brave.

"Alone in the bitter chill of an early winter morning a father who had traveled from the Middle West had to be told that his son had gone. No use to try to offer comfort to this man; his face showed suffering of a different kind. Slowly he took from his pocket a picture, the photograph of his boy—"That's him. He wasn't a good son. He ran away and left us, but his mother wanted him to know that

she forgave him. I don't know how I am going to face her when I get back.'

"When summer came joyous visiting took place on the lawn. One big family boasted a tablecloth, a vast bowl of spaghetti and a gorgeously decorated cake among its viands.

"A tour of the grounds on one of these occasions disclosed beneath newspapers (carefully laid to protect them from sun and flies) two sleeping infants.

"At night there would be singing parties—'The Long, Long Trail' and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' sharing the honors.

"One night word reached us that a strange woman who spoke no word of English was at the picket, and insisted upon going into camp. It was against the rules at any time, but at midnight a next to impossible proceeding.

"We found her sitting at the entrance to the camp, a Greek woman, tall and dignified—an appealing figure in her black dress and scarf.

"She arose and said—the only words she uttered in English while with us—'My son, he sick.'

"They were all that were necessary. We succeeded in taking her to the hospital where

she spoke with her son, satisfied herself as to his condition, and then came back to the Hostess House from which she made her homeward departure the following day.

"Greek in another case nearly foiled us. A Greek mother and her tiny daughter could neither write nor pronounce for us the name of the relative they wished to see.

"Finally the little girl came up to the desk and said slowly and distinctly: 'He rides a horse.' There was only one troop of cavalry in the camp, and only one Greek in the troop, and the delighted mother and child soon saw their soldier.

"Weddings were a frequent feature of our Hostess House life. The first one took place at 2 A. M., just before the husband left for overseas. It was a case of reunion, the couple having been separated and wishing to remarry before he sailed. Many others followed. Usually they were simple ceremonies, though occasionally the family would have a wedding feast and a party for the couple.

"The fall of 1918 saw the 'flu' invade the country. We were now in our new, beautiful Hostess House in the southern edge of camp,

and almost its first duty was to shelter the relatives of those soldiers who were sick in hospital.

"Never before had we been in such close touch with our visitors for they actually lived in our spacious house.

"The war ended. Our soldiers came back to us, some sick in body and mind and soul. To all of them our lovely, gracious house became a haven—a half-way point between the unutterable past and the unformed future.

"They read, they sang, they idled, they danced (for dances were arranged for them), and they ate—Oh, how they ate!

"One soldier could consume three meals at meal times. And between meals the items would be variations of this: milk, three glasses; ice cream, two plates; pineapple pie, two pieces; layer cake, three varieties.

"Always our Hostess House stood for something intangible, but nevertheless real. Something due not to its delightful cafeteria and open fireplace, nor even to its kindness, its geniality and gaiety.

"An intangible something which came with the war, and dwelt in the Hostess House

atmosphere, and which even now pervades its memory."

Another welfare worker at Camp Merritt who did splendid work was Miss Mary E. Reutter and I do not know how I can give a better idea of the value of the work done than by quoting the following brief paragraphs from descriptions which she has kindly furnished:

"After the armistice and the swift return of the boys we saw many whose faces were remembered as having passed through camp on their way over.

"All were wild to 'go home,' and during the irksome period of their wait in camp every energy of the Hostess House was bent towards making life endurable for these men who had come back, in many cases overwrought and nervous, after the tense strain of their service abroad.

"Dances were held in the Hostess House under the auspices of the War Camp Community. The military band furnished the music and from the great living room through the central lobby to the end of the huge dining room was a sweep for hundreds of dancers.

"The girls from nearby towns came by invitation with groups of chaperones, and were glad to contribute their part to the entertainment of soldiers who, they felt, had done so much for their country.

"We were assisted by local committees from Englewood, Tenaflly and other nearby towns who threw into this latter phase of service the same interest, energy and efficiency which had always characterized their pre-armistice efforts.

"In all of this work at the camp there was a great breadth in the friendliness and cooperation between the different faiths.

"The Rabbi for a Jewish wedding asked the Catholics for candles, an Episcopalian for wine, came to the Hostess House for the ceremony and had Presbyterians as witnesses."

CHAPTER XVI

A MAN'S WORK

FOR a considerable period during the return of our troops Camp Merritt was commanded by Colonel L. S. Sorley of the 13th Infantry, an able officer splendidly adapted to the duties placed upon him.

He had an able assistant in his executive officer, Major Max W. Sullivan, Infantry, and upon these two officers fell a vast volume of work which they handled in an admirable manner.

The work of bringing the troops back from France and returning them to their homes was an immeasurably more difficult and tedious task than sending them across. When the army came to the port to go overseas it was by organizations. For instance, the 35th Division was composed of men from the states of Missouri and Kansas. It was first assembled at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. When this division was ready to embark the organizations of which it was composed were assigned ships and marched aboard intact.

But when that division returned it is likely that, due to transfers and replacements received while abroad, every state in the Union had men within its ranks.

If the division on its return had been sent back to Fort Sill intact it would have been expensive to the government and irritating to the individual if he had to return to his home in Maine or in Florida by first going to Fort Sill for muster out.

Therefore, all of our homecoming organizations had to be "unscrambled" and new, temporary organizations formed so that each man might be sent to the camp nearest to his home for demobilization.

Only those who have had some sort of practical experience can appreciate the amount of pure drudgery involved in this unscrambling process—where it is likely that, after hours of hard work in getting together new units and assigning a proper complement of officers, everything would be upset by action of Governors or Congressional delegations insisting to the War Department that the original units be sent back to their home towns for parade before final demobilization.

But there was another and a more far-reaching reason why bringing the troops back and returning them to their homes was infinitely more difficult.

In going across the war spirit—the spirit of service and of tense effort—was at its zenith.

In coming home the war was over, the war spirit had cooled, and the sense of duty was on the wane.

As a sort of picture of happenings at Camp Merritt during this period Colonel Sorley, at my request, gives this statement:

“During the return of our troops from overseas it became quite a custom for the home states of the men to send a delegation to the Port of Embarkation to meet their men, and to give them a royal welcome back to the home country.

“Upon such occasions it would be arranged at Camp Merritt to have the men assembled at the Liberty Theater soon after their arrival so as to give opportunity for addresses of welcome, music, refreshments, or whatever form of good cheer the particular delegation desired. These delegations were in several instances headed by the Governor of the State; in some

cases by the Mayor of a large city; sometimes the Congressional Delegation would come up from Washington as a body.

"The distinguished visitors who came to welcome their friends home were usually shown through the camp. When they arrived at Merritt Hall and saw the homelike surroundings provided for men from 'over there' they were filled with admiration, and left with a feeling of satisfaction over the foresight that had been exercised in providing for the comfort of the men.

"A noteworthy occasion was the visit of Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco. He came all the way across the continent accompanied by Mrs. Rolph to welcome the 363d Infantry, which regiment had been raised in San Francisco from among the first drafted men of that city.

"Training at Camp Lewis it had been watched with enthusiasm until its departure for France, and its fortunes 'over there' had been chronicled in the San Francisco papers as fully as the press censorship would permit.

"Mayor Rolph and his party were tendered a luncheon at Camp Merritt by the camp com-

mander after which the regiment passed in review before them.

"The regiment was then assembled in the Liberty Theater and a rousing welcome was extended to the men by their Mayor, and duly reciprocated by them with shouts of 'Hello! Sunny Jim.'

"When a Texas and Oklahoma Division returned it was welcomed by a joint delegation of Congressmen. All of them wanted to say a few words, but realizing that long speeches soon tired the men they arranged a schedule by which no man was to speak longer than three minutes. They religiously adhered to it so that within about half an hour the men had heard from every one of them and were still fresh and unwearied.

"This was a remarkable incident, for most of these Congressmen were out for reelection, and the temptation to unload themselves at length was strong; it was, however, valiantly resisted.

"Many were the expressions of satisfaction voiced by the commanders of returning organizations, and many of them made it a point to emphasize to the camp commander their appre-

ciation of the solicitude shown for the comfort and pleasure of the men while they remained in the camp."

Much of the pure drudgery at Camp Merritt fell upon the capable shoulders of the executive officer, Major Max W. Sullivan.

As a rule his troubles were real—only now and then were they imaginary.

One evening when every cot in every barrack was filled to overflowing, Sullivan and his assistant had just finished checking up the day's assignments and were thinking of home and bed when the door opened and an extremely military major accompanied by one lieutenant entered, saluted, and said that he desired to report the arrival of graves registration unit No. 1.

Sullivan had received no notice in regard to the expected arrival of any graves registration unit. In fact, he did not know what such a unit consisted of, but it would not do to show ignorance. He and his assistant cast anxious glances through the window, and listened for the dread approach of footsteps meanwhile covering the delay by turning over a lot of papers.

When questions could no longer be avoided he turned to the major and asked, "When will your unit arrive?" to which the major replied, "Oh, we came up from the station in an automobile."

Graves registration unit No. 1 was before him in entirety, and worries were useless.

On another occasion Sullivan was making a tour of inspection. At the barracks occupied by one of the colored companies something came up which made it necessary for the captain to send for one of his men, Private Smith, by name.

Smith was a gigantic young darkey fresh from the cottonfields of Mississippi. The captain's orderly, Private Jones, was as small as Smith was large.

When the diminutive orderly finally located Smith it was to find him with his ponderous frame spread over a mess table and sound asleep.

Several ineffectual efforts to awaken the sleeping giant resulted only in his making some sweeping motions as though brushing away a persistent and pestiferous fly.

Determined at all hazards to accomplish his mission, Jones seized a convenient baseball bat and hit the somnolent giant a solid welt across the bottoms of his number twelves—a most sensitive spot, indeed, for a darkey.

Smith, now thoroughly aroused, sprang from the table and vigorously pursued the fleeing Jones who scooted back to the captain's office and was just through the door when Smith was ready to make a dive for him.

But when Smith saw the captain and Major Sullivan in the room he was obliged to stop and stand at attention.

The diminutive orderly, with a look of triumph, saluted and reported "Here he is, Captain."

When Colonel Sorley was relieved as commanding officer he was succeeded by Major General George B. Duncan. Many a returning soldier will recall General Duncan's expansive smile and his earnest effort to aid his buddies with whom he had served and suffered in the great struggle beyond the seas.

CHAPTER XVII

AN UNUSUAL WEDDING

OFFICERS and men arriving at our embarkation camps frequently brought with them conflicting emotions. To be in camp near the largest city in our country, and one offering more attractions to the soldier than any other, was a severe test of discipline. Oftentimes the men felt that it was their last chance to "See the sights and have a fling" in the home country.

Consequently a goodly number of some organizations granted themselves passes almost immediately after arrival—and thus went absent without leave. To counteract this tendency many inexperienced officers announced that under no circumstances would any man be allowed to leave camp.

In some rare instances there were officers commanding organizations who would not even allow their men to go from their barracks or tent to see relatives or friends at the Hostess House.

Fortunately these cases were rare, and resulted only from the inexperience of the officer

and his lack of knowledge as to how to control his men. The result was that a good many men did go absent without leave, and some organizations on sailing left behind hundreds of their men who later drifted back to camp. At one time the absenteeism became so grievous that I felt impelled to make an appeal through the public press of New York asking that relatives and friends of soldiers visiting the city do everything possible to prevent the soldier from overstaying his pass. The press of the city urged this duty upon the people, and there was considerable improvement. I have seen in certain municipalities adjacent to New York specially constructed bulletin boards erected in the public square for the purpose of appealing to the citizens to assist soldiers to return to their organizations before their leave had expired.

Nevertheless every organization had a percentage of men who were absent without authority, and some method of restraint was a necessity. To cope with this situation there was erected in each camp a "stockade"—which in reality was nothing more nor less than a certain area of the camp surrounded by a strong barbed wire fence. If the worthless soldier could go when he liked and stay as long as he wanted,

discipline was at an end, and the better class of soldiers must do their own duty and that of the absentees as well. The "stockade" was not a pleasant plan to me for I am a strong believer in working upon the pride of individuals and of organizations, and by appeals for the assistance of the better men of the organization. Nevertheless there are always some men to whom appeals are useless and restraint a necessity.

In connection with the stockade at Camp Merritt occurred a memorable wedding ceremony the details of which were related to me by Major Haff, Assistant to the Camp Inspector, and which is probably unique among the marriage ceremonies of America.

Among the men confined in the stockade was a certain colored soldier who had badly overstayed his leave and there was not the slightest prospect of his getting another leave before his organization would sail.

He was engaged to be married and time pressed, if the ceremony was to be performed prior to his sailing. He laid his case before the Commanding Officer of the stockade who approved his request to have the ceremony per-

formed at the stockade the following Sunday afternoon.

Exuberant in his joy the darkey soldier confided his plans to a colored comrade. The seed fell upon fertile ground and that comrade sought and obtained similar permission. As the news spread through the stockade reinforcements rapidly rallied to the ranks of the would-be Benedicts.

Says Major Haff in describing the ceremony: "At the appointed time seven colored prisoners in blue denim overalls were marched out between armed guards down the hill where the seven dusky fiancées awaited them, all in a row. The prisoners were halted, and the brides-to-be arranged themselves, after some commotion, each opposite her lover. The Chaplain read the service to them all, and they were all married at the same time. The moment the ceremony was over the command was given: 'Left Face, Forward March,' and the prisoners, still under guard, were marched back up the hill and into the stockade."

CHAPTER XVIII

PRESERVING MEMORIES

THE site of Camp Merritt was chosen upon the suggestion of Colonel Tillson, the first commander of the Port of Embarkation. It was located in a suburban, residential community of scattered homes, many of which had to be given up to the government at the beginning, and others still as the camp continued to grow in size.

Many of the dwellings thus obtained by the government were tasty and were surrounded by beautiful grounds.

There was a striking contrast between these tasty private residences thus taken over, and the rough, unpainted barrack and mess building erected by the government.

At once I made application to the War Department to have the new buildings painted. The application was promptly disapproved on the ground that many other camps scattered throughout the country had made similar application, and all of them had been refused.

I endeavored to secure reconsideration on the ground that Camp Merritt was on an

entirely different status from any other camp in the country. In the first place it was quite near the largest center of population in America, and there would be huge throngs of visitors. In the second place it differed widely from the camps in the interior because a very large percentage of all the men going across would pass through Camp Merritt. Their last recollection of home would be of life at Camp Merritt, and their first impressions on return would be connected with the same spot.

The General Staff of the War Department handled all such matters, and they are always strong on precedent.

But many a suitor has won his case by persistence. I think it was Cato, the orator, who never made a speech on any subject that did not end with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed."

I made so many applications direct and indirect in every conceivable manner that the General Staff began to grow weary. If it was a requisition for a hundred kegs of nails we would put down a side remark that the furnishing of these nails together with the painting of Camp Merritt would be quite helpful

Finally authority for painting Camp Merritt was granted, largely, I think, from one single reason—to get rid of the subject as a nuisance.

The color selected was green with white trimming. It certainly added much to the appearance of the camp which, beyond question, was the most attractive of all of our camps.

I have already alluded to the kindly feeling in the surrounding communities which led each of them to provide a rest house with hostesses so that visiting soldiers might feel thoroughly welcome.

On the part of the officers and soldiers at Camp Merritt there was reciprocation and a sincere appreciation of the generous good-will and the delightful hospitality which had been so uniformly extended to them.

As a token of their appreciation the soldiers took up collections among themselves, and in January, 1919, presented a souvenir medal to each one of the school children of Bergen County.

Committees of soldiers in cars furnished by the Red Cross Motor Corps visited each one

of the one hundred and forty-seven schools, and distributed medals to 37,624 children.

The occasion was accompanied by appropriate ceremonies, patriotic musical selections were rendered, the flag was saluted, and appropriate addresses were delivered which in part were as follows:

"To the Children of Bergen County:

"Are you glad the war is over? So are we, and we want to let you know how much we appreciate what you did and are doing for us.

"This little emblem of a soldier with a boy and a girl walking hand in hand is exactly what we think the boys and girls and the people of Bergen County have been doing for the last year and a half—taking us by the hand and helping us to see the job through.

"We know what you did from War Savings Stamps through the whole list and back again to the Red Cross, but one of the things we will always remember is that you took us into your homes, and kept the 'Home Fires Burning.'

"We want you to take this little emblem home, show it to all the folks and neighbors, and keep it to remind you that the boys of Camp Merritt are grateful to you."

Camp Merritt is closed. The last soldier of the more than a million to whom at one time or another it gave shelter has gone. No longer can be seen that innumerable throng of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who once filled its grounds to bid sad farewells or to give joyous greeting.

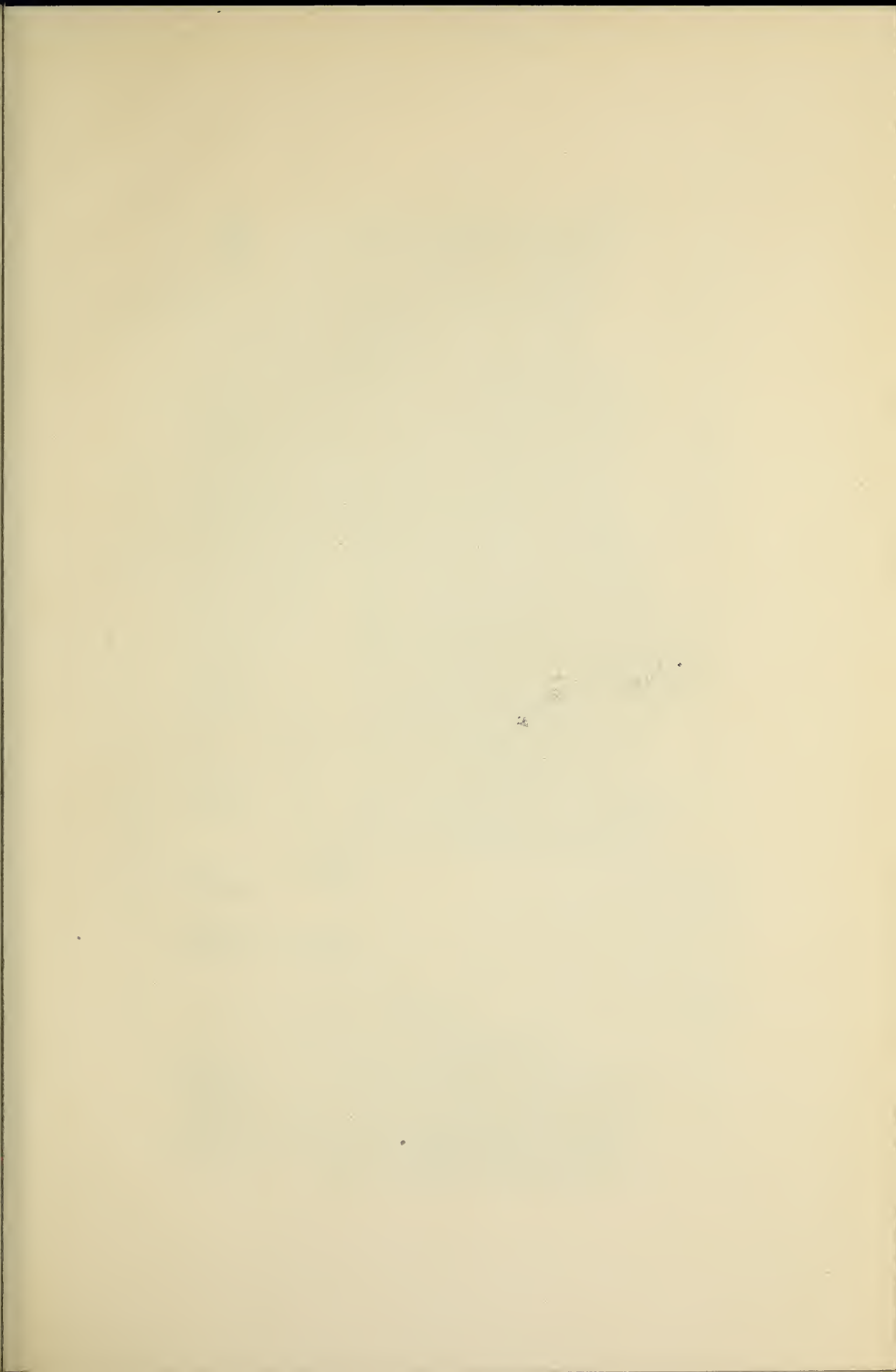
The last actor has disappeared from the stage and the curtain has fallen.

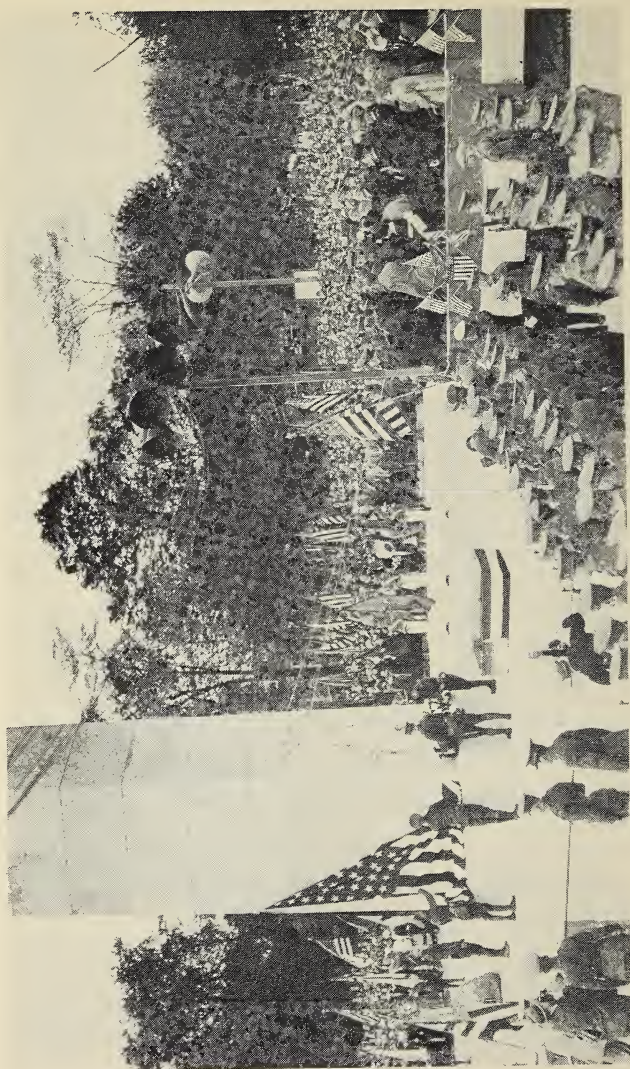
Nevertheless the end is not yet.

Through official appropriations of the State of New Jersey and of Bergen County; through contributions by the Bergen County Historical Society; the officers and men of Camp Merritt, and many patriotic citizens of the surrounding communities, a site was chosen in the very center of the Camp and a splendid memorial shaft was erected bearing this inscription:

"In memory of those soldiers who gave their lives for their country while on duty at Camp Merritt.

"This monument marks the center of the Camp and faces the highway over which more than a million American soldiers passed on their way to and from the World War 1917-1919."





THE CAMP MERRITT MEMORIAL SHAFT BEING DEDICATED IN PRESENCE OF A
HUGE CROWD BY GENERAL PERSHING, MAY 30, 1924.
(DUMONT STUDIO)

On Decoration Day of 1924 the shaft was dedicated by General Pershing in a superb patriotic speech listened to by an enormous throng of people extending blocks away in every direction—yet all of whom could hear by reason of the amplifiers which had been installed. Rarely have I seen a larger crowd, and never have I seen one where every detail of traffic and parking had been worked out in such an effective way.

Theodore Roosevelt once said that every considerable achievement in life is but the lengthened shadow of some one man. The splendid Camp Merritt memorial shaft and all of the details connected with its construction and dedication represent the lengthened shadow of Major Francis G. Landon who was morale officer at Camp Merritt almost throughout the entire war.

And thus will be preserved for all time the memory of that Camp which first and last has sheltered more men than any other within all of our broad land. Is it rash to say that in the years to come grandfathers will revisit the old site to rehearse to young minds the memories and the deeds of former years?

CHAPTER XIX

MISTAKES IN EMBARKATION METHODS

AS ALREADY stated soon after my arrival in San Francisco from the Philippines in July, 1917, I received a telegram to report in person to General Bliss, Chief of Staff in the War Department. Naturally General Bliss was at that time a very busy man, and I had to cool my heels in the corridors of the War Department for an hour or more before it came my turn to be ushered into his presence. The first thing that struck me was the air of mystery that prevailed. Those were the palmy days of "Confidential Communications." Nobody did much talking. There were a few officers who spoke only in whispers. Oftentimes they glanced around nervously to see who might be in sight or hearing. If one of them bade you good morning it is likely he would add in a furtive whisper: "That's confidential, you understand."

The policy of the War Department was to carry secrecy to the very limit. Among the

officers with whom I talked before I had opportunity to see General Bliss were several whom I had known intimately for many years including two of my West Point classmates. Afterwards I found they knew exactly why I had been ordered to Washington. But as far as getting from them any tip as to the meaning of my summons the sphinx on the Nile was, by comparison, positively garrulous.

This policy of secrecy, all-prevalent in the War Department, was the policy strictly prescribed for the Port in the embarkation of troops.

Under these rigid instructions from the War Department there had already been inaugurated a method of embarkation which I soon saw was distinctly hurtful to the morale of our soldiers and harmful to the best interests of the army.

Nobody except those present on strictly official business was to be allowed on the piers under any pretext whatsoever on days when troops were embarking.

Whenever possible movements of troops to the transports were to be at night.

Most harmful of all restrictions was the

requirement that as soon as transports loaded with troops had left the piers the troops should be required to go inside and remain below deck until the transport had cleared the lower bay.

Men were not even permitted to stick their faces out of the port holes on the way down the river.

The big idea seemed to be that by slipping our troops quietly on board—at night when practicable—and making them hide below as the transport sailed down the river we should be adding a factor of safety to their journey.

But whoever thinks it possible to send a convoy of ships from New York Harbor, and maintain secrecy in the process, has had no practical experience.

Every effort of the Red Cross and other similar organizations to obtain permission to do welfare work on the piers had been refused. Once through the big iron gates which guarded the piers, the soldier had lost contact with home and friends; when his ship sailed he must disappear from view to be seen no more until the vessel was at sea.

As Commander of the Port I gave my best

efforts towards carrying out these instructions, but I felt that they were a mistake, and were harmful to the spirit of the men who were going across.

The soldier who is leaving to fight his country's battles deserves something more than to be sent away in a manner to suggest that his country is ashamed of his mission.

There was never a time when I saw our soldiers go below deck to hide while the transport steamed out to sea that I did not have a feeling of sympathy.

It did not appear so bad during the bitter cold of winter when many men would naturally go inside for comfort. But when Spring came and we were rushing men over as fast as possible it seemed ridiculous and most harmful to morale.

Already I had made many efforts to secure a revocation of the orders requiring men to hide on the way down the river—the last effort being met with the rejoinder that the country was at war and not going on a picnic.

As far as troop shipments were concerned the Port of Hoboken included not only all

American ports from Baltimore northward but also embraced troop movements from Montreal, Quebec and Halifax. The officers whom we sent from time to time to supervise the embarkation of troops at these Canadian ports came back with stories of how the sailings of troop transports were made a gala occasion. The populace turned out in large numbers and the farewell to our soldier lads was wholesome and heartening. I could not see why soldiers sailing from a home port were entitled to any less consideration than those who sailed from Canadian cities.

About this time a gentleman of New York told me that he had watched with strong field glasses the ship on which his son had sailed, and that he could not see a soldier anywhere. He added that this had given him a very desolate feeling.

I happened to relate this to a friend who was going to Washington, and he presented it in person to the Secretary of War.

The instructions were changed at once, and thereafter we sent our boys away with flags flying and bands playing.

I am sure that it was better to send our lads away with cheers and patriotic music ringing in their ears.

Whoever will send a soldier away to fight his country's battles with any but a feeling of pride has not placed a proper estimate upon the value of morale.

CHAPTER XX

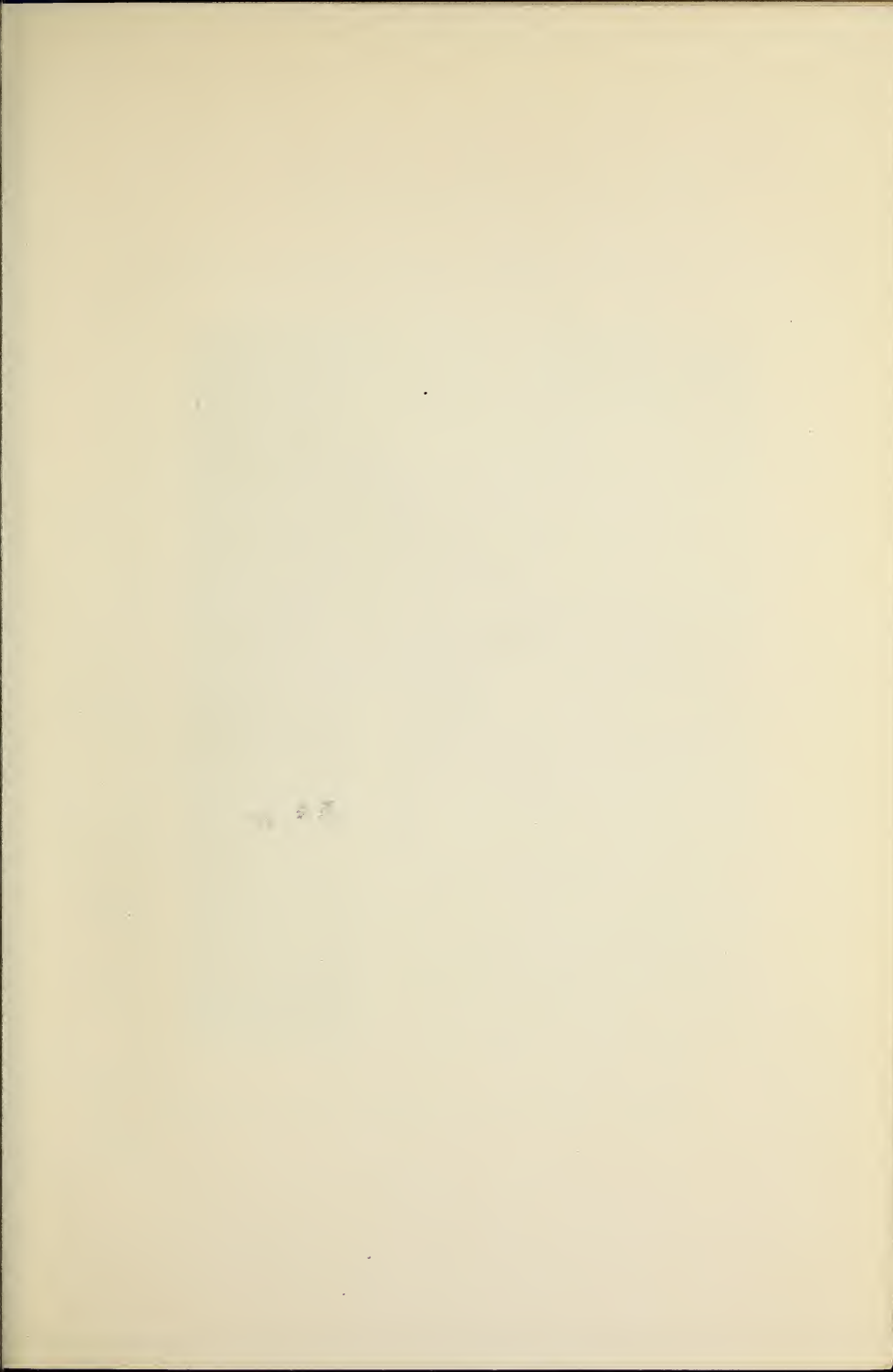
SAFETY MEASURES

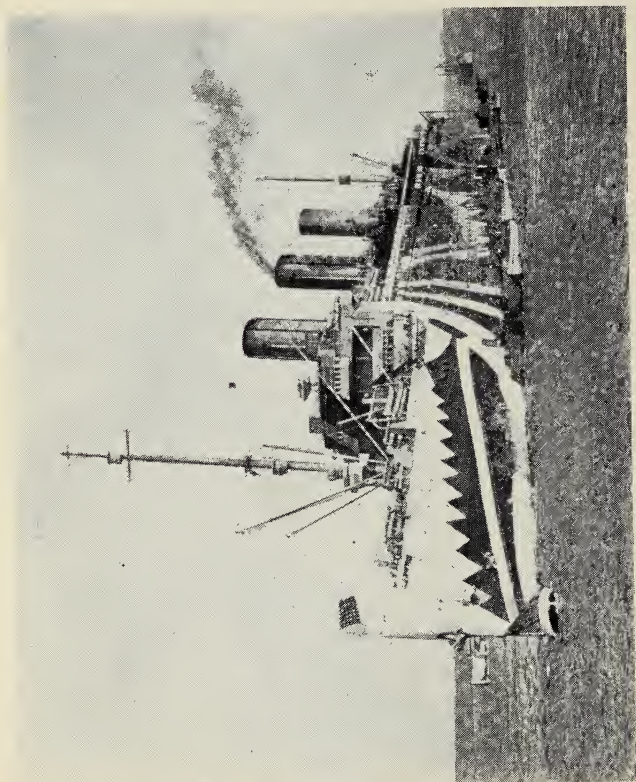
THE NAVY had charge of our convoy system and, except in the very early stages of the war, had exclusive control of troop transports after the troops had gone on board.

Under the efficient supervision and direction of Admiral Gleaves and his staff, so well were the transports managed that not a single one of our ships was lost while laden with troops and bound overseas.

Several were torpedoed and sunk on the way home, but even then, in every instance, the loss of life was held to a minimum.

Many different measures of safety were adopted by the navy including the use of the zigzag system through the danger zone; the camouflaging of ships, usually according to the "dazzle" or the "zebra" method, and always in such a way that no prominent horizontal nor vertical lines were in sight; also the carrying of depth bombs and "smoke-screen" materials by the destroyers and other vessels composing the escort.





THE *Leviathan*, FORMERLY THE *Fatherland*, OUR LARGEST
TRANSPORT, SHOWING HOW SHIPS WERE CAMOUFLAGED TO SHOW
NO HORIZONTAL AND NO VERTICAL LINES. APPARENTLY THE
Leviathan HAS THREE FUNNELS. IN REALITY
THE THIRD ONE IS A VENTILATING SHAFT.

In addition every transport carried life boats and life rafts to the extent of ten per cent in excess capacity of the number of persons on board. Life boats take up a great deal of room, and in rough weather are difficult to launch.

Several different types of life rafts were in use, but in the end the navy found the "doughnut" shaped raft to be the most satisfactory and the easiest to handle.

These are merely hollow cylinders, doughnut shaped, provided with rope "hang-ons" around the perimeter, and having a lattice floor in the interior.

Life rafts of this kind required no launching, and could be dropped overboard without risk of danger to the raft.

The larger rafts had a flotation power sufficient to support forty men.

In addition there was a large supply of life preservers, always in excess of the carrying capacity of the ship.

In the early stages of the war our life preservers were of cork; later it was found that the "kapok" life preserver was more serviceable.

Throughout the danger zone there was always maintained a strict, unending and zealous watch for submarines.

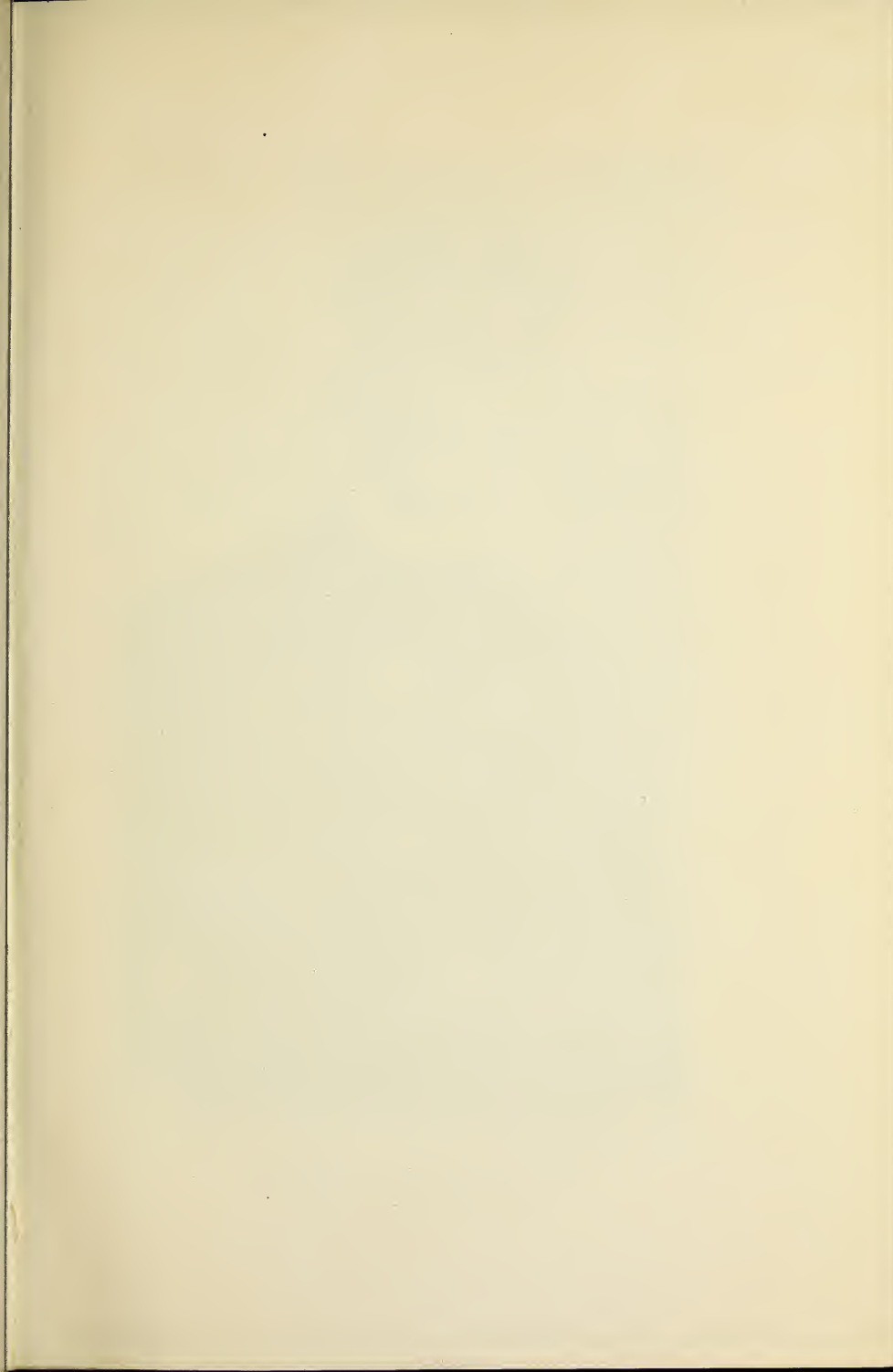
Under the admirable system adopted by our navy the entire horizon surrounding the ship was divided into twenty-four equal zones—each lookout therefore covering fifteen degrees in his sweeping search.

It was this kind of work which caused the navy to beg for the loan of powerful field glasses during the period of sending our troops across, for good glasses were an essential part of the equipment of those doing lookout duty.

Father Duffy, the well-beloved chaplain of the far-famed 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard, tells a story illustrative of the quick wit of one of the 69th who, provided with glasses, was very busy sweeping the zone assigned to his care.

One of the ship's officers walked up behind him and, to test the soldier's knowledge of his duties, said to him: "My good fellow, what are you looking for?"

The Irishman, without removing his glasses, immediately replied: "I am looking for what I don't want to find, Sir."





ADMIRAL ALBERT GLEAVES IN COMMAND OF THE
U. S. NAVY CRUISER AND TRANSPORT
FORCE THROUGHOUT THE WAR.

Besides all of the means of safety provided by the army or the navy, private enterprise was perfectly willing, for a proper consideration, to supply other means of safety.

There were any number of different type rubber suits widely advertised under such names as the "Ever-Ready," the "Non-Sinkable" and a host of other names now escaped from my memory.

These suits were all on the same principle—a loose rubber garment intended to cover the wearer, clothes and all. An elastic band tightly fitting around the neck was supposed to keep the water from getting inside, while numerous compartments filled with air furnished the necessary power of flotation.

In the whole history of my stay at Hoboken I do not recall that I was ever more pestered by any one class of individuals than I was by the agents of the companies supplying these suits, the cost of which ranged from sixty to ninety dollars.

These agents all wanted permission to come to the piers to display their goods and to make sales.

We had steadfastly refused permission of this

kind because space on the piers was limited, and we could not afford to convert any part of it into a salesroom.

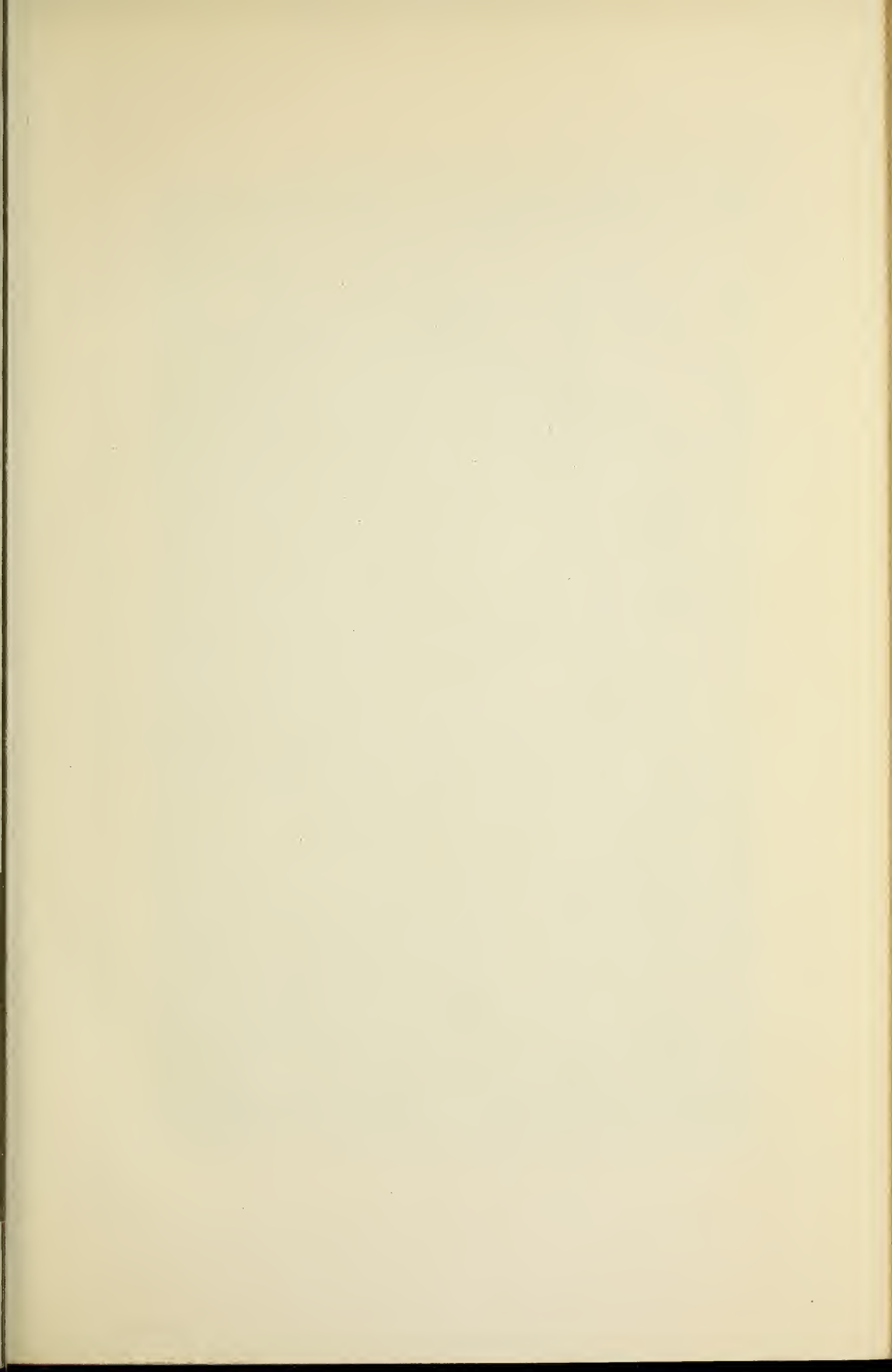
Once a single commercial enterprise, however worthy, had obtained such a privilege we could not deny it to others.

One agent was particularly persistent and especially obnoxious. He went to Washington and came back triumphant, having obtained an order directing me to convene a board of officers to take the whole matter under consideration, and to make some practical tests of the relative merits of the various suits.

What this fellow was really working for was to induce the government to buy a suit for each soldier who went across—in which case the profits to the manufacturing companies would have been enormous.

There was little enough room on board ship anyway, and each soldier encased in one of these balloon suits would have made life on board unendurable.

In accordance with instructions from Washington I convened a board of five officers of good judgment to supervise the tests and to





SIGNAL CORPS 47625

TWO OF OUR WIDELY KNOWN AND GREATLY BELOVED SOLDIERS, BOTH OF THE
69TH REGIMENT, NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD. COL. WILLIAM J. DONOVAN (LEFT),
FATHER FRANCIS P. DUFFY, CHAPLAIN OF THE REGIMENT (RIGHT).

make report and recommendations in regard to the same.

All of the companies were invited to send a representative, and my recollection is that eight different companies responded.

All of the representatives together with the board of officers were placed aboard a launch and sent down to the lower bay.

After donning their suits the various agents jumped overboard. One of them began to settle rapidly and called lustily for help, hence he was promptly drawn back on board.

The remaining seven floated around for about two hours when they were likewise drawn on board, having battled to a draw as far as establishing any marked superiority on the part of any one suit.

Secretly I was pleased at the outcome.

The fellow who had to yell for help was the one who had been so persistent. After he had gotten back on board he made an examination, and with much indignation exhibited his suit which showed several gashes apparently made with the blade of a penknife. He claimed, and apparently on good grounds, that some of his competitors had "done him up" by stick-

ing holes in his suit while on the way down the bay.

The board of officers convened to make the tests could find no appreciable difference between the suits presented by the various firms. They did not recommend that the government should undertake to provide soldiers with suits of this kind because of their cumbersome nature.

They were of opinion, however, that a few suits on each ship might possibly fit into some emergency; in case the suits were provided they recommended that the color be a vivid red—the idea being that at dusk or early dawn the vivid color would add to visibility and hence increase the probability of being picked up.

There was at least one instance during the war when one of these suits played a very important part.

When the *Minnehaha* of the Atlantic Transport Line was torpedoed off the southern coast of Ireland on September 7, 1917, she sank almost immediately. Captain Claret wearing one of these suits saved not only his own life but the lives of several members of the crew, and

they were in the water for quite a long time.

The Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society presented him with a medal and certificate, and the crew with a handsome marble clock, while the British Government bestowed upon him the "Order of the British Empire."

In going across a considerable number of our officers purchased these suits, sometimes in partnership, the first officer to sail returning the suit for the use of the second joint owner.

I have before me the written contract drawn up by a distinguished Major General of the regular army, and turned over to me as a sort of possible "executor" in certain emergencies, the essential terms being as follows:

"It is understood and agreed that the suit is purchased on the following terms, to-wit: (a). If one of us floats and the other doesn't, the floater does not pay. (b). If both of us float or neither of us floats, we split fifty-fifty."

The two officers who signed the contract were Major General William G. Haan, and Brigadier Sidney S. Cloman.

These two splendid officers and genial comrades have now passed to the great beyond. Peace to their ashes!

CHAPTER XXI

COLD AND DISCOURAGING DAYS

IT WILL BE recalled that the fall of 1917 witnessed the absolute collapse of Russia together with sad, disheartening withdrawals on the Italian front.

At the very close the British made a brilliant drive at Cambrai, but immediately thereafter lost more than they had won.

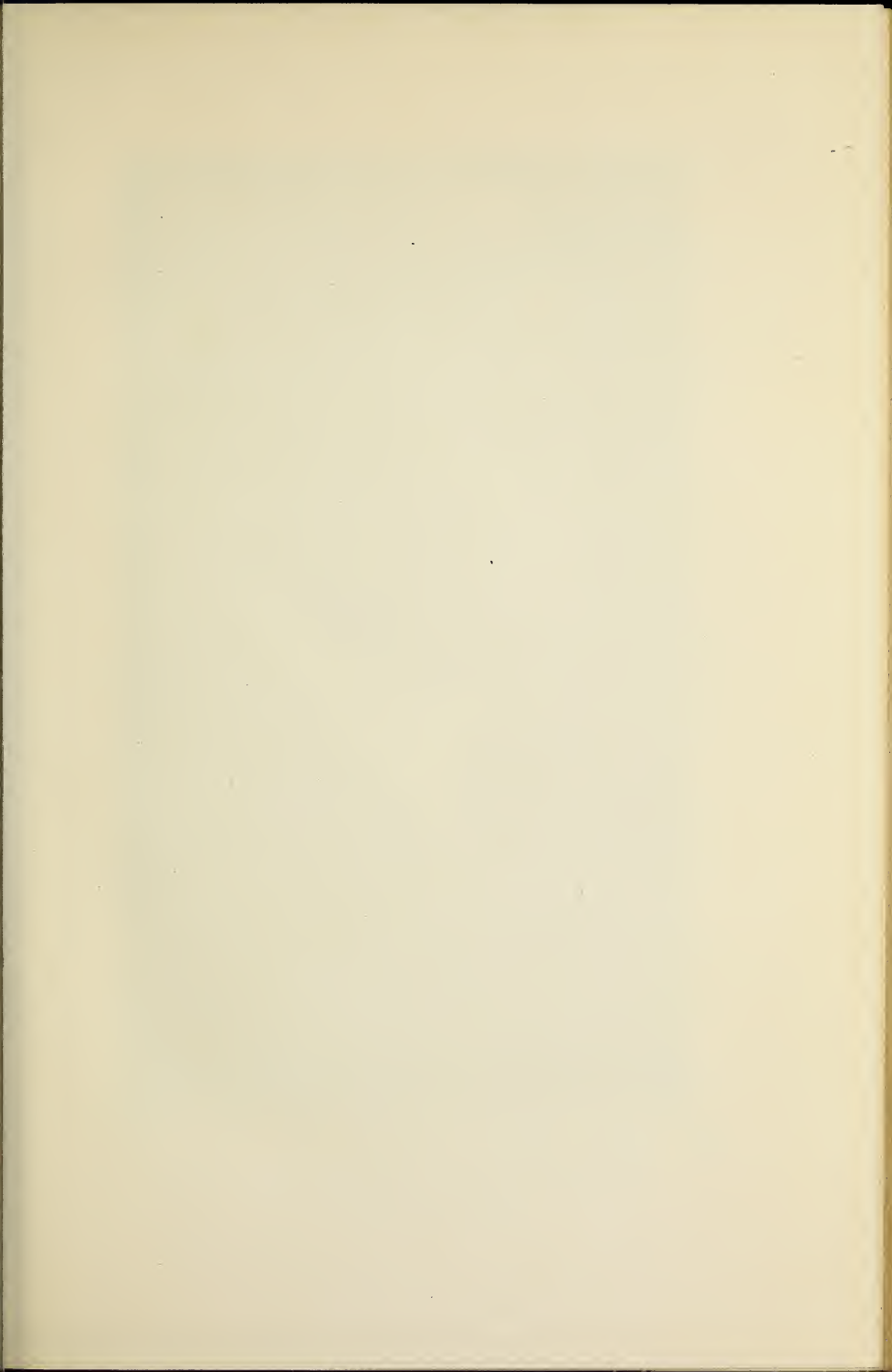
The man power of both the British and the French had been taxed to the very limit.

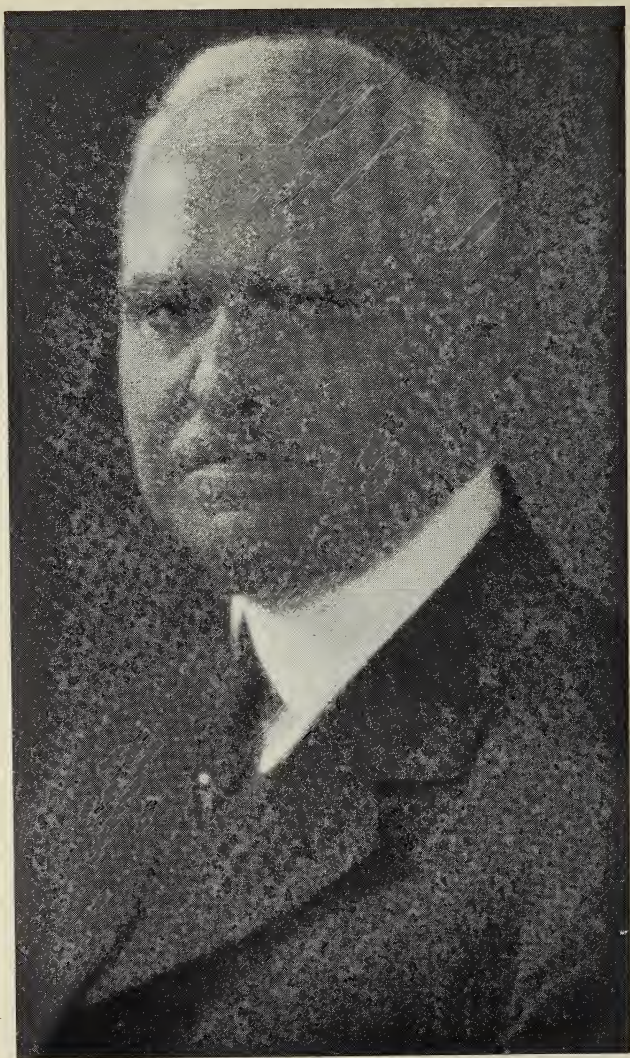
In our own country the prospect was far from encouraging. Thus far we had not been able to send as many as fifty thousand troops in any one month.

A long and bitterly cold winter had found us short on fuel at the Port thus seriously delaying the sending of troops while strikes among the stevedores still further aggravated our numerous troubles.

Late one afternoon of a bitterly cold day about the middle of February, I received a message by long distance phone to come to Washington that night without fail.

The message said that there would be an im-





MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, DIRECTOR
OF PURCHASE, STORAGE AND TRAFFIC. HIS DRIVING
FORCE AND ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY WERE OF HIGH
ORDER AND GREAT VALUE.

portant conference next day and that Admiral Gleaves, P. A. S. Franklin and H. H. Raymond of New York were also coming.

At the conference next day all of above, together with Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, Captain Pratt, his assistant, and Brig. Gen. F. T. Hines, were present.

The British government was represented by Sir Graham Thompson, General Hutcheson and Mr. Raeburne, and there were others present whom I cannot now recall.

It was a gloomy meeting. What had brought us together was a cablegram from General Pershing saying that the British and the French authorities expected a big German drive in the early Spring.

They had absolute knowledge that the German forces on the western front had been strengthened by large numbers of troops drawn from the Russian front.

The British and the French authorities wanted to know what was the maximum number of troops per month that could be supplied from America.

The question was one of tonnage. Both the British and the French governments were represented at the conference, and among the

American representatives were the ablest shipping men in our country.

Of course one of the questions that had to be taken into consideration was the shipment of supplies necessary for the maintenance of the troops.

The conference spent hours in considering what answer should be made to General Pershing's cable. Naturally he wanted something definite and specific—generalities would not do.

Every possible source of obtaining additional ships was examined, not casually, but earnestly and carefully—I might almost say prayerfully—by the best shipping talent in our country, and with the advice and assistance of both British and French experts.

As a result of that protracted conference an answer was sent to General Pershing that the maximum number of troops that America could promise was ninety-one thousand men per month.

At that time the proceedings of the conference were of the most confidential nature. Even yet I think it has never been published.

I quote the matter here as an outstanding example of how much can be done by the great





BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANK T. HINES, CHIEF OF
EMBARKATION IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WHOSE
SERVICES WERE OF GREATEST VALUE TO OUR
GOVERNMENT—THEN, AS NOW.

nations of the earth when they really have their backs against the wall.

The big Cambrai drive of the Germans began on March 21st. In April we sent across 117,000 men and this number steadily increased reaching its maximum of 306,000 in July.

I imagine that General Pershing must have been disappointed at the answer to his cable, but he could not but be pleased at subsequent performance.

The results attained were made possible largely through the cordial assistance of the British government. Every ship in any part of the world that could be of use was brought to the Atlantic seaboard and put to work carrying troops.

The British even allowed us to send some troops across on their cruisers acting as escort to the convoy.

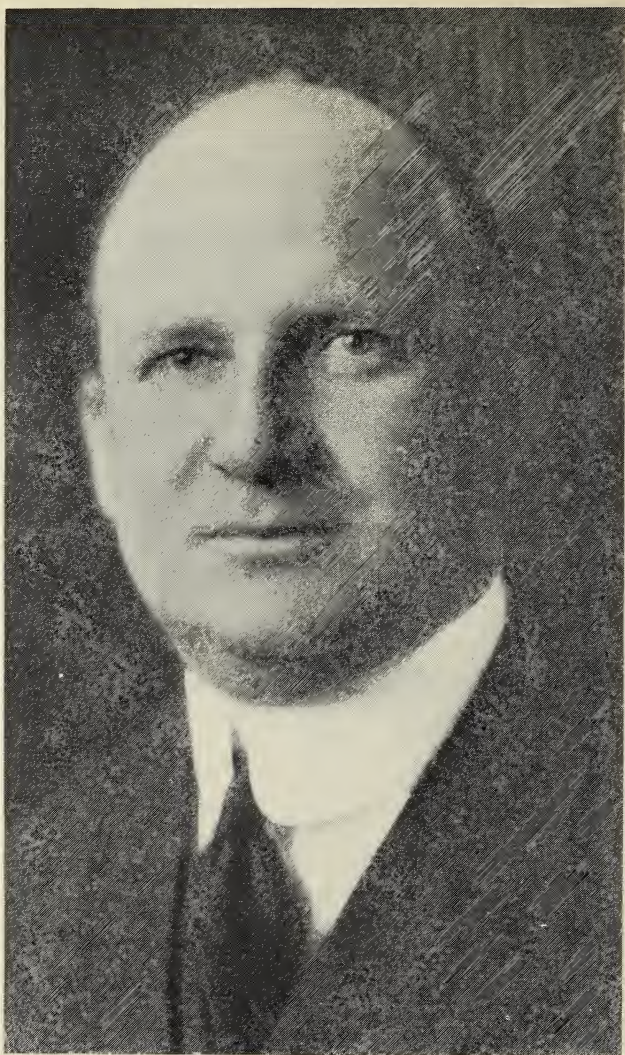
In the case of some of our own ships having adequate galley and lavatory accommodations (such as the *Mount Vernon* and the *Agamemnon* for instance) there were considerable over assignments—amounting in some cases to as much as thirty per cent. All of our soldiers carried blankets, and in the pleasant weather of the summer months they could sleep on deck

without discomfort. So eager was the typical American soldier to get across that he was willing to put up with any hardship or any inconvenience that would land him within the area where the big struggle was going on.

At the very beginning I stated that this was not to be a business nor a military article. But I feel that I may properly relate very briefly a little inside history that will throw some light on how it was that our government was able to send more than three times as many men per month as had been specified in the cabled reply to General Pershing in February wherein he was told that 91,000 per month was the absolute maximum he could hope for.

On January 1, 1918, Major General George W. Goethals took over the business affairs of the government which had formerly been handled by the quartermaster department. He organized the "Purchase, Storage and Traffic" Divisions and became director of all of these activities. General Goethals at once set about reorganizing his forces. Brigadier General Frank T. Hines was made Chief of Embarkation, and no better selection could possibly have been made. General Hines is





P. A. S. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL
MERCANTILE MARINE, CHAIRMAN OF THE SHIPPING
CONTROL COMMITTEE, WHOSE ENERGY, ADMINISTRATIVE
ABILITY AND KNOWLEDGE OF SHIPPING MATTERS
WERE INVALUABLE TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

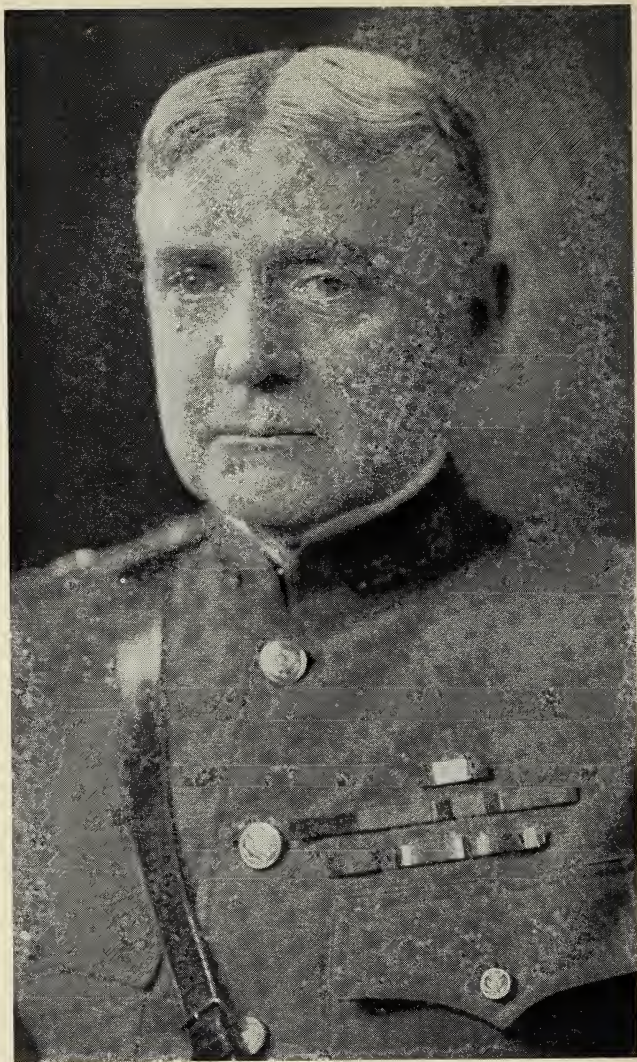
an officer of vision, energy, and marked administrative ability. At the same time General Goethals appointed a "Shipping Control Committee" which was to have charge of the loading, the repairs and the quick turn around of our ships. The members of this committee were: P. A. S. Franklin, President of the International Mercantile, America's largest Shipping Co.; H. H. Raymond, President of the Clyde-Mallory line; the third member was Sir Connop Guthrie, British agent of administration in America. When the personnel of this Shipping Control Committee was announced there was quite a little quiet criticism of the selection of a Britisher to be on so important a committee. I confess that I was one of those who felt we had enough good, solid Americans to do our work without calling on foreigners, however well disposed they might be. I surmise that the selection of Sir Connop Guthrie was made upon the recommendation of Mr. Franklin who was Chairman of the Committee, and who in large part administered its affairs.

Mr. Franklin is an able, far-sighted business man of imagination and vision. He foresaw that the principal need of our government would be ships—and the English were the only

people who had ships in large numbers. The selection of Sir Connop was a preparatory step towards getting the ships we needed. When I saw how things were working out I had no longer any feeling that the selection of a Britisher on our Shipping Control Committee was a mistake.

I pause here to say that our nation owes a debt of gratitude to P. A. S. Franklin. He is one of our "Dollar a Year" men who performed an invaluable service for our country at a time when his experience and his ability were exactly what was needed. In my early days at Hoboken, before the organization of the Shipping Control Committee, there were many times when I needed information and advice relative to shipping matters. There was never once that Mr. Franklin did not lay aside his personal business to help me in every way he could. There are four men who did outstanding work in the task of getting overseas the troops and supplies so sorely needed by General Pershing. These four men are Major General George W. Goethals, Director of Purchase, Storage and Traffic; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Chief of Embarkation; P. A. S. Franklin,





BRIG. GEN. ALBERT C. DALTON, IN CHARGE PORT UTILITIES (NOW PRESIDENT EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION). HIS ENERGY, VISION AND ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY ARE OF HIGH ORDER.

Chairman of the Shipping Control Committee. The fourth man is Brigadier Albert C. Dalton (now President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation) who had succeeded Colonel Carson and whose energy, vision and administrative ability were of high type.

CHAPTER XXII

CAMP MILLS

ONE AFTERNOON early in September, 1917, Major General William A. Mann accompanied by his Chief of Staff, the present Major General Douglas MacArthur, came to my office on an important mission.

Their visit was unannounced and in accordance with the invariable custom of those days belonged in the category of the "strictly confidential."

For some time prior to our entrance into the war General Mann had been in charge of the Militia Bureau of the War Department, and in that capacity had general charge of the National Guard of the entire nation.

When General Mann had stated the object of his visit it appeared that the War Department was getting ready to organize a National Guard Division that would be really national in character.

In other words the component parts of this Division would be drawn from the country at large.

Such was the beginning of the famous 42d or "Rainbow Division" which, if memory serves me, contained organizations from some twenty-seven different states.

Of course, this Division had not yet been assembled, and the object of the visit of General Mann and General MacArthur was to see what shelter could be provided for the division in the vicinity of the Port while it was being assembled preparatory to going across.

At that time General Mann was confident that the "Rainbow" would be the first of the National Guard divisions to sail.

He failed, however, to take into account the prowess of the Yankee Division having at its head Major General Clarence R. Edwards, an officer who also knew a thing or two about the War Department and its methods—resulting that the Yankee Division headed the procession of National Guard divisions closely followed by the Rainbow.

Camp Merritt was not yet ready to receive troops, and I was able to render very little assistance to General Mann and General MacArthur in their search for shelter.

As a matter of fact they did not need any

help. We furnished them with a car, and, after some inquiries and energetic hustling, they decided upon the site of Camp Mills near Garden City, Long Island, as the most suitable for their purpose.

It was named Camp Mills in honor of Brigadier Albert L. Mills who had died not long before while acting as Chief of the Militia Bureau in the War Department.

Water was piped in, tents were put up, the Rainbow Division assembled and remained there until it sailed.

The site of Camp Mills was low, flat, and subject to bad overflow in case of heavy rains. In the beginning it was not the intention to continue the camp after the Rainbow Division had vacated it. At that time it was believed that a single camp would answer every need, and Camp Merritt was supposed, once it was finished, to be able to handle all of our outgoing troops.

Nevertheless so great was the rush to get across that, as soon as the Rainbow Division had moved out, General Liggett's "Sunset" Division, after strenuous appeals, moved in.

The Rainbow Division had gotten along at

Camp Mills in comparative comfort; but by the time the "Sunset" arrived the weather was much colder, and the heavy rains of late Fall had set in. Much of the camp was under water and both officers and men were thoroughly uncomfortable.

Surely the "Sunset" Division had a tough time, but bore its hardships and discomforts in a way to give excellent promise of its future.

As a rule men from the west have had considerable experience in caring for themselves in camp, and General Liggett's Division did all that was humanly possible to overcome its difficulties.

The cold was increasing all the while; the mud was fierce, and there was no getting away from it.

It was while the "Sunset" was at Camp Mills that I heard a story on one of its captains that brought back to memory the western use of a word seldom used with like significance in the East.

I do not recall ever hearing the verb "to rustle" used in the East in any other than its ordinary dictionary meaning of making a rattling sound.

In the West, however, to "rustle" a thing is to obtain possession of it by means of energetic, well directed efforts—and sometimes, alas, by none too scrupulous methods.

The story as told to me had reference to one of the "Sunset" captains who, finding the mud past endurance, called before him his darkey "striker" charged with looking after the captain's tent, and said to him: "Jones, I want you to see if you can't get some boards and make me a tent floor"—to which Jones responded, "Yas, Sah, Cap'n, certainly Sah."

Walking away a few steps Jones stopped, scratched his head, returning, faced his captain and saluted: "Does the Cap'n desiah that I purchase those boards, or does the Cap'n desiah that I rustle 'em?"

"Damn it, you rustle 'em," was the captain's reply.

Next morning his tent had a floor while, by something of a coincidence, some boards of like kind were missing from a back fence a few blocks away.

The weather turned still colder and we had to transfer to Camp Merritt what was left of the "Sunset"—some fifteen thousand in number.

Camp Mills was closed, and it was not then supposed that it would ever again be used.

But in March, 1918, occurred the big German drive around Cambrai. Immediately every nerve was strained to rush troops to France, and it was a matter of necessity to find additional shelter without any delay whatever.

The water pipes were still installed at Camp Mills.

Time pressed, and the camp was reestablished. Much work had to be done to put the camp in good shape, provide drainage, build roads, etc.

As Commanding Officer I selected Major R. R. Pickering, whose qualities I knew from having observed him at Hoboken. Major Pickering did not have much rank, but he had about everything else needed, and he made a wonderfully efficient camp commander.

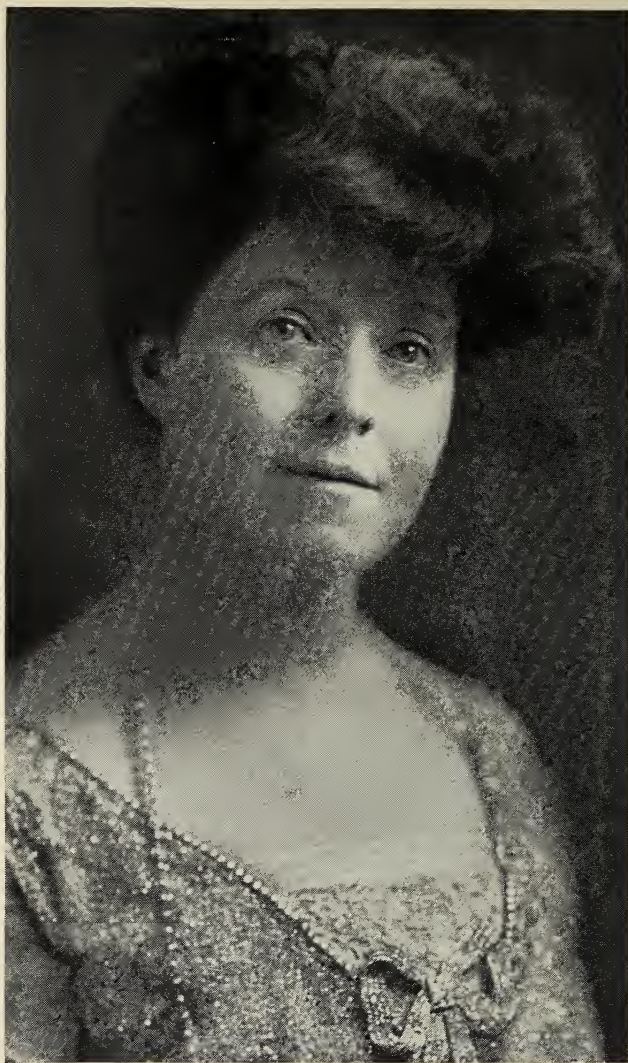
The camp was carefully planned to overcome as far as possible its physical disadvantages. Good walks and roads were laid out and constructed. Adequate drainage was secured by means of a system of shallow wells into which the surface water drained, and then rapidly disappeared from view by sinking into the loose sand and gravel subsoil.

Grass and shrubbery and flowers were planted, some of the wealthy residents of the vicinity taking great interest in this feature of the camp, and it very soon presented an attractive appearance.

At Camp Mills just as at Camp Merritt there was need of a club building where officers might foregather for refreshment, recreation and social intercourse. I had no way of providing for this need. Government funds could be used in the construction of barracks, kitchens, mess halls and other necessary equipment of the camp—but no government funds could be used in building a club.

When Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan learned of this need at Camp Mills she at once constructed a club building and furnished it throughout. Mrs. Ryan was one of those who took the deepest interest in our soldiers and was constantly on the watch for opportunities to do something for the boys in uniform. Not long before this, Mrs. Ryan had fitted up two commodious private residences just off Fifth Avenue where she conducted a splendid rest house for our young officers—and at a nominal expense to the officer. Every officer passing





MRS. THOMAS F. RYAN OF NEW YORK WHO WAS GREATLY INTERESTED IN OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS. SHE BUILT AND FURNISHED THE OFFICERS' CLUB AT CAMP MILLS; CONDUCTED AN OFFICERS' REST HOUSE ON 67TH STREET JUST OFF 5TH AVENUE AND FITTED OUT THE LAUNCH "SHINNEDOCK" WITH RUGS, SOFA PILLOWS, WICKER CHAIRS, ETC.

through this rest house found on boarding ship a souvenir box from Mr. and Mrs. Ryan containing many desirable articles of outfit, tasty confections, etc.

In all of these matters the services of Chaplain Axton were simply invaluable to me and to the government. He acted as almoner for Mrs. Ryan and he says: "No service was too small or too large for her consideration. She not only responded most generously to suggestions, but discovered for herself innumerable ways in which to brighten and elevate the lives of our men."

The Y. M. C. A. and other welfare houses and the splendid new Hostess House erected by the Y. W. C. A. took excellent care of the enlisted soldier.

Camp Mills had one great advantage as an embarkation camp—its transportation facilities were admirable. It was situated on the Long Island Railroad—a road that is equipped for and is accustomed to handling large race track crowds—hence we never had the slightest trouble in getting soldiers either into or out of Camp Mills.

This was a great factor in a camp whose personnel was constantly changing.

Every effort was made to induce the War Department to authorize the placing of tent floors in all of the tents at Camp Mills, but it was not until late in the summer that this was done.

Later still, barrack and mess buildings for some 25,000 men were erected, so that in the end we had accommodations for something like fifty thousand men, about one-half of whom were in tents.

CHAPTER XXIII

WELFARE WORK AT CAMP MILLS

OF ALL the buildings at Camp Mills none performed a greater or more welcome function than the big Y. W. C. A. Hostess House near the main entrance to the camp providing a pleasant meeting place for the soldier with his relatives, his sweetheart or his friends.

It was to the Hostess House that relatives went to get in touch with the soldier.

The "Information Office" at the Hostess House was always a busy place.

Neither our government nor our people will ever know, and hence can never appreciate at its true value, the services of the patriotic men and women who worked among our soldiers during the great struggle.

When the Hostess House at Camp Mills had been established, Mrs. Charles E. L. Clark of West Hempstead, Long Island, volunteered her services, and installed the Information Desk which, to use a naval expression, was the "conning tower" of the camp.

At my request Mrs. Clark has written a sketch of her work including some exceedingly human incidents and reminiscences. Every line of it is interesting to those who care for the human element in what they read. I can quote only a part of it to show something of the services of these noble women who forgot self in the work they were doing for humanity and for their country:

"For more than a year there was no Hostess House—only a portable shack, without heat in winter—and, thanks to a low-pitched tarred paper roof, decidedly with heat in summer; and a large tent that the Y. W. C. A. put up as a rest house.

"With every hard storm (and there were many that first fall) the tent blew over—until finally it gave up the struggle one November night, and settled down a mass of ruins.

"But in through the front door of the little shack and out through the back it was not an uncommon thing to have more than six thousand people pass in a single day.

"One blessed Major James A. Shannon, who was in charge of the Virginia Military Police of the Rainbow Division (the first at the

camp), gave us our cue, and it remained always the standard of the Information Bureau when he said:

"The parents are giving their all to this country, and they must be treated with every courtesy. If they arrive when it is not a visiting hour, do the best you can for them—keep them contented and happy until they can see their boy."

"Major Shannon never lived to come back, but we tried to carry out his will, and so came to know the parents, the sweethearts and the wives quite well.

"It was always a pleasure to serve the people who had come from a great distance—from Idaho, from Texas, or from the coast.

"They were perfectly patient and uncomplaining even if they had to sit and wait four or five hours before they could see the lad.

"But let anyone travel from Brooklyn or the Bronx—a trip that had cost an hour in time and fifty cents in cash—and woe be unto us if they had to be kept waiting fifteen minutes—we would be reported to the government, and . . .

"With forty thousand men in camp an

anxious girl arrives and asks, breathlessly: 'Where is Frank Begonski?' 'No, I don't know what corpse he belongs to, but he is kind of tall with a dark, smooth face. Don't you know him? And *you* claim to be an Information Bureau? I guess I'll ask somebody who does know something,' and out she goes, boiling mad.

"Another girl comes up, and says: 'Do you know the fellow in charge of the pigeons? I seen him in Jamaica, and promised I'd bring him a cake. No, I don't know his name.'

"And then there were very many touching things that happened. When one of the very first divisions went away a sweet little gray-haired mother stood outside the shack.

"She had boarded nearby all the time her boy had been at Camp Mills, and he had spent every free hour with her. They were like sweethearts, and every one loved her for her fine, brave spirit.

"When his regiment marched past, her face was radiant with smiles. Suddenly she waved so hard we said: 'Oh, do you see him?'

"She said: 'No, but if he sees me, I want him to remember that I was smiling.'

"We never heard what became of her, nor whether he came back.

"One of the joys of our Hostess House was a certain Italian boy—Andy, by name—who was probably a gangster in private life, and who spent much of his time in the guard house.

"He just simply *had* to go absent once or twice a fortnight, and then I would receive a letter from him—one of them reading:

"Dear Mrs. Clark:

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you I am in the Guard House at Hoboken. My God, Mrs. Clark, I didn't intend to do nothing wrong. Can't you help me?

"This is the name of the feller you want to write to—Major General Shanks—he'll let me out sure.

"Yours,

"Andy."

"When we moved into our beautiful new Y. W. C. A. Hostess House he gave one disappointed look at my new office, and said:

"Oh, my God, Mrs. Clark, why didn't you let *me* fix it up. I could have cut out pictures from the *Police Gazette*, and pasted them all over the walls.

"'My God, I could have made it look swell.'

"One sweltering day in the little shack I said to him: 'It's awfully warm, isn't it, Andy?'

"And here was Andy's interpretation of that uninteresting remark. Calling to another boy outside, he yelled: 'Hey, boy, help me get this hose up and we'll water the roof. Mrs. Clark, she says, "My God, Andy, I'm hot as hell."' "

"When the boys were going across Colonel Roosevelt extended an invitation, and I had the privilege of picking out twenty-five boys every Saturday afternoon, to spend several hours at Sagamore Hill and have tea there.

"He wanted boys from a distance, and just *plain boys*. Transportation was provided by the camp authorities, and there was no expense in getting to the Colonel's residence.

"From one to two hours ahead of time the boys would be at the shack waiting for the truck.

"Blouses were clean, hair as slick as hair could be, and boots 'shining'—because they were wiped with a handkerchief every five minutes until the truck arrived.

"Colonel Roosevelt wanted a small number

at a time so that he might really visit with them and see something of each boy.

"And the next day we would hear all about it.

"No matter how remote the boy's home town might be the Colonel always knew *somebody* in that town.

"It might be the postmaster, or a certain guide or scholar—so that the boy felt intimately acquainted with Colonel Roosevelt through that friend.

"Few people knew of that courtesy on the part of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, and they could never know themselves how much it meant to the boys who could write home about the Colonel's trophies, and how they had been entertained by Colonel Roosevelt, himself.

"During the influenza epidemic parents came from all over the United States after receiving a telegram stating that their son was dangerously ill.

"Sometimes they arrived too late, and how awful it was to have to break the news. One day there came a fine old man from Texas. He lived miles from a railroad and received such a telegram. He packed a suitcase and his telegram, but in his rush he failed to

bring either. Not being able to get a sleeper he had sat up all the way from Texas.

"There was no record of the boy being at Camp Mills, but the father insisted that the telegram had come from there.

"For twenty-four hours we searched for the boy, and meanwhile the father's eyes traveled from boy to boy.

"Every time he saw a six-footer he would start, and say: 'There, that looks like him. You see, he isn't rough like me, but more of a gentleman.'

"At the end of twenty-four hours we advised him to send a telegram to his railroad station in Texas where the message could be phoned to a neighbor's house some five or six miles from the old man's home, and that neighbor would ride over and get a copy of the original telegram that had started the old man north.

"As we knew it would be several hours before an answer could arrive we asked him whether he did not want to see something of New York, for he had never before been out of Texas.

"He thought for a moment, and then said he would like to go there and see the ocean

for he had never before seen an ocean. A neighbor suggested Long Beach as affording a better view, and took him there for the afternoon.

"He was greatly disappointed because the ocean was so smooth, but that, of course, could not be helped.

"After dinner at the Hostess House the telegram arrived from Texas about 9.30 at night.

"The father had made a mistake—his son was ill in the hospital at Camp Merritt.

"Fearing that he would lose his way two of the good women in the Hostess House got a machine, and at ten o'clock that night set out for Camp Merritt, a distance of some forty miles.

"They returned to Camp Mills next morning having had the satisfaction of leaving the boy and his father together.

"They were in time, but none too soon, for the boy lived but a few days.

"Even during the epidemic there were amusing episodes. The quarantine prohibiting soldiers and civilians coming together was so

strict that a wedding had to be arranged through a window.

"The groom was already scheduled to sail, and he simply *must* marry the girl of his choice before he left.

"So it was decided that he could be *outside* the window which was *inside* the camp while she could be *inside* the window which was *outside* the camp.

"All went well until it came time to slip the ring on her finger, when the groom made a frantic search for it only to find that it had gone through a hole in his pocket (high time that he had a wife to mend things) and had slipped down into his spiral puttees.

"Proceedings had to be held up until he unwound his spirals, and the interrupted ceremony could be resumed with the words: 'With this ring I thee wed.'"

CHAPTER XXIV

JUST A PLAIN, HUMAN STORY

THE following little story, contributed by Miss Eva T. McAdoo, one of our Emergency Canteen Workers of the Red Cross, appealed to me because of its human qualities. It is typical of many another like it, and I am sure will appeal to all who care for human stories:

"A troop train was due, and the canteen workers were waiting on the platform when an official came up and asked whether any of them could help an old couple who had traveled all the way from West Virginia to find their son in a New York hospital.

"There they stood, pathetic figures in the rush and bustle of the station. He was lean and gnarled, a typical mountaineer; she was small and worn by work. They had never before been on a train, and had never seen a city. When the message came summoning them—a disquietingly vague message, which signed with the son's name, simply said that

he was in the Grand Central Hospital and wanted them—they had started at once on their long journey. First a drive of twenty miles, then all night on the train, a wait in Washington, another train, and then, at last, New York.

“‘I know my boy is terribly homesick,’ said the mother, when the canteen worker had led them to a taxi, and they were started on their way to the hospital. ‘He’d never been away from home in his life until he was drafted, and I know he’s so homesick he’s nearly dead.’

“‘They must be pretty tired, themselves, the guide suggested. ‘Yes, it has been right hard,’ the little woman said, ‘but I’d go through fire and water to git to my boy.’ Indeed, they were both so tired that they seemed dazed. Inquiry revealed that they had, of course, no idea where to find lodgings. ‘We jest need a place to sleep,’ said the old man; ‘We’ve brought all we need to eat right in this here bag.’

“At the hospital came a delay while the son’s name was being looked up, and while his ward was being located. Then they were informed that the dress suitcase could not be taken upstairs with them. ‘I’ve brought some food

in it for my boy, can't I take it to him?' begged the mother. She opened the bag and took out the pitiful offerings—red apples and a package of brown sugar. There was, besides, a store of soda biscuits evidently intended for their own use during their stay. They followed dumbly to the elevator and were taken to the top floor. Outside the ward came another wait while the name was being repeated to the Red Cross representatives and someone went to find the son. And all the while the Canteen guide was fearing, fearing that he might be dead or dying.

"'It's awful hard to find him, ain't it,' said the mother, with a kind of despair.

"And just at that moment a tall boy leaped forward with a cry of 'Mother,' and seized the little woman in his arms. She was swung off her feet, and her answer, 'My boy,' was smothered in that large embrace. Then the boy hugged his father, and kissed him, unashamed.

"The Red Cross guide went downstairs and arranged for the father and mother to stay in the house reserved for visiting parents. A day or two later she stopped at the hospital and

found that the old couple had taken it by storm. Everybody wanted to do something for them—motor car trips, tickets for ‘shows,’ etc., were showered upon them. And everywhere they went their son, now able to leave the hospital, went with them.”

CHAPTER XXV

A WORD ABOUT EMBARKATIONS

FOR A LONG time after my arrival at Hoboken there was observed under War Department instructions, the strictest secrecy in all embarkations.

Our embarkation methods were crude perhaps to start with, and had to be learned and developed by observation and experience.

At first when a ship was reported ready to receive troops we merely marched on board a sufficient number of troops to fill her up, any odd space being utilized by the assignment of small organizations or of casuals.

This left it up to the Commanding Officer of the troops on board to adjust matters and set his house in order.

With green troops and inexperienced officers this was not an easy matter and experience soon showed that much improvement was possible.

It must be remembered that a probable majority of our soldiers had never before been aboard a ship.

On such a vessel as the *Leviathan* carrying more than ten thousand soldiers it was quite

easy for a green country lad to get lost, and to have a hard time trying to locate his own bunk.

Moreover many of these green lads did not know where to find drinking water, or the mess halls or the latrines.

It soon became obvious that something must be done to help these inexperienced boys until they were able to "find themselves" on board ship.

Admiral Gleaves and his staff soon devised a card which was handed to each soldier as he went on board giving his exact assignment.

Then if he got lost wandering around the numerous decks all he had to do was to show his card to some member of the crew, and he could be quickly directed where to go.

A little later the navy devised a scheme, in which I heartily concurred, of placing an advance detachment on board ship at least one day ahead of the main body—it was sort of an advance guard. They had thus an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the troop space on the ship, and, being designated by a white brassard, were useful guides when the main body arrived next day.

Once the troops had been placed on board they were not allowed to return on shore unless





SIGNAL CORPS 3715

SOLDIERS' BERTHS. WHEN NOT LET DOWN
FOR SLEEPING ARE TRICED UP TO GIVE MORE ROOM.

the occasion of return was exceptional and urgent.

The temptation of the men, and especially of the officers, to go off and spend a final hour with relatives or friends was very great.

Of course, this could not be permitted or the confusion and uncertainty would have become intolerable.

If the privilege had been granted to a favored few it would have led to feelings of injustice and of heartburning.

One of the most disagreeable of my early experiences arose from this very cause.

Two young officers having gone on board gave evasive answers to sentinels and returned on shore.

Investigation left no sort of doubt as to their wilful intent, and I felt obliged to have them taken from the ship for trial by court-martial. They had influential friends and a great deal of pressure was exerted upon me.

I was extremely sorry for the families of these young officers, and would have given much to be able to avoid trial in their cases.

Just a short time before we had tried some privates for the same offense, and it did not

seem just to punish privates, and exonerate officers who had powerful friends.

Among other rules and regulations of embarkation was one prohibiting a passenger from giving any information in regard to the name of the ship on which he was to sail.

In order that news of the safe arrival of the vessel overseas might be as speedily as possible communicated to the relatives and friends of the soldier there was devised the "Safety Arrival Card."

This card gotten up by Colonel Blunt and Captain Townsend of the military post-office was an ordinary postal containing this mere announcement: "*The vessel on which I sailed has arrived safely overseas.*"

These cards by the thousands were distributed to soldiers by the ladies of the Red Cross as they served coffee and buns to the lads just before they went on board.

At several places on deck were hung mail bags where the soldier could deposit these cards, after he had signed them, and had placed the proper address on the face of the card.

At the last moment just before the ship sailed

these bags were collected and carefully stored away.

When news had been received by cable of the safe arrival of the vessel the cards were at once placed in the post office, thus enabling the family and friends of the soldier to learn of his safe arrival much earlier than they could have heard if he had to write after his arrival in France.

One day we had dispatched a very fast vessel carrying a large number of troops.

The second day after she had sailed I received from a prominent professional gentleman in New York a very cutting letter protesting against the heartless cruelty and indifference of our methods.

He went on to say that although his son had sailed only the day before he had that morning received from him a card announcing his arrival in France.

I kept his letter on my desk and four days later when we received news by cable of the safe arrival of the vessel I called up the gentleman by phone and informed him of the safe arrival of his son.

Then I told him we had just sent to the post-

office the "Safety Arrival Cards" of that vessel numbering well over ten thousand.

I informed him that the card of his son would have been among that number if he had followed instructions.

Instead the young man had given it to some one to mail for him, and this some one had placed it in the Hoboken Post-Office, and of course, it was immediately delivered.

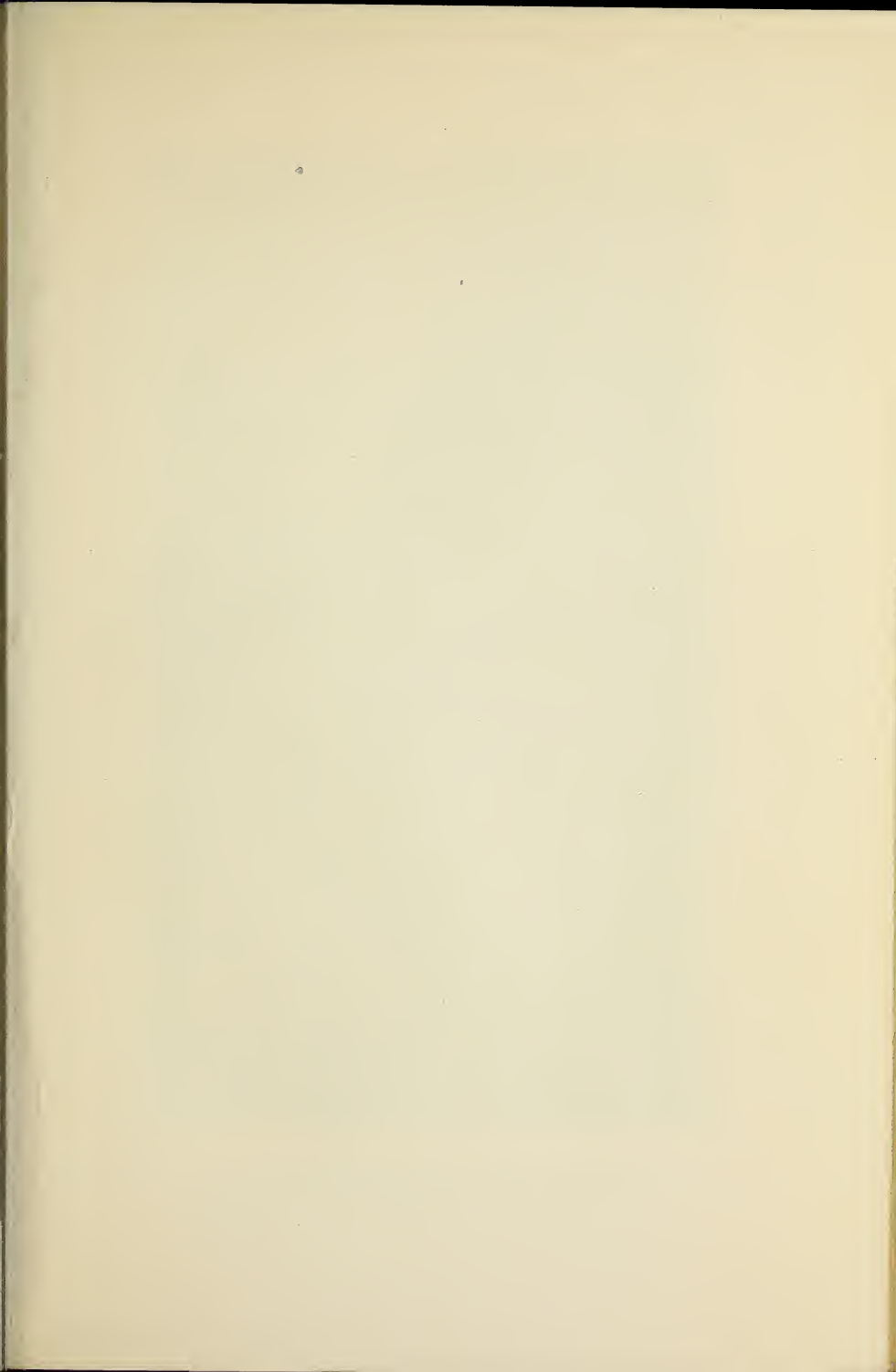
When he understood the matter the gentleman not only apologized profusely over the 'phone, but sent a letter still further expressing his regret.

One day one of my assistants came to me in much indignation with a whole bunch of safety arrival cards—nearly a thousand of them.

They had been specially prepared and bore the photograph of the sender—an Ohio politician who chose this method of keeping his memory green in the minds of his constituents.

My assistant wanted to throw out the whole bunch, but I told him if any protest was to be made it must come from the post-office department since they had to do the handling of the cards once they had been placed in the post-office.

Although our embarkation methods had to





SIGNAL CORPS 15607
ONE OF THE FOUR DOUBLE DECK GANG PLANKS
OF THE *Leviathan* ENABLING TEN THOUSAND
SOLDIERS TO BE PUT ABOARD WITHIN TWO HOURS.

be learned from the ground up it was surprising to me how quickly our troop movement department under the direct charge of General McManus developed into an efficient and smoothly working machine.

So well had they systematized their methods that the *Leviathan* carrying ten thousand troops could be filled within two hours.

On August 31, 1918, occurred the maximum embarkation of troops in the world's history when 51,356 soldiers were embarked on seventeen vessels.

CHAPTER XXVI

A HOSTESS HOUSE IN WAR TIME

THE following description of a Hostess House in war time, written by Mrs. Arthur Terry, of Short Hills, New Jersey, is so touching and so full of human interest that I was charmed in reading it.

Moreover the picture it draws of war-time life is so true that I am sure it cannot fail to be of interest to a great many readers:

"A lumbering stage already nearly full of soldiers just returning from a twenty-four or a forty-eight hour pass in New York stands at the little station waiting to take us to camp.

"We hastily scramble in, the Red Cross on our hatbands meeting with instant smiles and recognition.

"As we roll over the rough country roads, the soldiers are chatty and enthusiastic about the great city.

" 'Some town,' exclaimed one. Another says, confidentially: 'Believe me, that Great White Way is some sight.'

" 'I'll say so!' bursts from a great blond

giant, his overseas cap at an impossible angle. 'Us guys certainly got treated right—but say', turning out his pockets, 'they don't leave you no loose change, do they?'

"After many pleasantries and some rather boisterous exchange of wits we rattled up to the first entrance to the camp.

"A stern sentinel soon made us aware that the war was 'on.' The soldiers tumbled out, each man producing his pass, and the M. P. quickly and firmly passed his hand down the trousers leg and over the pockets of every one of them, looking for contraband.

"Our uniforms admitted us, and we drove through the newly macadamed street which for the first three months had been a muddy road deeply rutted by the passing and repassing of heavy motor trucks.

"This street was thronged with army cars of different types, from the huge five-ton motor truck to the dashing officer's car, all painted the same dull drab color.

"Presently we passed a large company on a hike, great stalwart fellows marching along with their non-coms, whistling and singing.

"A succession of low wooden buildings, all

unpainted, all alike, standing stiffly along the road, led us to the Hostess House which was painted white, and was placed in a large field with an apple orchard at one side.

"It looked gay and neat and had a board-walk leading up to its hospitable front door, while a swinging sign announced that it was open for the rest and refreshment of the families of soldiers, and that 'All' were 'Welcome.'

"It was not supposed to open until 9 A.M., but at eight o'clock a little tired group had already encamped on the front porch.

"Weary parents, wives and sweethearts who had come all the way from Missouri or Alabama, perhaps sitting up all the way, to say a last good-bye to the beloved one!

"Little, shy, country mothers, and men whose wrinkled broadcloth coat of ancient cut betrayed the fact that a long journey was to them a most unusual event!

"Dusty pilgrims who had waited all night in the station rather than brave the unknown dangers of the big city, and who had not tasted food for hours!

"Sometimes large families had come with maiden aunt and even grandparents, little

brothers in shiny new boots and bright neck-ties, little sisters with flower-crowned hats and grimy little hands clutching a faded bouquet for 'Daddy' or 'Brother,' sweet-faced little maidens come to say good-bye to their first love!

"Such a touching group with weary, wistful eyes and drooping figures, all a-tremble, and awed by strange sights and sounds!

"The opening of the doors was the signal for a general cheering up. Brisk, competent women in crisp summer dresses appeared to take charge of desk and cafeteria, a big log-fire was lighted in the large stone fireplace.

"The visiting hostesses arrived, each with a 'smiling morning face,' and passed from group to group, encouraging, sympathizing, and ready to lend a willing ear to those who longed to talk about—'My son.'

"One of them checked the strange bags and bundles, most of the latter containing food of some kind; jars of jelly and home-made pies and cakes were the favorites.

" 'He just loves chocolate cake, and so I just made him this one!' Thus spake one. 'I know how my Jim hankers for my red currant

jam,' said another. Often the contents of these packages exuded and trickled all over the chairs and tables, and we had to coax the donors out to the orchard where a long wooden table stood invitingly ready for family picnics.

"By ten o'clock the first morning trains had brought trainloads of visitors, and from that time on the little house was crowded to its utmost capacity, as also were the piazza and the lawn.

"People stood in line to give the name and the organization of the man they wanted to see, and patiently waited for hours while the orderlies sought them in their barracks or at mess—a process that took much time.

"The 'folks' from different states fraternized, and there was a decided 'entente cordiale' between those who had relatives in the same organization.

"One day we would have all infantry parents and wives, another day signal corps, again machine gun battalions, artillery, etc., in endless variety.

"By twelve o'clock every available seat would be taken, rows of mothers in the rockers on the porch, silent and with hollow-eyed gaze that

tells of sleepless nights fixed earnestly on the road, watching hopefully among the stream of ever-passing khaki figures.

"The men uneasily pacing the narrow path, the children crawling over everything, up and down the steps, eternally questioning, staring with big-eyed wonder at the strange crowds, the lawn and the orchard dotted with strolling figures—all gazing earnestly in the same direction.

"People seemed to be utterly forgetful of themselves, and all self-consciousness was swallowed up in the one great emotion of the hour.

"They were prone to be confidential, and would at times pour out the story of their lives as though unable to resist the temptation.

"How many beautiful examples of unselfishness and patience we encountered among these simple souls!

"Old mothers and fathers parting with their only son as a matter of course, hiding their anguish with bravely-smiling faces that wrung the heart.

"The young wives with tiny babies were the most pathetic, but even these women displayed a high order of courage and patience. And,

Oh! the sisters and cousins and aunts and 'best girls'—how many the dear fellows had!

"An old Civil War veteran, minus a leg, had come to see his grandson. You may be sure he was given the best chair and the first cup of hot coffee.

"In the little rest room several weeping women lay on the tiny cots trying to regain their composure.

"It had been our trying task to tell them that the men they had come to see had gone—over that great sea into the terrible unknown dangers of the war—gone before those last farewells they had come such a heart-breaking distance and often at such sacrifice of slender purses, to say.

"About midday the men would begin to arrive. There were cries of joyous recognition, and every great boy in uniform would be surrounded and hugged within an inch of his life, carried off to a remote corner, and made happy by the first sight of his 'folks' since he had left his home, perhaps many months before.

"Loving couples wandered through the orchard, their arms entwined, every one talked

at once, and long lines formed before the cafeteria counter to carry away trays of food to the little tables where a sort of forced merriment reigned. Ice cream and pie were consumed in large quantities.

"Among those standing in line were an elderly Jewish Rabbi and his wife. Their son, a fine-looking young Hebrew, with brilliant dark eyes became greatly perturbed because there was no food on the bill of fare which their strict regulations would permit them to eat.

"The old man was very stern and determined, and the old lady, also, would admit of no compromise.

"We had visions of them both fainting from starvation, but after several whispered consultations the son triumphantly announced that they could eat ice cream. This they proceeded to do in large quantities the rest of the day.

"A family of Mennonites next engaged our attention. The old mother wore the strangest black hood or bonnet which gave her a peculiarly menacing and forbidding look, her garments of unknown fashion being covered with numerous large buttons.

"The father was in patriarchal attire. They sat all day, motionless, foodless, speechless.

"Their son appeared to have little or nothing to say to them, nor they to him, and as they were apparently of no comfort or pleasure to each other we were rather relieved when their stiff and formal visit was over.

"In sharp contrast to these was the behavior of a French-Canadian family. Apparently anticipating the worst, they had dressed themselves in deep mourning, and rent the air with their shrieks as they flung themselves on their unfortunate soldier boy.

"He was at once the storm center, mingling his tears with theirs, and surrounded by a sobbing throng of relatives among whom, to our consternation, we discovered two children with unmistakable symptoms of whooping cough.

"We disentangled them, and bore them whooping and screaming to the back lot where they were segregated for the rest of the afternoon.

"A sudden demand for aromatic spirits of ammonia sent us hastily back to the porch where an old lady had fainted.

"In the meanwhile stage after stage had

continued to empty its load in front of our house.

"The crowds presently became so dense that one could scarcely move about, and the weeping and sobbing had become as conspicuous as the whooping cough.

"Every corner would hold a pair of lovers frankly clasped in each other's arms. Many of the family groups sat mute, silently staring before them. The awful hour of parting had come, which we so much dreaded, and the last happy time together was drawing to a close.

"The stages were steadily rolling away full of distracted and exhausted ones.

"A starry-eyed young school teacher from Ohio had come to marry the man to whom she had been engaged for three years. She had come early in the morning in answer to a telegram telling her he had been suddenly sent to the Embarkation Camp.

"When he finally got leave to come to see her it was only to tell her that his regiment was 'locked up' and all passes cancelled.

"This meant leaving for France within forty-eight hours, and for a time the situation seemed hopeless.

"Fortunately, General Shanks had come out that afternoon to go to the opening of the officers' club.

"One of our hostesses, Mrs. H., jumped into her car, and sped over to see him. 'General, this girl has come all the way from Ohio to be married, and her lover is "locked up." Can you help us to get them married before he goes over? Just a twenty-four-hour pass, and all will be well.'

"The General was in excellent humor, and responded with, 'Certainly, I'll write a pass for the poor chap.'

"As he was the only person who could have done this the excitement of that triumphant moment was intense. The chaplain and groom were hastily summoned by an M. P., and arrived, the groom quite dazed by this unexpected good fortune.

"The bride was now found to be minus a comb to complete the necessary preparations. The stern and rigid spinster who presided majestically over the cafeteria, and who was the only resident of the Hostess House at the time, was tremblingly approached. 'Will you lend your comb for the bride?'

"'Bride? What bride?' she asked. 'We are to have a wedding in twenty minutes,' was the answer.

"'Certainly not. I would sooner think of lending her my toothbrush.'

"In despair we appealed to a little woman rocking on the nearly deserted porch.

"'Sure, I'll lend her mine,' and out came a very fancy one from among her blond braids.

"We hastily helped the bride to make herself beautiful, and moving all the bags and bundles out of the tiny checking room arranged it as best we could for the wedding.

"A clean white cloth on the table, a vase of flowers, and all was ready.

"The groom, very military, held the starry-eyed bride by the hand, as though he feared she might escape him at the last minute.

"The chaplain, very business-like and pre-occupied, glanced constantly at his wrist-watch with an air, 'Come, let's get this over as soon as possible.'

"He afterwards told us that he was in haste to attend a more elaborate wedding by a Jewish Rabbi in the Y. M. C. A., but with candles from the K. of C.

"Mrs. H. and I were witnesses, but when the chaplain asked for a ring, lo! there was none.

"Mrs. H. pulled off her own wedding ring, and they were married with that. After kissing the bride, we sent them off to the station in Mrs. H.'s car for their twenty-four-hour honeymoon with a tremendous sense of achievement.

"The bride wrote to us several times, and the last letter from Ohio told of their happy reunion after the war.

"By this time nearly all of our guests had left, and it was time to motor to the station.

"A big soldier boy sat disconsolately on the sofa, one arm around his wife and one around his mother.

"Each of these women had buried her face on his shoulder, and wept upon his uniform all day until it was quite wet with their tears.

"*'Say,'* he remarked, as we were leaving, *'I don't mind a bit goin' to France and shootin' up the Boshes, but Gee! I'm yellin' when it comes to this sob stuff.'*

"The sky is crimson with the evening glow,

and 'Retreat' is sounding as we drive through the company streets.

"Everywhere khaki figures are standing stiffly at attention.

"From the distant Y. M. C. A. hut come the strains of 'Over There.'

"Two big trucks rumble by filled to overflowing with overseas blue denim bags on their way to the station. Little Mrs. H. whispers to me, 'The 238th leaves tonight. There go their bags.'

"A vision of tear-stained women's faces and grim, silent men as we board our train for New York, and another day at the Hostess House is ended."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE RETURN OF OUR TROOPS

IF I MAY BE permitted a personal word I would state that early in September, 1918, the War Department had acceded to my desire to have service overseas, and had even granted my especial request that I might be permitted to train the new Division that was being organized at Camp Kearney, California.

While on duty at Hoboken I had seen all of the divisions that had gone across, and had talked with the division commanders.

General Strong, who had trained the 40th (Sunrise) Division at Camp Kearney, had told me that in a period of eleven months he had lost only four days on account of bad weather, and that he regarded the climate of San Diego as ideal for training purposes.

Hence I was delighted when the order was issued sending me to train the 16th Division at Camp Kearney.

I say that I was delighted, and so I was; but there was one thought that gave me concern, for we are all of us human. I had been at Hoboken

while the great mass of our toops had gone to France, and all of my friends among the officers knew of my assignment to that duty.

What I feared was that when they knew I had been relieved they might suppose that I had been "canned"—that fate which brought distress and heartache to many a deserving officer during the great struggle. Nevertheless, when I had gotten interested in the training of my division I forgot about this fear, and set myself the task of arriving at Hoboken with a division as good as any that I had seen go through the Port.

At the time I left Hoboken in early September nobody dreamed that it was going to be possible to end the war that year.

For some days before the armistice was signed it began to seem possible that the war might end before another campaign in the following Spring.

When I saw that the end was certainly approaching I confess that it took all of the patriotism I could summon to rejoice at heart. I knew that years afterwards I would have to explain to my grandson that my only campaigns during the great war had been on the piers at Hoboken and the drill fields at Camp Kearney.

Brigadier General William V. Judson, the officer who had succeeded me in command at Hoboken, had been taken down with the "flu." A short time after the armistice, while on the drill field at Camp Kearney, I received a telegram to return and resume duty at the Port of Debarkation at Hoboken.

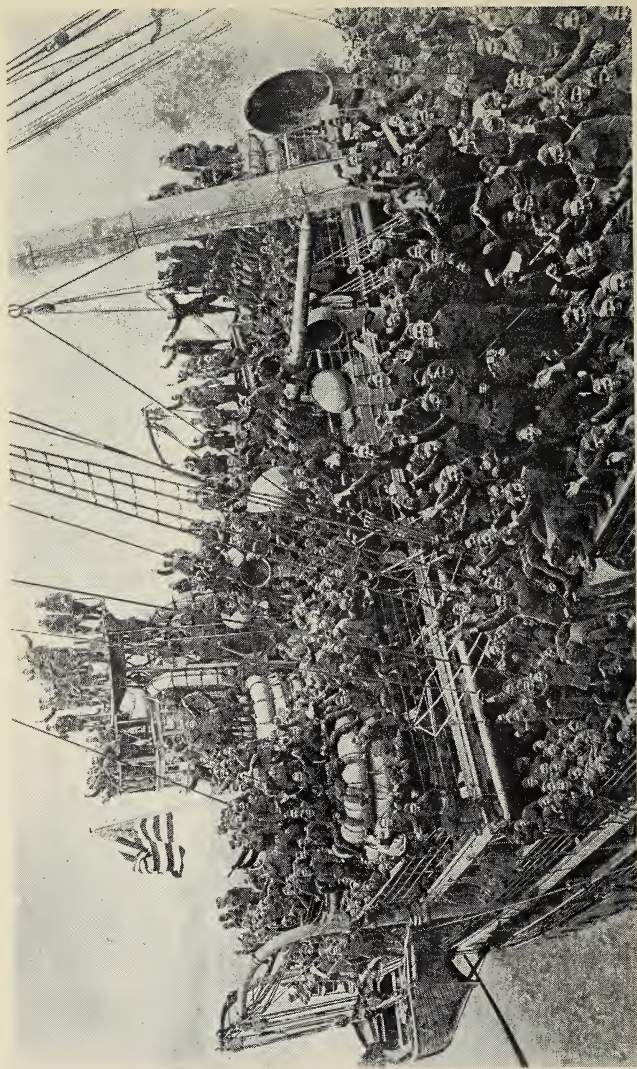
I arrived at New York on December 5th, having been away a little less than three months. It did not take long to see that the task of bringing our soldiers back and returning them to their homes was going to be immeasurably more difficult than the task of sending them across.

The machinery which had functioned so well in sending troops across the seas now began to fall to pieces. Some of the very best and most valuable officers we had were emergency officers who now naturally wanted their discharge to enable them to resume their private business.

It was a continual change in personnel, and it was not easy in these changes to find suitable material to take the places of the officers and men who were clamoring for discharge.

In a great many cases, of course, these requests had to be denied on the ground that the interests of the government positively demanded





ARRIVAL OF THE *Agamemnon* CROWDED WITH SOLDIERS, SHOWING HOW OUR BOYS LOOKED WHILE RETURNING THE WELCOME OF THE RED CROSS AND OTHER WELFARE WORKERS.

their retention in service. Oftentimes when these requests were denied the applicants would get governors and senators and congressmen to write. Some of these high officials wanted to know why the blankety blank, now that the war was over, we were still holding on to such and such an individual when he was needed back at home.

A great part of my time and attention was taken up in the effort to answer these letters. I answered each one personally, and always explained as tactfully as possible just why the applicant could not get his discharge at once, and always promising discharge at the earliest possible moment. It was a hard row to hoe, and to illustrate just how unreasonable some of these officials were I recall the case of one officer who could not be spared. By the same mail I received letters from a senator and also from a congressman relative to his case. I answered the letter of the senator, setting forth the reasons in detail. I enclosed a copy of this letter to the congressman with a note saying he would find the reasons stated fully.

A day later I received from the congressman a letter saying that the reasons given seemed to

be satisfactory, but he wanted me to understand that he did not want to play second fiddle to any senator. He deemed that the reasons should have been stated in a new letter addressed to him directly.

I replied to this congressman informing him that in that same mail I had received no fewer than six separate letters from himself alone referring to discharge of men, and that in addition to answering letters I sometimes had a few other duties.

At the outset I stated that this article would not deal with business matters, and I pass over the worries and the troubles that belong to this period. The Red Cross women who had given coffee and a bun or a sandwich to each outgoing soldier were still faithful to their work which was now still more expanded. Large groups of them met each incoming transport with flags and music and a warm welcome. As ships sometimes arrived nearly simultaneously on each side of the river we kept two bands so that every transport might have a fitting welcome. Among the tunes that brought always a welcoming cheer from the boys were: "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here"; "How Dry I Am"; "Over There";





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SCENE ON THE PIERS. SHOWING THE KIND OF WELCOME OUR RED CROSS AND OTHER

WELFARE WORKERS EXTENDED TO OUR SOLDIERS AS THEY APPROACHED THE PIERS.

and none evoked more enthusiasm than the perennial "Dixie." "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" was a close second.

What were the first words of our boys after the cheers died down? Many times I was on the piers, and I scarcely ever failed to distinguish the soulful query: "When do we eat?"

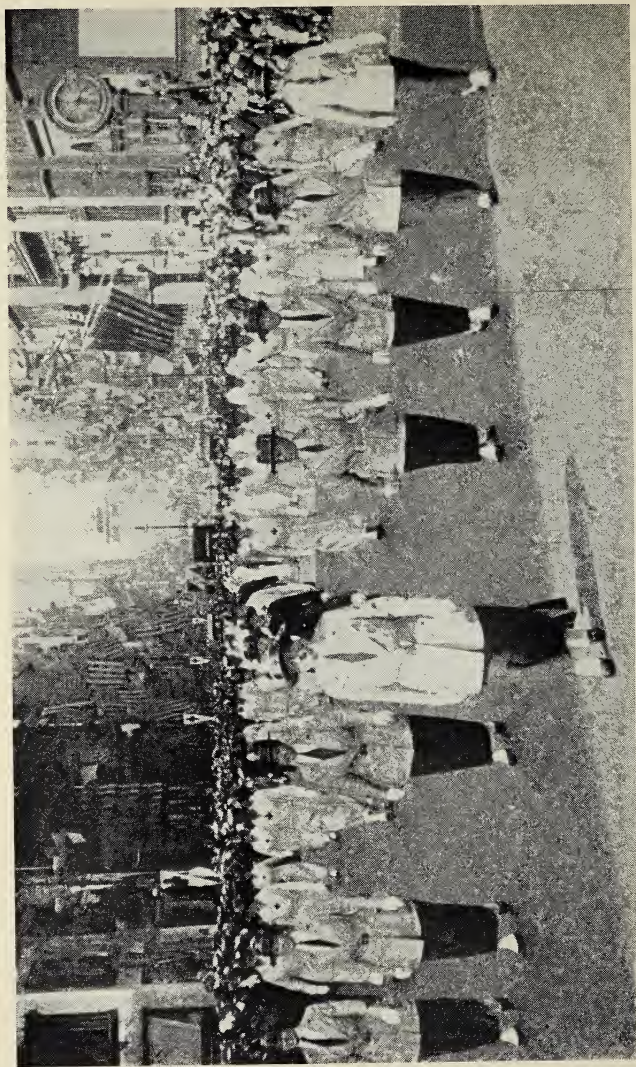
The news had gotten across to the other side about the refreshments served on the piers, which were now more elaborate than when the boys were going across. We had taken some twelve thousand dollars from the Merritt Hall fund and bought aluminum mess kits in which to serve the food. I had given the selection of these kits a good deal of personal attention and the pattern selected had several different compartments. My idea was that a fine stew would be the best thing we could give the boys in the way of the solid part of the meal.

It did not take long to discover that I was entirely wrong in this idea. Our boys were pre-eminently "fed up" on stews, and wanted nothing in that line. Experiment showed that the greater part of them relished sour kraut and frankfurters better than any other solid components. The fondness of the returning lads

for sauer kraut was something of a trial to the Red Cross women who dispensed it from the huge smoking cans that kept the kraut good and hot. But nothing yet devised can neutralize the odor of sauer kraut. Beyond question it was a sore tax upon these cultured, refined women to stand over the sauer kraut cans hour after hour serving the never ending lines of soldiers.

While going across, the Red Cross had supplied the coffee and buns. On the return trip of our soldiers the government supplied the food, and it was served on the second deck of Pier 3 which was steam heated, and where movable tables had been provided. Not always was the solid part of the meal composed of kraut and frankfurters. Sometimes ham and potato salad, and now and then roast beef varied the menu. Sometimes mistakes in psychology were made. On one occasion a slow-going Italian transport was bringing back a lot of the boys. By some oversight the fare for that particular day consisted of roast beef and spaghetti. When the first fellow to be served saw the spaghetti he held up his hands in despair. "My God," he said, "spaghetti agin!" "What, have you been





PARADE OF RED CROSS WORKERS, NEW YORK CITY, SUMMER OF 1918.

having spaghetti?" some one asked him. "Yes, three times a day for the last sixteen days," he answered.

The Port kitchen under the skillful management of Captain Wilkins was one of the most useful and highly appreciated adjuncts ever established at the port. He had something like eighty or ninety men whose duty it was to prepare the food, keep the mess pans, tables and dining hall clean and do the rough work, while the actual service of the food was turned over exclusively to the Red Cross women.

There may have been, and doubtless there was, a diversity of opinion among the returning soldiers as to what they would like as the solid component of their first meal in the home country after their return.

But on no subject could our boys have had a more nearly unanimous opinion than on the subject of what they wanted for dessert. Apple pie and ice cream so exactly filled the bill that there was never a dissenting voice. A quarter of pie and a large generous supply of ice cream went to each soldier, and there were many and many repeaters. On days when the supply would permit, and others would not be kept

waiting, there was a sort of endless chain passing around in which some of the faces began to grow positively familiar in the effort to secure what they called "real, honest to God, pie."

I suppose that our boys had little or no opportunity to indulge in pie or ice cream while in France for they simply bubbled over at the sight of it on their return.

"Pie, that is the stuff to feed us, sister, for when I see pie I know we are home," said one; "I am going to close my mess kit lest the pie escape," said another.

"I am dreamin', boys, but don't wake me up. If anybody brings me out of this trance there will be trouble," said a third.

"Oh, central" called still another, "give me pie—get off, you are on a busy line."

Captain Hamlen of our mail censor office tells the story of a returning colored soldier who could not quite consider the concrete floor of the deck as a part of his homeland, and so he said: "I wanna git where I can find some good United States dirt, and then I am going to git down on my knees and grab up a handful of it and kiss it."

Not all of our boys were good sailors. A





SIGNAL CORPS 48162

THE FAMOUS "LOST BATTALION" OF THE 77TH DIVISION AWAITING
ROLL CALL AND MESS IN THE HOBOKEN YARDS,

large number of them suffered much from seasickness. One day a darkey soldier on the deck of a returning transport was looking very seedy and worn.

"What's the matter, Sam, didn't they give you enough to eat?" someone asked him. "Oh, yas sah, yas sah," he replied. "I bin gittin six meals every day—three down, and three up."

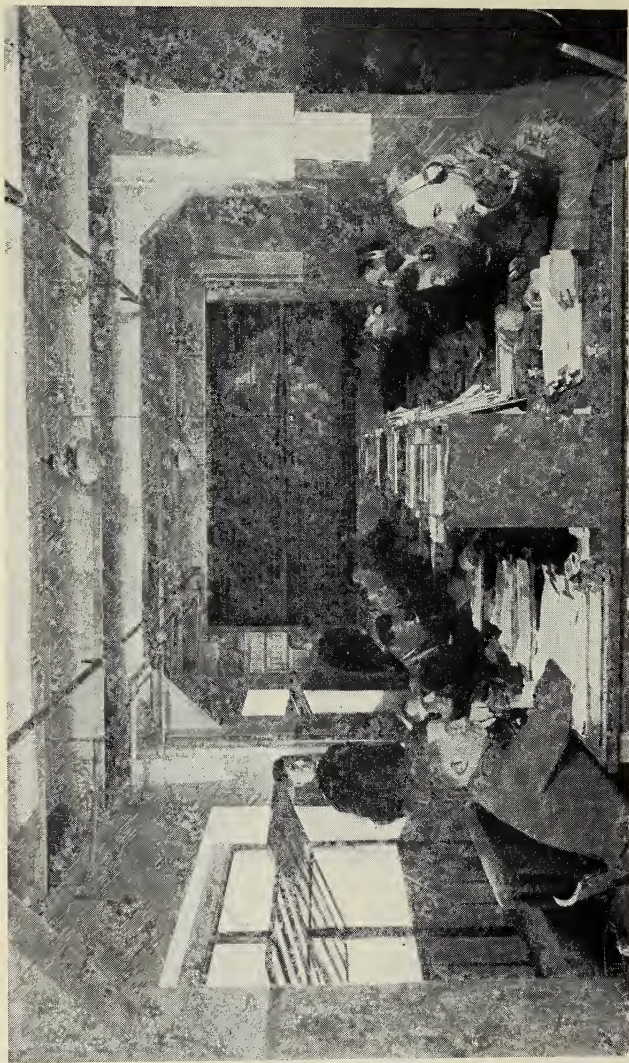
The story was told on one of our high ranking officers who was suffering much from seasickness when a persistent steward repeated his inquiry as to whether the officer did not wish his dinner brought up to him on deck. "Oh, hell, yes," he said, "just bring it up and throw it overboard."

When our troops were going to France, only the women of the Canteen Branch of the Red Cross did welfare work on the piers. When the troops were returning, the Red Cross workers were supplemented by delegations of the Salvation Army whose especial duty was to send any telegrams that the boys might want sent, and paid for the sending. The Salvation Army had become enormously popular with our boys, and the lassies in Salvation Army uniform received many a cheer. The Jewish

Welfare delegations distributed handkerchiefs, while the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus dispensed candy, cigarettes, cards and newspapers.

There is one feature connected with the return of our troops to which I wish to draw attention because I feel that it is worthy of mention. There was a marked and inevitable distinction in the warmth of the welcome extended to local organizations and those which had no local habitation nor home. When General O'Ryan's 27th Division of the New York National Guard returned, it received the greatest welcome ever extended any military organization in America. More than a million people filled the windows and crowded the sidewalks to see its final parade. When the 69th New York Irish regiment returned, a twenty-thousand dollar banquet at the Hotel Commodore was but one of the features of its welcome. When General Bell's 33d Division of the Illinois National Guard returned, there was a big delegation on hand headed by Governor Lowden to extend a fitting welcome. When General Farnsworth with the 37th Ohio Division returned, Gov-





SIGNAL CORPS 81868

CENTRAL INFORMATION OFFICE WHICH DURING RETURN OF OUR TROOPS
HANDLED THOUSANDS OF INQUIRIES EACH DAY BY TELEPHONE AND BY TELEGRAPH.
EACH CAMP ALSO HAD A LARGE AND BUSY INFORMATION OFFICE.

ernor James M. Cox was on hand loaded to the gunwales with a welcoming speech, and he would have liked, in violation of War Department orders, to go on board down in the lower bay and deliver his oration while the Division was on its way to the piers. The War Department orders prohibiting intending orators from going on board to sadden the homecoming of our returning heroes was an order based on humane and adequate grounds. When the San Francisco regiment which had trained at Camp Lewis returned, Major James Rolph, Jr., and a San Francisco delegation crossed the continent to extend a fitting welcome. These are but a few of the outstanding instances showing the care taken by each community to welcome its own heroes. But there were other organizations not so fortunate. It will be recalled that it was General Dickman's Third Division of the regular army which stopped the Germans in their tracks at the Marne on July 15, 1918, and definitely turned their faces towards home. It was with reference to the 38th regiment of this Division that General Pershing wrote that a single regiment had written one of the

brightest pages in the military annals of our country—facing in three directions it had successfully withstood the attack of two German Divisions. A day later General Dickman was able to report that no Germans except the dead remained south of the Marne. When the 38th Infantry returned, were there any bands, any flags, any banquets, any welcoming delegations? It was a regiment of the regular army and contained men from every section of the country. There was no particular city nor any one section of the country especially interested in this regiment. That made a difference.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

SOME TIME AGO there passed away a man who had done much for his country, and even more for his fellow man.

If the life of a man be measured not in years, but in accomplishment, Henry P. Davison passed away full of maturity and of achievement.

Valuable as was his work in other lines it was as leader of the American Red Cross during the great struggle that he reached the pinnacle of his achievement, and that will make his name long remembered in the hearts of his countrymen.

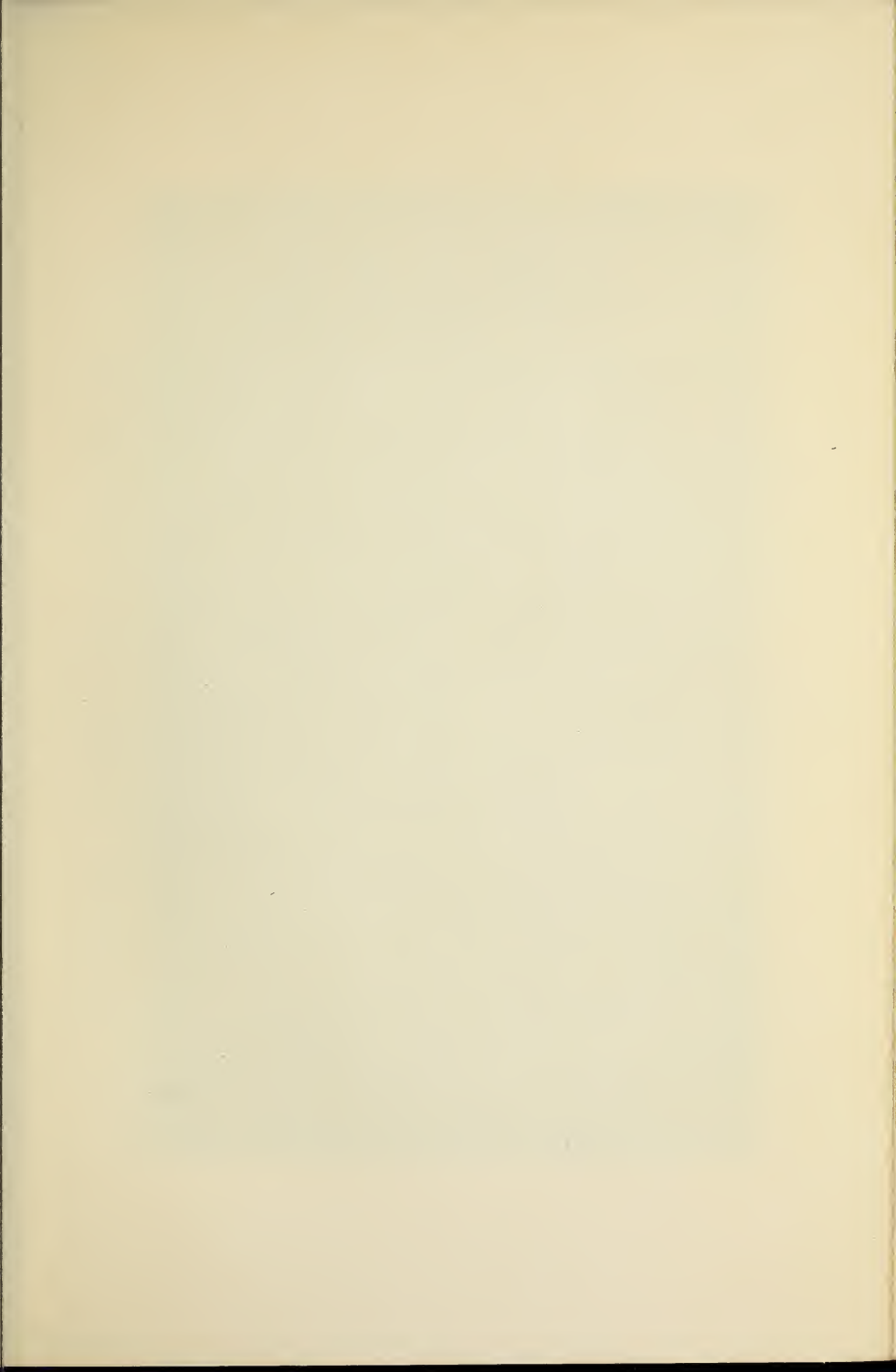
At the Port of Embarkation the Red Cross had two distinct sections in operation. The largest of these, although not the first to be installed, was the canteen service—a service blessed in the hearts of all our soldiers. Already has been outlined the beginning of this service with Mrs. John S. Ellsworth, Mrs. Palmer Campbell, Mrs. Roy Rainey, and Mrs. Franklin B. Hart as its active spirits.

Mr. John S. Ellsworth became the Director and General Manager of its activities. The service of this branch of the Red Cross which began on the Hoboken piers in January, 1918, rapidly expanded to include the Chelsea piers in New York, and a little later to include all of our subports extending from Philadelphia on the south to Halifax on the north, and including Boston, Portland, Quebec and Montreal.

At Hoboken was built and operated the largest liquid coffee making plant in the world. Coffee was kept hot for many hours in large vacuum cans, and along with the coffee was served either a huge bun or a sandwich.

Ninety-nine per cent of the welfare work on the Hoboken piers was done by women. There was never any outfit that sailed at an hour too early, nor any ship that arrived at an hour too late, to find these faithful patriotic women ready to continue their self-appointed task. There was a human touch in all they did, a cheery smile, a bit of encouragement at a time when it counted most.

Briggs, the cartoonist, runs a series of cartoons entitled: "When a feller needs a friend"





THE HOBOKEN UNIT OF THE RED CROSS WHICH FUNCTIONED THROUGHOUT THE WAR. WHETHER NIGHT OR DAY, THESE WOMEN WERE ALWAYS ON HAND WHEN NEEDED.

—and I am here to say that no man can measure the value of the services rendered by these women. The moment of embarkation was a psychological moment to many a country lad who knew nothing of the trials and the dangers ahead of him. The presence of these women on the piers was a bit of friendship at a time when friendship was needed. Not alone did these women serve refreshments and dispense a cheery smile, but they distributed the "Safety Arrival Card" to the soldier at the same time that they served to him his coffee.

An astounding number of our men could neither read nor write, and here these welfare women helped many a poor soldier who could not himself make any use of even so simple a missive as the "Safety Arrival Card."

It is true that not much information could be given on a card, but it did serve to let the folks at home know that their soldier had arrived overseas. These women wrote many a last message back home for our illiterate soldiers. They could discuss personal affairs, but give no information. This fact was fully impressed on all soldiers, and here is the letter that was written by a Red Cross Worker that closely follows

the War Department model. It was written for a colored soldier and exactly as he dictated: "Dear Lizzie: I dunno where I am, and I dunno where I am going. Your Bill."

When our wounded began to come back a Tennessee mountaineer found waiting for him from his wife a letter confiding to him the cheery news that he would find something running around the yard besides the fence when he got back home. Although illiterate he was a man of fine character, and one of the Red Cross Workers wrote a letter at his dictation sending his love and some messages of affection. Then the poor fellow looking straight at his kindhearted scribe added: "I don't mind you, you know."

Another wounded soldier was attempting to thank a Red Cross woman for what she had done, when the lady replied: "We do our best," and the soldier straightway replied: "It must be your best, lady, for there isn't any better."

I have said that nearly all of the work on the piers was done by women, but there were a few men who were notable for the extent and quality of their welfare work. Among these was Mr. Ellsworth who organized and directed the can-

teen branch not only at the port of New York but also at all other ports where troops were being sent across.

Among the men who did welfare work on the Hoboken piers was one gentleman of large means who devoted his entire time and talents to becoming a sort of factotum or major-domo for the women of the Red Cross doing work on the piers. If the greatest pleasure in life consists of doing good to others this gentleman must have had pleasure of a very high order. He might have spent the bitter days of the winter on the golf links of southern Florida. Instead he chose to spend them on the Hoboken piers pulling the rubber-tired trucks laden with cans of hot coffee or carrying the huge baskets filled with buns or with sandwiches. This gentleman was faithfulness itself in his devotion to his self appointed task as major-domo for the Red Cross women. One of his personal peculiarities was the fact that he never wore an overcoat. With warm woolen wear and chamois skin jacket he maintained that he could do his job as errand boy better without being encumbered with an outside wrap. It is not often that newspaper men get fooled, but the press representatives on

the piers used to see this gentleman without an overcoat in bitter weather, and they noted that he seemed to be busy always in trying to help the welfare workers. They supposed he was on a salary too meager to permit him to indulge in the luxury of an overcoat, and it aroused their sympathy. They held a meeting, made up a purse with which to buy an overcoat and in a very tactful manner presented their offering to him as an appreciation of his fine work as assistant to the Red Cross welfare workers. Their offer was declined just as tactfully as it had been made—but I venture there is no other case on record where newspaper reporters have felt inclined to take up a collection to buy an overcoat for a gentleman able to maintain a residence on the fashionable part of Fifth Avenue.

This gentleman was a really good sport. One day he was on the piers when a transport was unloading the officers and men returning from France.

He observed a young lieutenant coming off with two or three grips and various packages making much more than a load for one man. Rushing up to the lieutenant he offered to help

him carry his load. When they had reached a taxi outside the gate the lieutenant put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a quarter which was offered and accepted with thanks—and I venture that the lieutenant does not yet know that he succeeded in tipping a man to whom the monthly pay of a lieutenant would literally look like “thirty cents.”

In serving refreshments to soldiers the women of the Red Cross always wore big blue aprons to protect their uniforms. One hot day when our soldiers were coming back and a gracious Red Cross worker with her blue apron handed a big plate of pie and a generous square of ice cream to a big sunburned Irishman who said at once with a merry twinkle: “And just to think that my mother taught me that angels always wore white.”

Some of the boys’ comments on France were brief and to the point. “Was you ever in France?” one of them asked a canteen worker, and when she answered “Yes,” “Ain’t they backward?” he returned.

The Red Cross Workers were cautioned strictly against giving any kind of information. They might feed the soldier, they might write

for him his letters, they might do kindly acts for his family—but give information—no, not a syllable, for they were pledged to secrecy.

One day a big mountaineer from Kentucky as he received from the Red Cross worker his bun and cup of coffee asked, "Lady, what place is this?" The lady colored as she replied, "I don't know." "My God," said the mountaineer, "how did you get here?"

Some strange sights were to be seen as our boys went across. One day in the bitter winter weather a big black soldier created something of a furor when he appeared on the piers with a tennis racket strapped on the outside of his pack.

Much more practical was a squad of colored soldiers who had heard of the intense cold of the trenches in France, and they determined to take no chances. A stove was too much for one individual to carry, but not too much for an entire squad—so they took the stove apart, and the squad appeared on the dock each man having some part of the stove strapped on the outside of his pack.

Did our soldiers appreciate the kindly service of the Red Cross workers? Well, here is a

letter written from France by a soldier to his mother: "If you ever hear anyone talking against the Red Cross or refusing to donate to its cause, listen to this simple testimony: When we arrived at the wharf before boarding the boat, we had traveled about twelve hours not having eaten a thing, and with heavy packs this was no fun.

"But when we got there we were welcomed by the Red Cross workers with big pails of dandy hot coffee and buns.

"As we passed in line these blessed women passed out the hot stuff, and officers and men breathed a prayer: 'May they live long.'

"It was the Red Cross Service of 389 Fifth Avenue. It was splendid of these women, and they were just as patient as could be, working like fury along the lines of soldiers running into the thousands."

Among the welfare workers on the piers were many women of great wealth and social distinction. Never before in American history has there been a time when the illiterate mountaineer from West Virginia or Kentucky, the cowboy from the western plains or the

ignorant, superstitious darkey fresh from the cottonfields of Mississippi found themselves waited upon by women whose wealth, culture and social standing were among the very highest in the land.

One day one of these ladies bearing a family name among the oldest and best known in America was pouring coffee for an organization from the far west when she was addressed by another worker.

When the lady had answered, and the questioner had gone her way, a young soldier standing in line about ready to receive his ration of hot coffee perked up his ears and said: "What did she call you?"

The lady in reply felt forced to repeat her name when the wild westerner with a knowing nod added: "Some name, kiddo. You sure picked a good one."

He might hail from the wild and woolly west, but he knew a thing or two.

It was hard, grinding work which these patriotic women took upon themselves, for oftentimes trains arrived near the break of day, and there were times when eleven o'clock at night found them still at work on the piers.

It was the spirit which animated them that kept them at their self-appointed tasks, and many of them have told me that they counted these months of hard work as among the happiest of their lives.

Service to God comes first, but close behind comes service to country and to our fellow-men.

CHAPTER XXIX

POLICE AND FIRE PROTECTION

THE fact has already been mentioned that, owing to the large number of Germans formerly employed by the North-German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American steamship companies, the Hoboken piers had a considerable number of near neighbors under more or less of suspicion.

Moreover, there were thousands of civilian laborers—stevedores and others—constantly employed on the piers.

Even with greatest precaution we could never be sure that each employee was at heart a loyal American.

An adequate force of watchmen, policemen and secret service men was therefore a necessity.

When I first arrived at Hoboken the piers were largely guarded by a battalion of infantry; many of whose members had just enlisted, were mere boys with very limited military training and wholly without experience as police or watchmen.

In handling secret service work they were

entirely useless. In order to build up such a force as was indispensable it was necessary to find for the head of it a man qualified for the important work before him.

Captain (afterwards Major) H. C. Craig was obtained from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad where for years he had been in charge of its secret service.

It was a fortunate selection, and Major Craig soon organized a police force that was wonderfully efficient in the important work thrust upon it.

The material for this force was superb, and was obtained from the drafted contingents of the police departments of New York, Brooklyn and other large cities.

As watchmen on the piers we found it better in every way to have mature, experienced men rather than to depend upon the untrained young soldier just entering the service.

For this purpose we secured a large number of retired soldiers, many of whom had been non-commissioned officers, and all of whom had excellent discharges, and they supplemented in an admirable way the work of the police force.

The secret service work done by Major Craig's force was a revelation to me, for it was the first time I had ever had opportunity to observe any of that kind of work.

For instance, news arrived one day of the torpedoing of one of our transports. Among the stevedores working on the piers were two men who could not disguise their feelings.

The man who picked them up was one of Major Craig's men working as a stevedore in the same gang.

We had lots of "tips"—it was war time, and our people were alert. Every time that loyal Americans saw or heard anything "suspicious" they never failed to report it.

For some months while she was undergoing repairs preliminary to beginning her service as a troop transport, the *Leviathan* lay on the south side of Pier 4—her regular berth throughout the war.

If I could collect all of the notes of warning that were sent to me in regard to the *Leviathan* it would make a basketfull.

What sort of notes were they? Well, someone would write and say that as he was crossing the ferry last evening he heard two men talk-

ing, and one of them said the Americans were spending a lot of money repairing the *Leviathan*, but he believed the Germans would make extraordinary efforts to sink her.

The note would wind up by suggesting, as a loyal American, that it would be a good plan to have some secret service men on each ferryboat to ferret out these unpleasant characters who were carrying on such suspicious conversation.

Another would write to say that he had, that morning, observed two suspicious-looking individuals—apparently having German blood in them—gazing at the *Leviathan* as the ferry passed by. He had not heard them say anything, but their looks were enough to condemn them. Such rascals should be watched.

In order to protect the piers to the greatest degree possible, Major Craig devised a scheme by which every officer, soldier, employee or welfare worker was provided with a pass accompanied by a photograph of the bearer. The pass and photograph had to be exhibited at the entrance gates.

Those not regularly employed on the pier had to make their business known at the gate,

and were then given a "trip pass" good only for that occasion, and were accompanied by a member of the guard.

Doubtless the delay in getting these passes was sometimes irritating, but with rare exceptions the applicants recognized the necessity for the precautions taken.

The maddest man of all I saw on this account was a congressman who arrived, and had apparently expected to be recognized and escorted in with a guard of honor.

Instead he had to wait for a trip pass to be made out, and was then sent to my office accompanied by a member of the guard.

By the time he reached my office he was mad through and through, and indicated the dire things that would happen to me when he got back to Washington, among other things intimating I would probably soon be on another job.

It soothed him quite a bit when I told him that I would appreciate very highly his assistance in getting another job as I had been an applicant for a change since the date of my arrival.

There was scarcely any other one thing that

caused me greater or more unceasing worry than the fear of fire on the piers.

If an enemy gained access to the piers it was certain that he could do us more harm through the agency of fire than in any other way.

The Hoboken Fire Department was both willing and efficient. On a number of occasions it rendered valuable aid.

Moreover, Chief John Kenlon of the New York Fire Department had patriotically volunteered the services of his entire department whenever it was needed.

At the very beginning of the war he had issued orders that his powerful fire tugs along the North River should proceed to the Hoboken piers on "sight or signal."

This was, indeed, a very patriotic offer, not only because he was assigning his boats for duty within another state but also because in so doing he was placing at the disposal of the government his very best equipment.

Each of his fire tugs was capable of delivering nine thousand gallons of water per minute—the equivalent of the aggregate delivery of nine land engines of a powerful type.

But fire, like water, waits for no man.

Time is an element of such extreme importance that it was a necessity to have an efficient fire department right on the piers.

Major Craig obtained as the head of his fire department Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Daniel O'Connor, who had had twenty years' experience as an officer of the New York City Fire Department, and Captain O'Connor had an able assistant in Lieutenant John J. McCarthy, who had also had valuable experience in the service in New York City.

The results of the efforts of these officers was a splendid force which caused Chief John Kenlon of the New York City Fire Department to write me under date of November 10, 1919: "I am not a stranger to efficiency.

"It is said, and I hope with some truth, that we have some little efficiency in the New York Fire Department, but the efficiency of the New York Fire Department or its organization could not compare with the wonderful organization built up and directed by you at the Port of Embarkation."

No money that the government ever spent at Hoboken was more wisely invested than

that expended in providing an adequate fire-fighting force.

Without it we should probably have lost several ships, and possibly the piers, themselves.

Some of our fires seemed inexplicable except upon the theory of "spontaneous combustion." Of course, spontaneous combustion may readily occur through natural causes—and then again its advent may be accomplished through artificial means.

There are several different ways by which spontaneous combustion may be induced, and in any particular case it would not be possible to say whether the combustion had occurred through natural causes or had been brought about through artificial means.

For instance, phosphorus, used chiefly in the manufacture of matches, when dissolved in a volatile oil such as benzine, benzol or bisulphide of carbon, forms a clear solution nearly colorless. When sprinkled over combustible material, or injected into it, spontaneous combustion will take place after the oil evaporates.

When metallic sodium is dry it is harmless. If it is placed in coal piles or in other inflammable material where water may reach it,

spontaneous combustion ensues, and the fire is likely to be communicated to all surrounding combustible material.

There are still other means by which spontaneous combustion may be induced.

The tremendous harm that would have resulted from a disastrous fire on the piers made a fire-fighting force of proven ability an absolute necessity.

The one under Captain O'Connor and Lieutenant McCarthy was satisfactory in every way.

CHAPTER XXX

PIER INCIDENTS

PRIOR to going on board all of our troops had to undergo a rigid physical examination. General Pershing had no need of any except those capable of doing a soldier's duty. One day the surgeons were examining a lot of colored soldiers when they came upon one fresh from the cottonfields of the South who claimed he could not go because he "had wind on the brain." The surgeon asked for some further explanation, when the darkey held his nose and blew vigorously emitting from his ear a sort of whistling sound which he termed "wind on the brain." It proceeded from a ruptured ear-drum and he was quite a little disappointed when he found it was not a disqualifying defect.

Extreme care had to be exercised in getting accurate locator cards for all of the men going across. These cards contained a lot of information, such as the name, age, residence, occupation, address of nearest relative, etc. All of

this was necessary in order that in case of accident the proper parties might be notified.

One day the personnel adjutants were busy getting this information, when they ran across a colored soldier who gave his name as "Extra Rutledge." The soldier was illiterate, and the officer, to make sure, asked for some further details. "I don't know no more'n what my mammy told me," he said. "She say she done have twelve chilluns, and thought she was through. When I come along she'd sorter run out of names, anyhow, so she jest called me 'Extra.'"

In the rush of getting our troops across we used vessels of every nationality that would give us their use. One day we were embarking some troops on a French ship at the Bush Terminals. Some of the crew were French Colonists—Singalese—who are just as black as our own southern darkeys. What happened is related by Lieutenant Bach, one of the personnel adjutants. "One of our negro soldiers halted and asked one of these Singalese what part of the ship he was supposed to go to.

"The Singalese shrugged his shoulders in

true French style, and answered: 'Je ne comprend pas.'

"The American darkey, with a look of contempt, replied: 'Now jest because you have been in France a little while don't try to spring any of that French stuff on me. I know you, nigger Sam, from Savannah, Georgia.'"

One of the ambitions of some of our country lads from way back in the interior was to send back a letter in French for the people at home to wonder over and chew upon, and quote to strangers to show what marvels of accomplishment had been attained by son Bill in such a short time.

Here is one such production happily preserved by the censor: "Ge sui sarive' uruxse-main en France."

When the censor had made a phonetic translation he adjudged that the soldier meant to write: "Je suis arrive' heureusement en France."

There was always a marked tendency of soldiers to "guy" one another, and no single class came in for more guying than the "M.P.'s"—the Military Police—who had the

not infrequently difficult and undesirable job of attempting to preserve order and enforce rules and regulations.

Our Police Force at the piers was a wonderfully good one, being, nearly all of them, drafted policemen from the nearby cities.

When the war was over we had to let a large number of these men go and replace them by the best substitutes we could get hold of.

On one occasion after the armistice the wrath of a young soldier doing police duty on the docks was amusing.

As he patrolled the pier, from the crowded decks of an incoming transport arose a derisive query: "Who won the war?"—and a ringing chorus answered: "The M. P.'s."

The effect upon this slandered soldier was ludicrous. He fairly bounced up and down as he shouted: "I was over there. I wasn't an M. P.", and then again, even louder: "I was over there, I tell you. I wasn't an M. P."

When he realized that his reply was completely lost in the joyous din, he turned to a canteener, almost beside himself with out-

raged feelings: "Infantry—front lines—this job, only since the armistice, and because I had to!"

For a moment he seemed on the point of plunging overboard to reach the transport and settle the question by physical force.

When our boys were approaching the dock it was the invariable custom of the welfare workers, besides cheers, music and flag-waving, to welcome the boys by throwing to them some more tangible token of welcome.

Cigarettes, chocolates, candy, fruit, morning papers and other assorted nick-nacks were tossed on board with generous hand.

For their part the boys had, of course, to make some return. Word had apparently gotten back to the other side of what was most suitable to bring along as a return shower—so that most soldiers came amply supplied with small silver coins—English, French, Belgian, Italian, and any others they could get their hands on.

As the returning soldiers showered these coins among the welcomers there was a great scramble for them.

One day an over-exuberant cook, having no coins, and possessed of more enthusiasm than good judgment, nearly wrought havoc among the Red Cross women when he heaved a whole can of Campbell's soup among them as an expression of his appreciation of the welcome he was receiving.

CHAPTER XXXI

WELFARE ACTIVITIES IN GENERAL

LONG BEFORE the National Organization made its drive for funds or began work on a large scale the local council of the Knights of Columbus of Hoboken opened its club rooms on Washington Street to soldiers and sailors at the port. The limited facilities of this club house were used to capacity and it soon became obvious that additional plants would be necessary.

This expansion took the shape of a well equipped building on River Street opposite to the gates leading to the piers which proved to be a splendid center for the activities of the organization when they engaged in transport service and undertook the distribution of creature comforts to our returning soldiers.

Another contribution to the contentment of the men at the port was the Admiral Benson Club operated by the National Catholic War Council. This fine club offered sleeping quarters, messing facilities, barber shop, baths,

library, billiard room and splendid social features. Women of the Roman Catholic faith rendered a voluntary service in connection with this club that was admirable.

To Miss Mary Tooker, affectionately called "The Little Mother of the Piers," belongs the credit for the establishment of the first Young Men's Christian Association club house to be established in the vicinity of the piers.

It was on December 12, 1917, that a three-story structure at 127 Hudson Street was formally opened. As her associate in this work Miss Tooker had Mrs. Jane B. Wilbur. Although we think primarily of the Y. M. C. A. as being a man's organization I am sure of my ground when I say that to these two women and their staff of splendid workers among their own sex must be attributed a large share of the credit for the expansion of the Y and its activities at the Port. Men occupied the executive and administrative positions of the Y, but it was the woman's touch under the gently guiding hands of Miss Tooker and Mrs. Wilbur that won the hearts of our soldier lads. From the single building on Hudson Street the Y expanded until there included under its domain no fewer than

six separate buildings and included among the number was the admirably equipped "Hut" constructed in Hudson Park adjoining the Port, and which was the finest "Hut" constructed in America by the Y during the whole war.

Besides its splendid activities on shore the Y. M. C. A. did much to add to the pleasure and contentment of our soldiers on board ship.

The Transportation Bureau of the Y. M. C. A. was established at the Hoboken piers by Mr. John F. Moore and Mr. William F. Northcott together with the co-operation of Major Axton, Port Chaplain in direct charge of welfare activities at the Port. It began with work of a single individual, and grew to a department employing two hundred and forty-seven persons. It handled supply equipment amounting to seventy-five thousand dollars per month.

On board transports their representatives gave movie shows, distributed games and literature and entertained the men with talks on various subjects, and included every kind of recreational activity possible on board ship.

Through the American Library Association the average sized transport was supplied with some two thousands of volumes of selected

fiction and other books likely to prove of interest or benefit to the soldier.

Already I have made mention of the Y. W. C. A. and the Jewish Welfare Hostess Houses in our embarkation camps, and what a world of good they did for our troops and for the relatives of the soldiers who found them a pleasant meeting place where they might visit with the soldier in whom they were interested. When the tide of soldiers turned homeward there was another class for whom as yet no special provision had been made—"the War Brides." Taken as a class there was much need of some sort of provision, for many of them were young, inexperienced, unable to speak the English language and quite a few soon became homesick and despondent.

The Y. W. C. A. came nobly to the front and provided a splendid Hostess House at Lexington Avenue and 41st Street where the relatives of soldiers were welcomed and cared for—and especial attention was paid to the "war brides" and any babies that had arrived. The War Camp Community Service was active and energetic in its efforts to aid the government. Among other things that it did was one that was

most helpful to the large number of officers who were daily employed on the piers and many of whom, through necessity lived too far away to take luncheon at home. For their benefit the War Camp Community Service conducted a hotel with a number of bed rooms for transient officers and an excellent dining room service where hundreds of officers obtained their luncheon.

The Department of Military and Naval Relief of the American Red Cross was established at the Port of Embarkation in September, 1917, with a big warehouse on Washington Street as the distributing center. I have already made some indirect reference to this department in referring to the activities of the Red Cross in the distribution of Safety Arrival cards, knitted goods, comfort kits, etc., and included in the benefits of this service were the sailors on our transports as well as our soldiers.

Directly connected with and included in its activities was the "home service" department of the Red Cross which frequently became a connecting link between the men about to sail and his family. This department was a busy one

and to me a tremendously useful one. Its province was to attend to unfinished business at home, solving problems that could not be handled officially, and helping the soldier in many of the little tangles that served to worry his last moments prior to sailing.

Frequently financial assistance was rendered on the soldier's mere statement and his promise to repay the sums advanced. Many a soldier was aided in getting the pay due him, or in his allotments or in the war risk insurance which he had taken out for the benefit of his family.

The activities of this department under the leadership of Mrs. James McMullen was wide reaching and of great comfort to the soldier just leaving home and country.

Few people of our land know of the widespread and thorough organization of the Red Cross during the great struggle. Under the superb administrative ability of Henry P. Davison the Red Cross became a wonder in the way of organization.

Let me illustrate: Suppose that a soldier at Camp Merritt would put in an application to the effect that he had just received news that

his father had died, and that his mother and several small children were helpless and wholly dependent upon him. If what he stated was a fact the soldier must in justice be discharged and returned to his home. If what he alleged was not a fact it was unjust to the government and to other soldiers to allow him to go. How would we find out about this soldier? The answer is easy; just send a night letter to the nearest Red Cross representative and we would have the facts at once. In hundreds of cases at Hoboken and at Camp Kearney I had reason to bless this service of the Red Cross.

My experience with the Red Cross workers during the war was extensive, and I never at any time knew them to put the slightest limit on the kind of service they were called upon to perform, no limit as to the hours nor any attention to the discomforts or to the difficulties.

When the Northern Pacific went aground at Fire Island on New Year's eve of 1918 the weather was cold, the sea exceedingly rough and the discomfort and the danger to those on board was great, for a large number of them were seriously wounded. Here is an extract from

the report from Col. W. S. Valentine whom I had sent there to have general charge: "There was a considerable force of women of the Red Cross from New York, Babylon, Islip and Bay Shore, present on Fire Island. The work of these women was untiring and worthy of the greatest praise. They were present on the beach frequently in rain-soaked clothing from daylight until dark, and their help was of the very greatest importance. The tent furnished by the Y. M. C. A. was the first shelter available on the beach, and added very greatly to the comfort of those whose duty kept them there."

When the great parade of General Pershing and the First Division was held on September 10, 1919, the Red Cross workers merely transferred their activities on the New York side of the river and at the close of the parade were promptly on hand to dispense refreshments to the General and all of his men.

The last of our soldiers returned to Hoboken in January, 1920; by Christmas of 1919 the work was nearly over. From time to time I had occasion to send some special note of thanks and

appreciation on account of some special deed of welfare work.

Looking through my files I find the last of these letters is sufficiently self-explanatory, and is as follows:

“Headquarters, Port of Embarkation,
“Hoboken, New Jersey, December 26, 1919.
“Mrs. John S. Ellsworth,
“American Red Cross,
“389 Fifth Avenue,
“New York, N. Y.

“Dear Mrs. Ellsworth:

“The exhibition given yesterday by the ladies of the Red Cross in coming to the piers and remaining there to feed our soldiers who had returned on the *President Grant*, and to provide a Christmas tree for their pleasure was a remarkable one. The unselfishness, loyalty and patriotism of the ladies of the Red Cross never had a finer exhibition than was afforded by those who gave up a very considerable part of their Christmas day in order to add happiness to our returning soldiers. Perhaps not many of them had an opportunity to express their thanks, and so in their name I would like to thank you

and the other faithful workers of the Red Cross for your generous act of courtesy and kindness. May I ask you to express to the other ladies who joined with you on this occasion my great appreciation of their work?

“With best wishes, I am,

“Sincerely yours,

“David C. Shanks,

“Major General, U. S. Army.”





MRS. WILLIAM K. DRAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN, NEW YORK CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR PROVIDING A SWEATER FOR EACH MAN WHO WENT ACROSS. MRS. DRAPER WAS ALSO INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING AN OFFICERS' CLUB AT CAMP MERRITT.

CHAPTER XXXII

SWEATERS AND KNITTED GARMENTS

WHILE General Mann, in command of the Rainbow Division, was organizing his forces at Camp Mills in October, 1917, preparatory to sailing for France, he received a visit from Mrs. William K. Draper, Vice-Chairman of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross, whose object was to see whether the soldiers were all equipped with sweaters and other necessary woolen garments.

She found that they were not, and straightway pledged herself to see that every man had a sweater before he sailed.

Lest some may have forgotten the number of men in an American Division at war strength, let it be said that her promise involved finding sweaters for some twenty-eight thousand soldiers.

Mrs. Draper made good in her promises. Just where these sweaters came from I do

not know, for the market at that time contained very few.

My impression is that she simply "stepped on the accelerator," and that in consequence the fingers of the legion of knitters moved all the faster.

It was in connection with the distribution of these sweaters that the first welfare work by women was done on the piers.

At that time we had stringent orders from the War Department prohibiting any persons from being on the piers except those engaged in official business.

Mrs. Amy G. Olney was the Red Cross Distributing Agent, and it was she who broke to smithereens the stringent orders of the War Department.

I saw Mrs. Olney on the piers, and inquiry showed me what her business was.

After I found out what she was doing I took pains not to see her any more. After all, it is not a very grievous sin in either a soldier or a civilian to wink at the doing of good, and Mrs. Olney was only trying to get sweaters into the hands of those men who otherwise would not have had them.

Not long after the Rainbow Division had sailed, I had a telephone message from Mrs. Draper, asking an appointment to see me in my office.

I was going to be absent for some hours on a trip to the Port Newark Terminal, but arranged to call at her residence on my way home that evening.

It was in her own parlor over a cup of tea that Mrs. Draper divulged to me her tremendous plan of providing sweaters and other knitted garments for each soldier going across.

Fearful that she did not appreciate the magnitude of the task she was willing to undertake, I said to her: "Mrs. Draper, in a little while we are going to speed up, and we shall be sending many more soldiers each month than we have thus far done."

I can remember very well how Mrs. Draper's face lighted up as she answered: "Yes, General Shanks, and we are going to speed up also, and the faster you go, the faster we shall follow."

One of her immediate requests was for some kind of storage place at Camp Merritt where

the supplies of sweaters and other articles furnished by the Red Cross to soldiers might be kept pending issue to the men.

Her requests were complied with, and besides such articles as soap, tooth-paste, stationery, etc., there were issued more than six hundred thousand articles of knitted wear such as sweaters, mufflers, helmets, pairs of socks, etc.

I have not at hand the figures showing the issues at Camp Mills and on the piers, but they were proportionally large, and the sailors on all of our ships were fully provided for.

Of course our training camps in the interior all had their local committees to supervise issues to organizations at the camp, many of which arrived at the Port already equipped.

The activities of Mrs. Draper and her co-workers insured that no soldier nor sailor should be overlooked.

I am sure that we can all recall vividly the first winter of the war when the bitter and persistent cold made woollen garments a necessity for every soldier and sailor serving in a northern climate.

One of my most distinct recollections of that winter is the energy, the faithfulness and the feverish haste with which our women plied their needles.

At meals in every hotel, apartment house and restaurant; at home or while visiting; on the trains or street cars, and sometimes even at church, women could be seen with their needles fairly flying.

Oftentimes as the needles flew I am sure that these patriotic women wove into the very stitches themselves, their prayers and their fervent good wishes for those who might later wear the garment which their fingers were fashioning.

Those were the days when lines like the following were often quoted:

"If you'd make your burden lighter, knit a sock.

If you'd have the world look brighter, knit a sock.

If your lot you wish were better,

Make some soldier boy your debtor,

If you cannot knit a sweater, knit a sock."

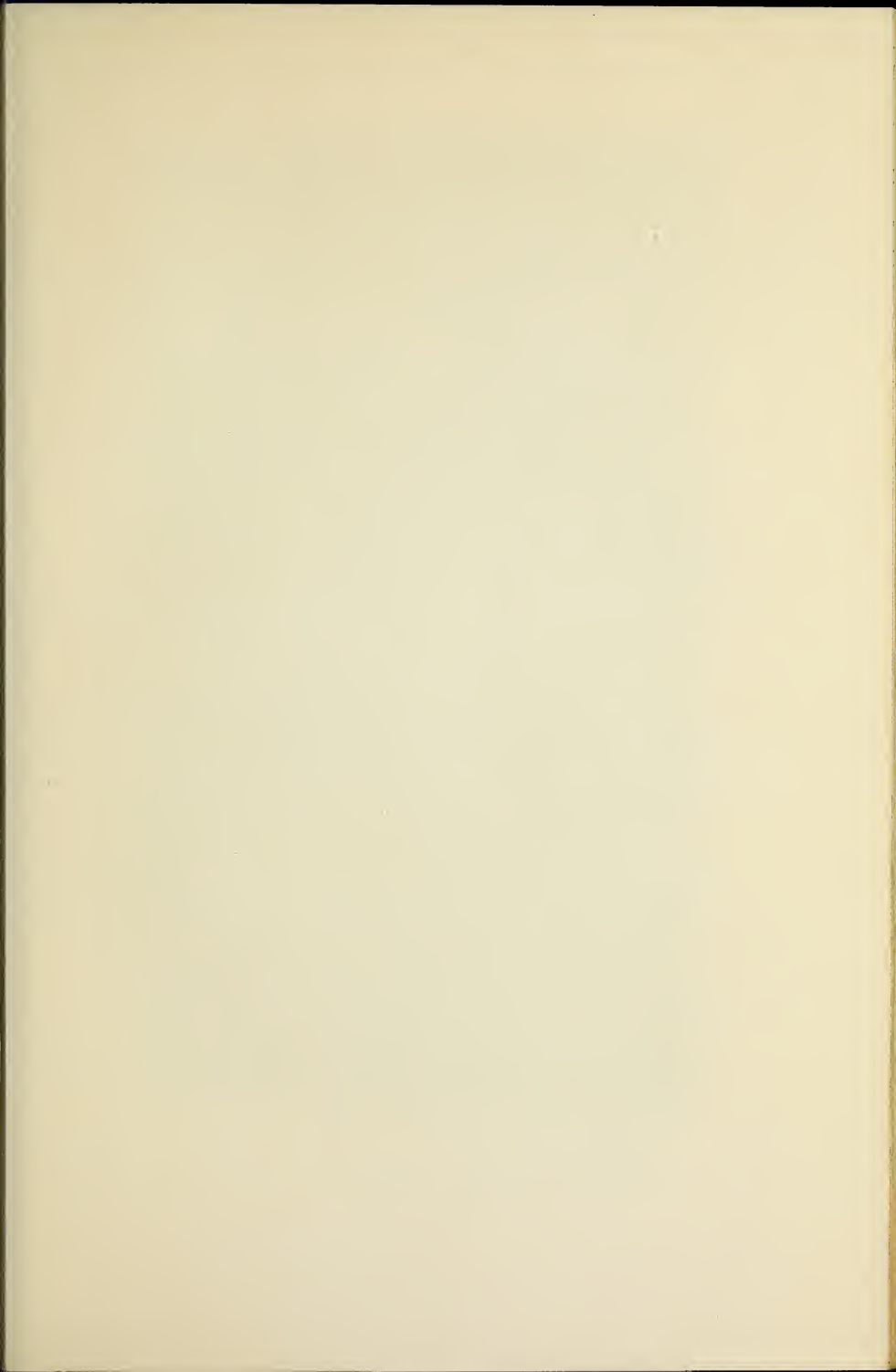
CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUR SICK AND WOUNDED

THERE WAS NO phase of the service at Hoboken which aroused a deeper interest throughout the nation than the return of our sick and wounded. Individually and collectively our people were interested in those who had become disabled in fighting our country's battles.

The handling of our sick and wounded; the provision for their hospitalization; their transfer to hospitals in the interior; the arrangements for nurses and medical attention were all problems of great magnitude.

The officer who throughout the war had charge of the medical department at the port was Colonel James M. Kennedy—now Brigadier General James M. Kennedy commanding Walter Reed Hospital. Colonel Kennedy was an officer of marked ability as an organizer and administrator. His service earned for him the award of the Distinguished Service Medal and the promotion which he now enjoys. The efforts of people to do something for the





COL. JAMES M. KENNEDY, PORT SURGEON AND IN
CHARGE OF MEDICAL SERVICE. NOW BRIGADIER
GENERAL, COMMANDING WALTER REED HOSPITAL.

pleasure or the comfort of our sick and wounded were notable. Many private automobiles were sent daily to our debarkation hospitals for the pleasure of convalescents. For the transfer of our sick and wounded from one point to another in the harbor we needed a large launch and it was provided by the government. When I first saw this launch (the *Shinnecock*) it was roomy, solid and substantial—but without any extraneous trimmings whatever. A few days later I saw it and there was a profusion of rugs, wicker chairs, sofa pillows, and provision for a daily supply of flowers. Chaplain Axton made the difference. He had taken Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan to see the launch, and she did the rest. For the transportation of the sick and wounded on land the government had its own outfit of army ambulances, supplemented by the Red Cross Motor Units under Captain Dorothy Smyser. There was an independent Unit which functioned under the energetic supervision of Major Helen Bastedo—so that our returning sick and wounded were amply provided for.

All told there were about one hundred and twenty thousand of our sick and wounded who

returned to the home country through the Port of New York.

Fully one-third as many more came back through other ports of which Newport News, Philadelphia and Boston were the principal ones.

Our first wounded began to arrive before the close of the war, and the ship that brought back the wounded would return to France filled with fresh troops just going over to do their share in the service of the country.

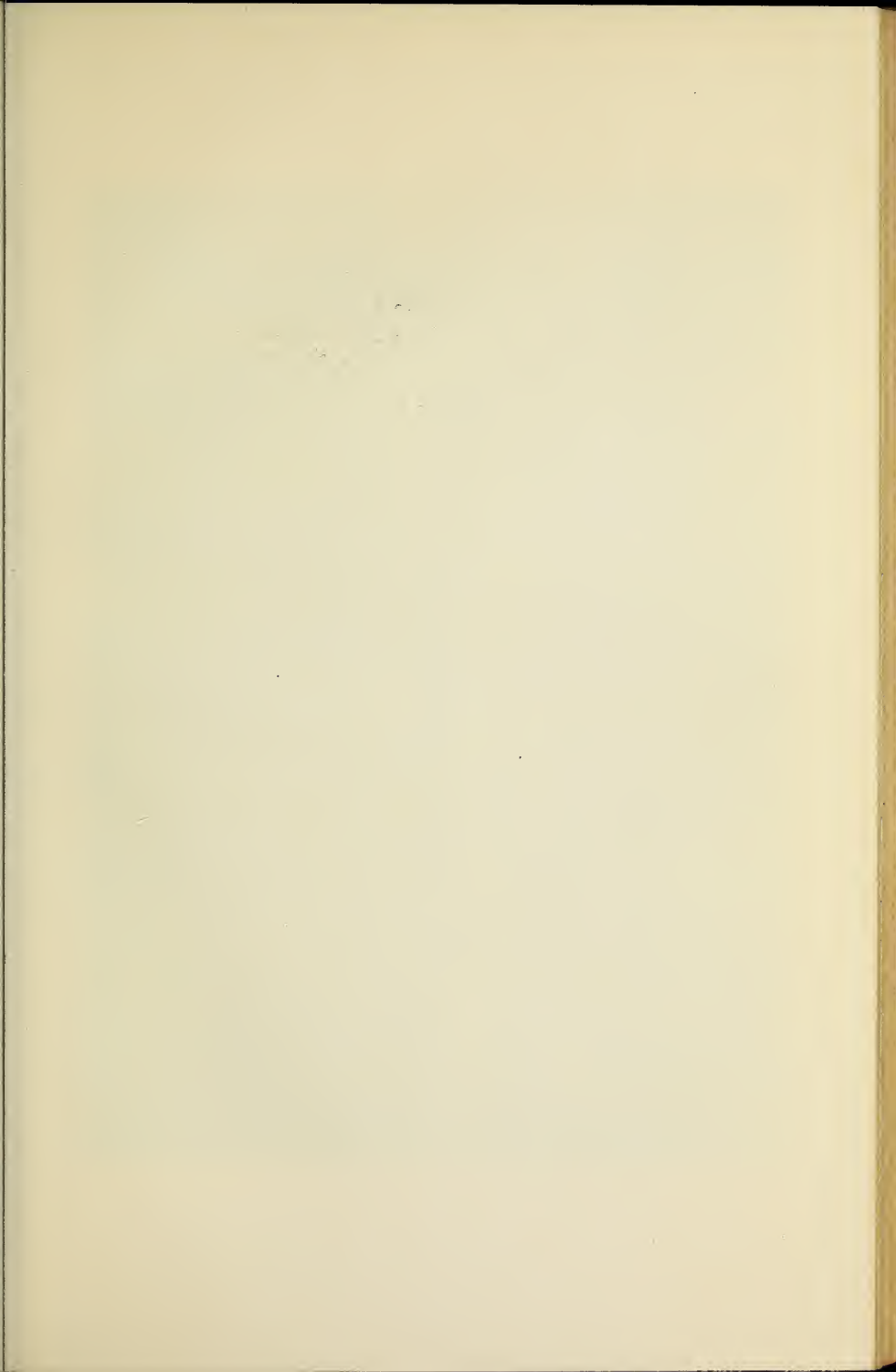
Now and then the two counter streams—the wounded returning home and the fresh troops going across—would meet.

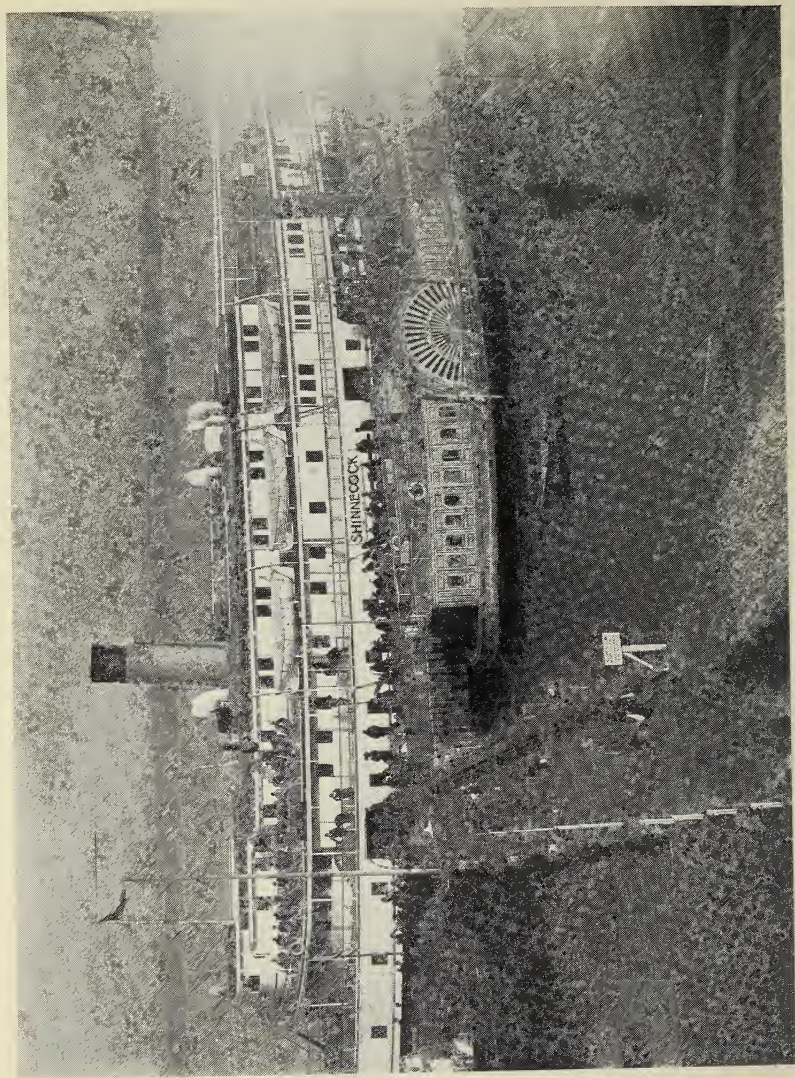
Major Axton in charge of the welfare work at the port tells an interesting incident concerning one such meeting:

"A transport just arrived had docked on the north side of one of the Hoboken piers, and some of her wounded were being taken off.

"On the south side of the same pier General McManus and his assistants were busy putting troops aboard an outgoing transport.

"A brief lull in the work gave opportunity for some conversation between the returning wounded and the outgoing lads.





THE "SHINNECOCK," OUR HOSPITAL LAUNCH, USED FOR
THE TRANSFER OF OUR SICK AND WOUNDED.

" 'Hey,' said a rosy-cheeked lad to a veteran who had lost an arm. 'I am darned sorry for you fellows. Where are you going?'

" 'Oh,' said the veteran, 'we are going to one of Uncle Sam's repair shops for overhauling.'

"Then the veteran in his turn asked: 'Where are you fellows going?' 'Oh,' said the rosy-cheeked lad, brimful of enthusiasm, 'we are going to Berlin, we are.'

"Resting the stump of his arm on top of a nearby crate the veteran with unmeasured contempt exclaimed: 'The hell you say!'

It was exemplification of the old, old biblical lesson. One man was putting his armor on, the other was taking his armor off.

What was the outstanding feature that characterized the typical wounded American soldier? Optimism, I should say, above all else.

A determination to face the future with a brave face, and a persistent effort to look on the bright side of things.

Among our wounded the optimist was the rule and the pessimist an exception.

Among those who did a great deal of work for the returning wounded, Mr. Ellis Russell of

the American Red Cross is prominent. Let me quote some of the things Mr. Russell has written to show the attitude of our returning wounded heroes:

"The most impressive and lasting memory I have of my contact with the men of the A.E.F. embarking and debarking at the Post of Embarkation, Hoboken, was the courage and the cheerfulness of those who returned maimed and disabled.

"They bore their misfortunes in the same spirit as they left to brave the dangers of submarine and battlefield, with a smile on their faces and a joke on their tongues.

"They resented pity or sympathy; they were glad to be alive; they were glad to be home, and they wanted every one to know it.

"To those of us who were privileged to extend first greeting to these heroes on their return, it was immediately apparent why the American soldier had made such a remarkable record overseas.

"They had played the game to win with an unconquerable spirit that brooked no defeat, and their injuries were part of the game.

"I remember one young chap who was in the printing business in South Carolina. He had part of his foot shot away, and several pieces of shrapnel imbedded in his body.

"He told me he wouldn't swap his experience for a million dollars. He had seen France, he had helped lick the Hun, he was alive and happy, he was going home to settle down, and his injuries were not going to prevent his pursuit of his vocation.

"Another boy who had lost a leg was telling a crowd in the sick bay of the ship what he was going to do.

"As soon as he had his 'peg leg' he was going to get a job in some hotel mashing potatoes with the stump.

"Another boy, stone blind, used to entertain all his buddies by reading from newspapers what he reported to them he saw, calling off their names and springing some joke at their expense which he claimed was in the paper.

"He had learned some Braille work while in the hospitals in France, and had a Braille watch which he was very proud of.

"His companions told me he had been the life of the sick bay all the way across.

"Many of these boys had medals and citations, but they were not in sight. If you wanted the story you got it from a buddy who was as proud to tell of it as if it belonged to him.

"And they were actually sheepish about showing their decorations. As one boy said, 'Aw, hell, I didn't do nothing, they give these to everybody in France.'

"You couldn't help but be inspired by contact with these boys. Representative of all walks of life, they were truly representative of our great democratic army.

"They came back with the same boyish candor and optimism they had taken away with them.

"If you asked them: 'How do you feel?' the answer would be: 'Fine.' 'Getting everything you want?' 'Yep.' And then would come the question from them: 'Where do we go from here?'

" 'How many hospitals before we are home?' 'Who's ahead in the American League?' etc., etc.

"It was rare indeed when they had any complaint to make. Their transfer from one hospital to another had left their pay accounts

far behind—often they were months behind in receiving their pay, but they joked about it.

"The Welfare Societies kept them supplied with smokes and other comforts, and they had no particular need for money at the time.

"They kicked about the food, but that is chronic with the soldier. The slogan, 'When do we eat?' is a byword in the army.

"Many amusing incidents happened during the embarkation of the colored troops. Late in the summer one of our staff was distributing 'Safe Arrival Cards' to a group of negroes belonging to a labor battalion. He was explaining painstakingly what could be written on the card.

"He would stop and ask: 'Do you understand?' and the chorus would answer: 'No, Sah.'

"Finally he sensed there was something wrong, so he asked: 'Can you read and write?' Again the chorus: 'No, Sah.'

"But they understood enough to be sure that they wanted to send a card home, and the Red Cross workers made out cards for all.

"I do not think any pen could ever do justice to the look of awe which came over the faces

of these colored troops when they viewed the *Leviathan* and other great transports.

"It was just like the story of the small boy when he first saw a giraffe—'There ain't no sech animal.'

"They seldom had much idea where they were, and the question: 'Say, Captain, where we at?' was a common one.

"When they finally realized that they were actually going to France they dug up silver cartwheels, murderous looking 'African hardware', and other trinkets which they wanted returned home.

"I never realized that there were so many 'Mary Greens' and 'Lizzie Johnsons' in the world as were related to our stevedores and labor battalion personnel.

"One of the saddest missions we had to perform was with the home-coming troops. It was often delegated to one of our members to inform some returning soldier of the death or serious illness of a loved one.

"Through the splendid co-operation at all times existing between the port authorities and the Red Cross, arrangements were made to grant immediate furloughs to go home, and to report

at expiration of furlough to the camp nearest their home for discharge.

"These men seldom had money for transportation, and in such cases the Red Cross lent them the money, and it is typical of the calibre of our army when I say that our loss due to non-payment was negligible."

The general attitude of optimism and of making light of their wounds was not at all confined to those returning through the Port of New York.

My old classmate and roommate Col. John T. Knight of the Q. M. Corps, class of 1884, West Point, was on duty at the Port of Embarkation at Newport News, Virginia.

Describing one of his rounds Colonel Knight says: "Upon entering a ward we noted all the patients in uproarious laughter, and applause had just died down as we approached the door.

"I observed a wounded boy at the far end of the room who seemed to be the cause of all this laughter and joy.

"Gradually making my way to him I noted that he had but one leg, and but one hand,

while his face and head were terribly scarred from burns.

"What hair was left was reddish, and some freckles were still visible.

"He had a merry twinkle in his eye, and I asked him: 'How were you wounded?' Quick as a flash he replied: 'Colonel, I think I must have stopped a sixteen-inch shell.'

"Later I learned that he was working at an ammunition dump when the Bosh dropped a shell and 'Reddy got his.'

"Another patient in the same ward was hale and hearty-looking, but propped up in bed.

"When I reached him I asked: 'Well, my man, what did they do to you?' He calmly pulled aside the sheet and showed a leg gone above the knee.

" 'Colonel', he said, 'I never had a fair show. I left this port in June, got over there, and in the very first scrap they got my leg. Here it is August, and I am back here. I did not get a fair show. That's what hurts me.' "

Miss Emma W. Durkee was one of the Red Cross workers who had large experience among our wounded. She says: "Three years spent as a ward-worker in Army Hospitals among men

brought together from all walks of life is an education in itself. Many little stories were told us by the patients.

"Sometimes it was just a glimpse, a thumb nail sketch, a glance that revealed a situation; at other times it was a winding story that ran on for an hour or more, but throughout there was a great fascination in watching the personalities of the men themselves.

"Their telegrams nearly always began with the words:—'Just arrived, feeling fine.'

"Often it was 'Broke again, wire fifty dollars at once.' But the men were always 'feeling fine,' no matter how badly they had been hurt.

"The reception of parents was wonderful, and sometimes most painful for both the parents and for the soldier himself.

"One boy told me after his mother had left that the telegram announcing his arrival was the first intimation that his family had of his being still alive.

"He said his mother had arrived at the hospital wearing mourning for him, as the Bureau in Washington having charge of these matters had somehow slipped up in his own

case, and had notified his parents of his death in action.

"As he expressed the situation: 'Father he was knocked endways by the news, but mother she came just the same.'

"One of the many thrills that we had at the Grand Central Palace was our opening day when the first patients rolled up to the doors in ambulances.

"Several hundred patients arrived on the steamship *Mongolia* three days before Christmas. They were a mixture of litter and ambulatory cases, and the Red Cross had managed a wonderful Christmas for them:—trees, stockings full of presents for each patient; sweaters and canes for all; and the doctors and nurses were all remembered.

"There were greens everywhere, and the boy choir from St. Thomas Church went singing from ward to ward through the great twelve story building. Afterward there was a lovely chapel service and a sumptuous Christmas dinner with turkey, mince pie, plum pudding and everything!

"Of course, it was not *home*, but it was the next best thing. One New York boy, however,

was bent on having his Christmas at home. It was too maddening to be really in New York, some twenty blocks from home, and not be able to leave the hospital for lack of a uniform.

"He tried every wile imaginable without success. But he was able to telephone his family, and Christmas eve he was down stairs watching for them.

"A big limousine drew up; the boy flew out to the sidewalk in pajama suit and bath robe, jumped into the car, and was off with his father's coat around him. Of course this was a scandal.

"But the boy spent Christmas at home, and was back the day after still in bathrobe and pajamas, saying it had been worth the guard-house or court-martial. It was just Heaven to be home.

"We were forever making and sewing little Divisional Insignia to the shoulders of the soldiers' uniforms, or fashioning them out of bits of felt or decorating them with embroidery; and this suggests the story of an old sergeant of the regular army, a cook, who came to sit by me one day, and after a while told me the news he was bursting to tell.

"He wanted to know *Whom* I supposed had

just sewed on for him his wound and service stripes.

"Of course I wanted to know. His pride and joy were beautiful when he said, 'It was Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and I'll fight any man who wants me to take them off.'

"Mrs. Preston was so amused and pleased by the little story. The Sergeant, it seems, had been an ardent admirer of President Cleveland, and felt touched and honored, as did many others, by the gracious presence of his widow at the hospital.

"The supervisor on our floor was the wife of a captain of the 77th Division and wore splendid pearls.

"One day a great Southerner asked her to help decorate his uniform with the usual gold braids and little felt devices, and something about her struck him as appealing and sad.

"He questioned her a little about herself, and she told him her husband was a soldier; and then he asked her how she lived.

"She replied that she lived by herself in a little apartment. That sounded lonely, and the Southerner said so.

"The lady replied that she usually prepared

her own breakfast, was often invited out to dinner, and that her luncheons were taken at a restaurant. She did not state, however, that this restaurant happened to be the fashionable Colony Club.

"The soldier thought for a moment, and then he said: 'You look thin, and I am sure you don't get enough to eat. Here is a dollar, and I want you to go and buy a square meal somewhere.'

"The lady was much touched by the sympathy and the genuineness of the offer, but told him we were volunteers, and could not accept pay for our work. But he pressed the money upon her, and finally she said she would give it to the Red Cross.

"No one ever told the brave soldier that this lady was the daughter of one of our former ambassadors at the Court of St. James, and that she had been presented at the English Court."

The typical soldier never worried his family by telling them he was wounded and in hospital. He put a bright face on any messages he sent home.

Here is the single instance to the contrary as related by Miss Katherine Morton in charge of

the Telegram and Stamp Department at the big Grand Central Palace Hospital:

"In one instance only did the sender of a message insist on telling the homefolks that he was in a hospital wounded.

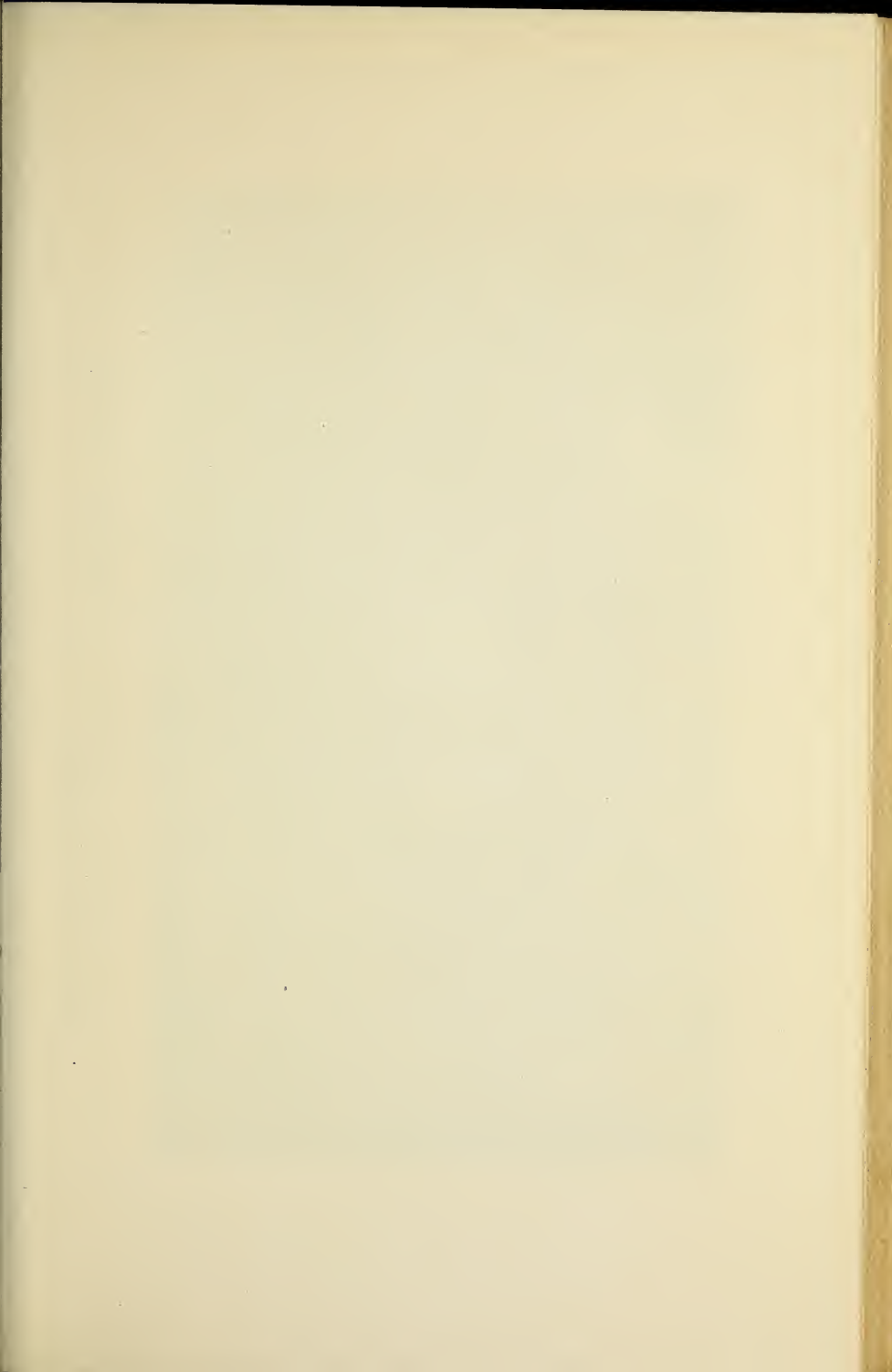
"He was a colored boy, and bore no trace of the battle's fray, but on the contrary seemed six feet of physical perfection.

"The Red Cross worker unwilling needlessly to distress the man's family inquired into the nature of the wound.

"He held out a huge hand from which the infinitesimal part of a thumb end was missing. After some persuasion a compromise was effected, and the message which went to Georgia that night read: 'Feeling well as could be expected.'

"One sandy haired lad with Irish eyes asked the assistance of the Red Cross worker in the composition of a telegram to his 'Dad.'

"He wanted something that would 'get back at him' for the cable the father had sent him in France on receipt of the official notice advising him that his son had been seriously wounded.





SIGNAL CORPS 27813

OFFICERS WOUNDED IN THE ARGONNE SECTOR ARRIVE ON THE TRANSPORT
"ORIZABA," AND (NOT SO DOWNCAST) ARE BEING SERVED BY RED CROSS WORKERS.

"The father's message read: 'Son, don't join the red-headed angels yet.'

" 'Wasn't it corking for the old chap to send a message like that?' the boy asked the Red Cross worker, and she agreed with him that the 'old chap' was just that 'CORKING.'

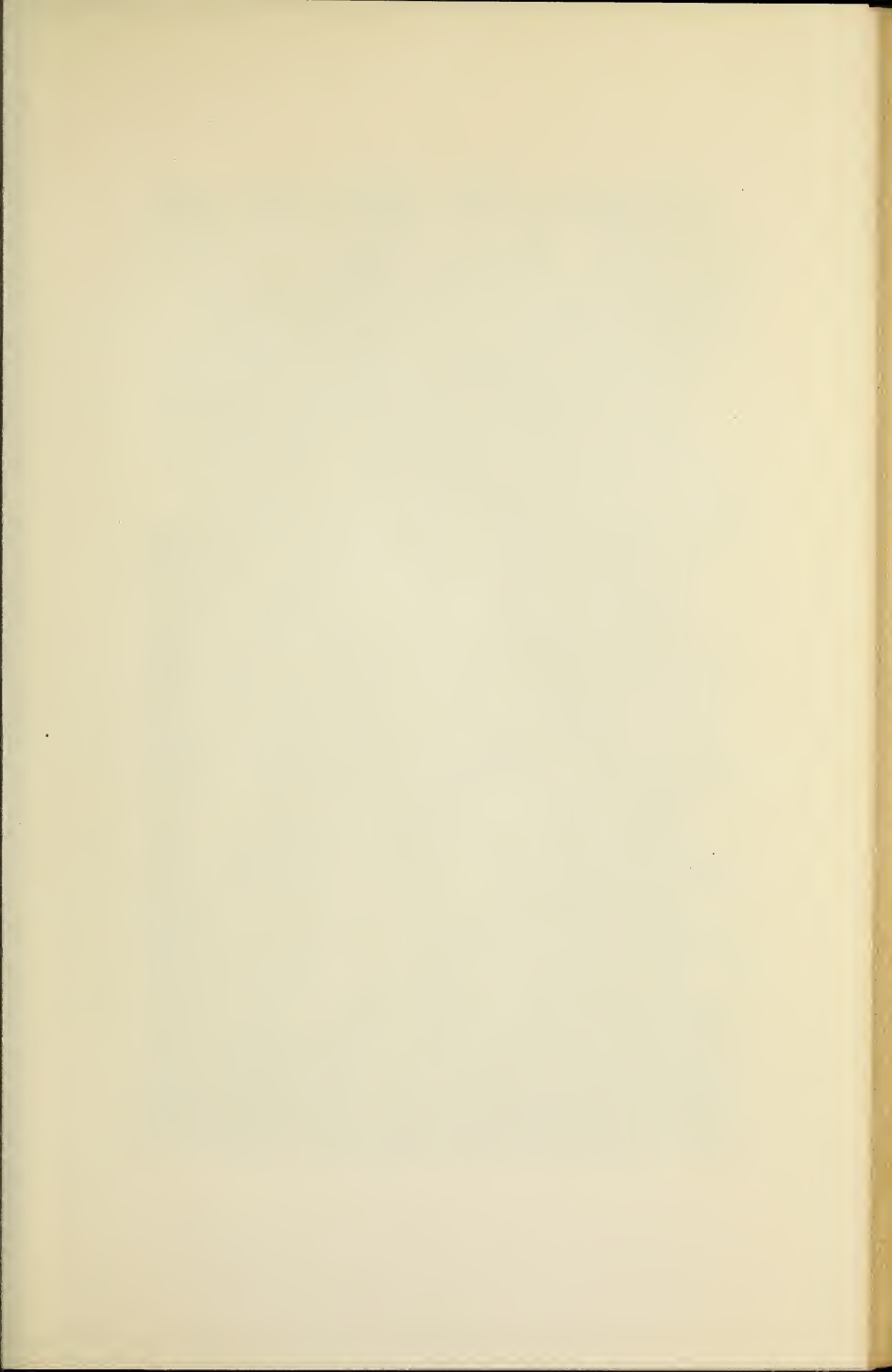
"The famous message of Cæsar: 'Veni, Vidi, Vici' had nothing at all in way of either brevity or clearness over the message sent from Hospital No. 5: 'Debarked, deloused, delighted.' "

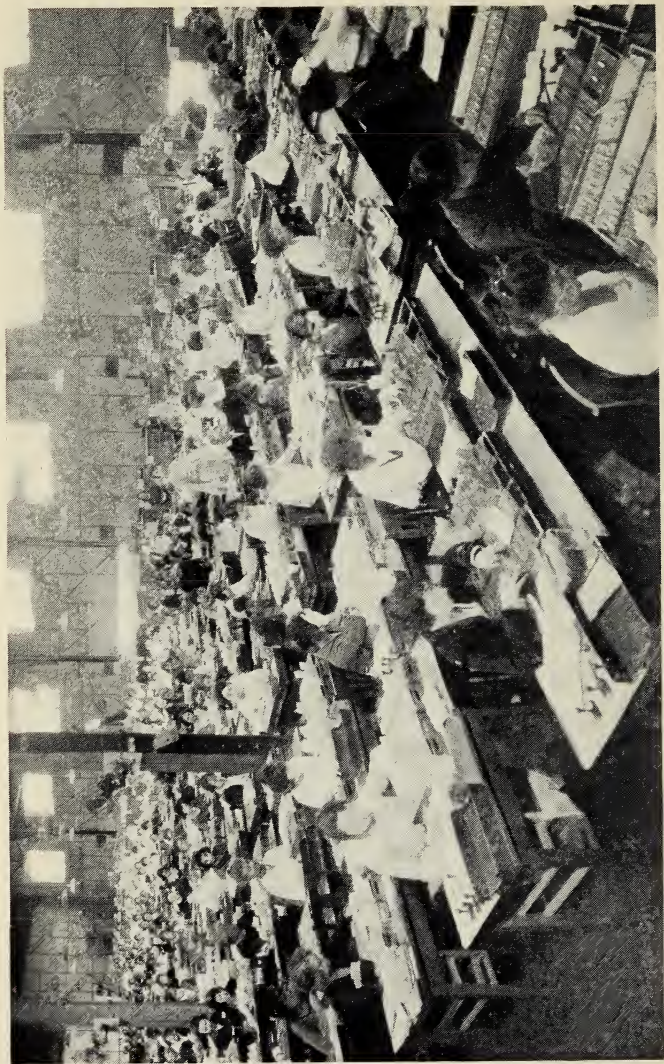
CHAPTER XXXIV

THE SOLDIER'S MAIL

IF EVER again we are forced to send large numbers of soldiers outside our continental limits we can learn much in regard to handling their mail from the mistakes we made in handling the mail of our troops in the great World War.

Except in the early days of the war, our military post-office at Hoboken under Colonel Blunt and Captain Townsend handled the mail, and there was never any case where the delay in sending mail across exceeded four days. But it was one thing to get the mail across to the other side and another thing entirely to get it into the hands of the soldier after it had arrived. I never appreciated the cause of the trouble until after the armistice and our troops began to come home. Following closely in their wake came twenty-two millions of undelivered letters which were now dumped at Hoboken for delivery to millions of different men nearly all of whom had been discharged and had gone home.





AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS OF UNDELIVERED LETTERS WERE BROUGHT BACK FROM FRANCE AND DUMPED ON THE HOBOKEN PIERS. THIS IS A PART OF THE OFFICE FORCE NEEDED TO MAKE OUT LOCATOR CARDS, SO THAT THESE LETTERS MIGHT BE FORWARDED TO THOSE FOR WHOM THEY WERE INTENDED.

We were forced to get busy on a big scale. Twenty thousand feet of floor space was procured on the second deck of Pier 86, North River, where hundreds of filing clerks were busy under the direction of Colonel Keene and Captain Minger in getting up the data of a central directory. Locator cards were made out for each soldier whose name appeared on any passenger list, giving the name in full, the serial number, rank, organization, ship on which returned, name of nearest relative, etc.

All of this information was necessary in order to return the mail to the proper person for there were several thousand "Smiths" in our army, and those bearing the family name of Davis and Jones were not far behind. It was a big job that was put upon Colonel Keene and Captain Minger, and they handled it extremely well.

Here was the cause of all the trouble: In France there was no efficient central directory. The soldier's mail followed his first address, and in thousands of cases never caught up with the soldier. Let us take the case of Private John Doe, Company A, 23d Infantry. His mail went to his regiment and it continued to

go there. Private Doe, himself, perhaps went to the hospital, and when convalescent may have been assigned to the 18th Infantry located in an entirely different area, and by the time his mail had gone the rounds and reached the 18th Infantry, Private Doe may have reached another hospital in still another sector.

There is but one way to keep track of the individual soldier, and that is to have a locator card and keep it strictly up to date. These cards must be kept in a central directory so that when mail is received it may be forwarded at once to the man instead of having it go to the organization with which the soldier sailed only to find that he is no longer with that organization.

The problems that engaged Sherlock Holmes were dead easy when compared to some of those that puzzled our central directory from time to time. P. T. Barnum tells of having received a letter mailed in Europe and which bore the simple direction: "Mr. Barnum, America."

Among the twenty-two millions of letters which were dumped into our central directory at Pier 86 for delivery to the proper person

were some which bore no more illuminating address than "John Jones, U. S. Army" or "Tom Smith, France."

Our people are not a military people. Any man looking at some of the addresses on letters returned would be convinced of that fact. Such titles as Mr. Major Anderson, Lieutenant Corporal John Adams, Captain First Class Private Jones, and a host of other odd mixtures were not uncommon. People sent to their loved ones such items as butter, mince pies, doughnuts, candy by the ton, family medicines, pictures by the thousands, bibles, tobacco by the ton, and almost every other conceivable article.

Packages would break open and, when the pouches were emptied, out would come a mixture which contained a family bible well coated with maple syrup, and the whole garnished with a generous supply of somebody else's favorite brand of smoking tobacco.

A copy of the *Police Gazette* would be sent wrapped around a pound of butter, but when the package had reached our central directory there would be little left except a greasy feel and a bad odor.

CHAPTER XXXV

NEW YORK CITY'S WELCOME

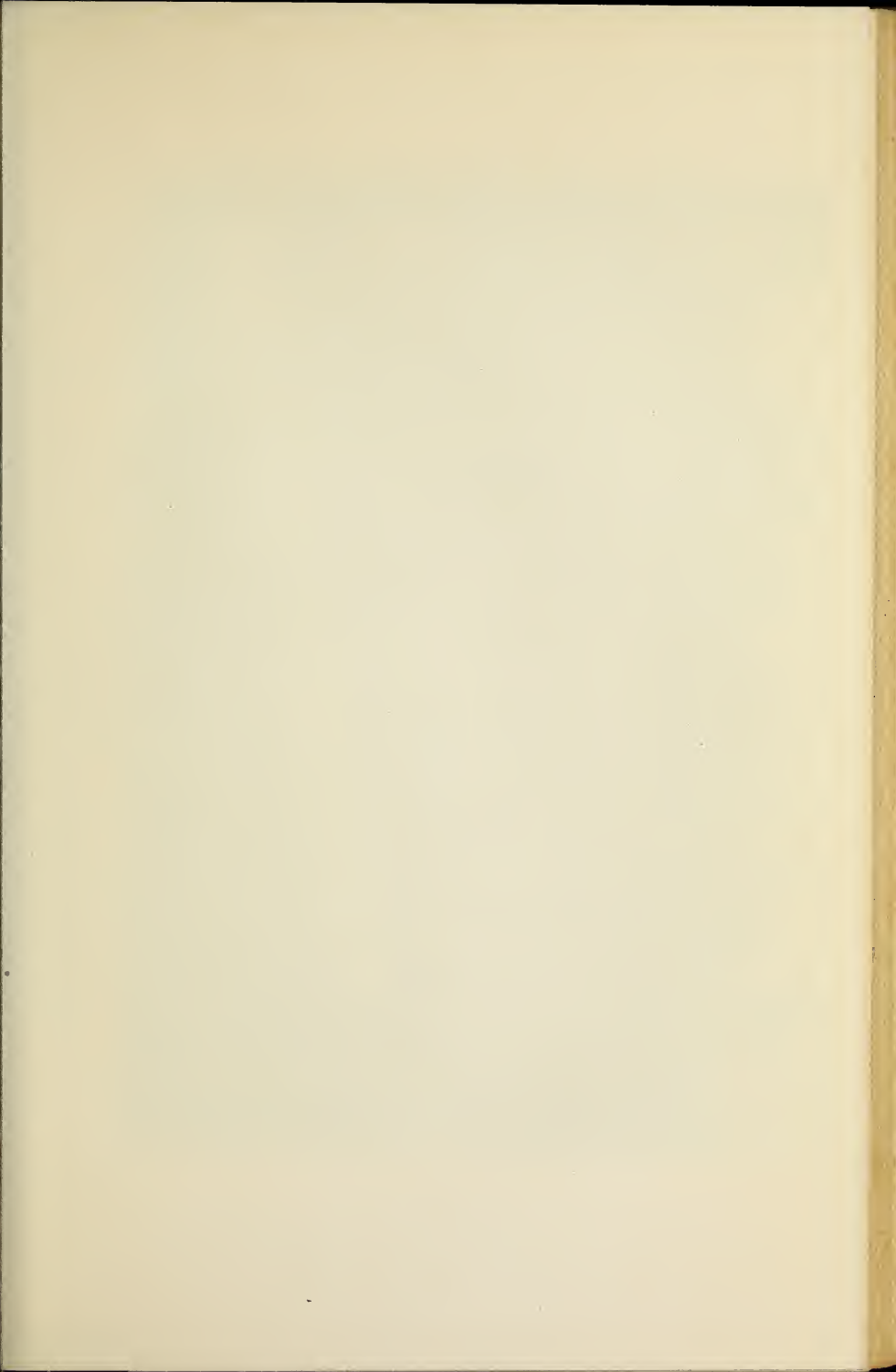
IT HAS always seemed to me a most fortunate thing that the great bulk of our troops were brought back from France by way of New York.

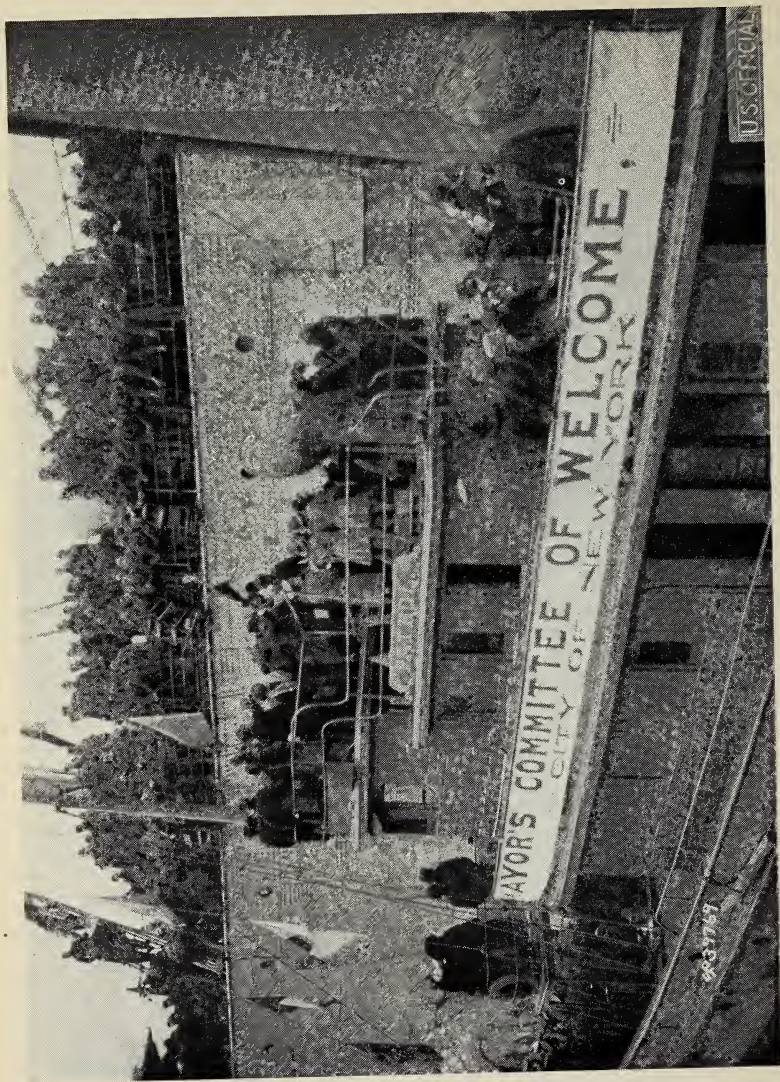
There is no other American city that can handle a transient crowd as easily, and there is no other that has such an abundance and variety of amusement and diversion.

Moreover, there were welcoming delegations and relatives and friends by the thousands—yes, by the hundreds of thousands—who came to the port to greet the loved ones among the throngs of returning heroes, and we have no other city where they could have been so readily cared for.

In providing a fitting welcome to our returning heroes, New York City handled a big job in a generous and highly creditable manner.

I have always felt that it was unfortunate that politics, even apparently, should have been allowed to creep into any of the welcoming activities provided by the city, and in this





SIGNAL CORPS 39769

A CLOSE UP OF THE MAYOR'S COMMITTEE IN ACTION. ONE CAPTAIN WHO HAD SAFELY PASSED THROUGH ALL THE FIGHTING AT THE MARNE, ST. MIHIEL AND THE MEUSE-ARGONNE WAS FELLE BY AN APPLE THROWN FROM THE MAYOR'S BOAT WHICH HAPPENED TO STRIKE HIM SQUARELY IN THE TEMPLE.

way to cause bitter criticism of much that was done in such a fine way.

Now that time has softened the asperities of political criticism it must be evident to every fair-minded individual that in welcoming our returning soldiers New York City spent its money freely, its entertainments were elaborate and fitting, and its hospitality, both official and personal, was genuine and delightful.

During the thirteen months covering the period of return of our homeward-bound warriors there were official representatives of the city to meet and welcome every one of the seven hundred and thirty transports that returned.

Besides the official welcoming launches of the Mayor's Committee there were, on many occasions, larger vessels sent down by the city carrying relatives and friends with flags and bands and provided with liberal quantities of fruit and candy and bundles of the daily newspapers.

The homecoming of some of the returning New York organizations was especially notable. Frequently the hours devoted to the parades were declared a holiday, traffic was stopped or

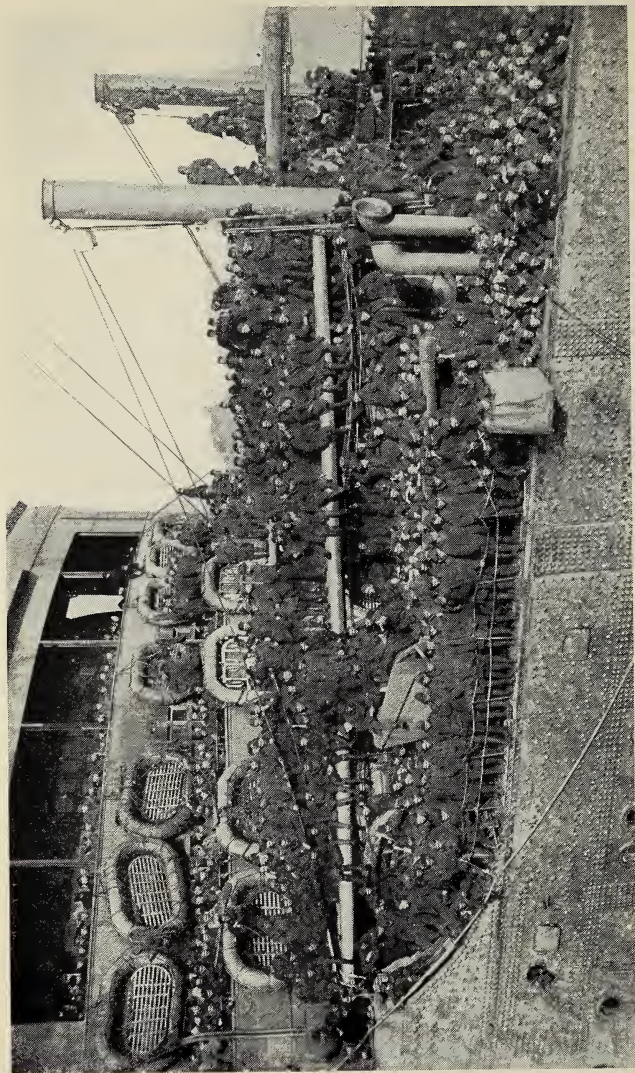
diverted, and the city gave itself over to the duty of making the welcome a memorable one.

At the parade of the 27th Division on March 25th there were more than a million of people along the line of march while seventy-five thousand relatives of the marchers sat in the huge stands provided by the city which also provided seats at other points for twelve thousand wounded. From 59th Street to 110th Street is something over three miles and the city constructed here the mammoth grandstand of the world with a seating capacity of something more than ninety thousand persons, and smaller stands were constructed at various other places.

As the troops paraded along Fifth Avenue their attention could not but be attracted by the lavish display of flags and bunting which streamed from every vantage point along the route. The Altar of Liberty, the Victory Arch, the Court of the Dead, and the Jeweled Portal, all constructed by the city, served as an official testimonial of welcome from the city to its guests from the nation at large.

Not less genuine was the welcome extended by the citizens of New York as individuals. No organization that went overseas left behind





Leviathan ON HER WAY UP THE RIVER WITH THE 27TH DIVISION IN MARCH, 1919.

NOTE THE DOUGHNUT SHAPED LIFE RAFTS ADOPTED BY OUR NAVY AS
THE MOST EFFECTIVE LIFE RAFT IN USE.

SIGNAL CORPS 48219

it a greater number of loyal and enthusiastic friends than the 165th Infantry—the 69th Irish Regiment of the New York National Guard. A board of trustees with Judge Morgan O'Brien as President and the indefatigable Daniel M. Brady as the live-wire and hustling factotum, secured subscriptions and furnished all sorts of things—such as candy, cigars, cigarettes, baseball paraphernalia, etc. With Dan Brady on the sending end and the beloved Father Duffy doing the receiving and distributing, the 69th was surely well cared for. I remember on one occasion that Dan turned over to me several large cases filled with chocolates, cigars, and baseball paraphernalia to be sent to the 69th. Month after month went by and Father Duffy could get no trace of it. All that we could find at Hoboken was a copy of the shipping invoice showing that it had gone across on the *George Washington*. Long months after the war was over it was returned from Brest never having been delivered, presumably because the French railroads were overworked, and could not carry to the front all of the supplies delivered at the coast.

When the 69th under Colonel William J.

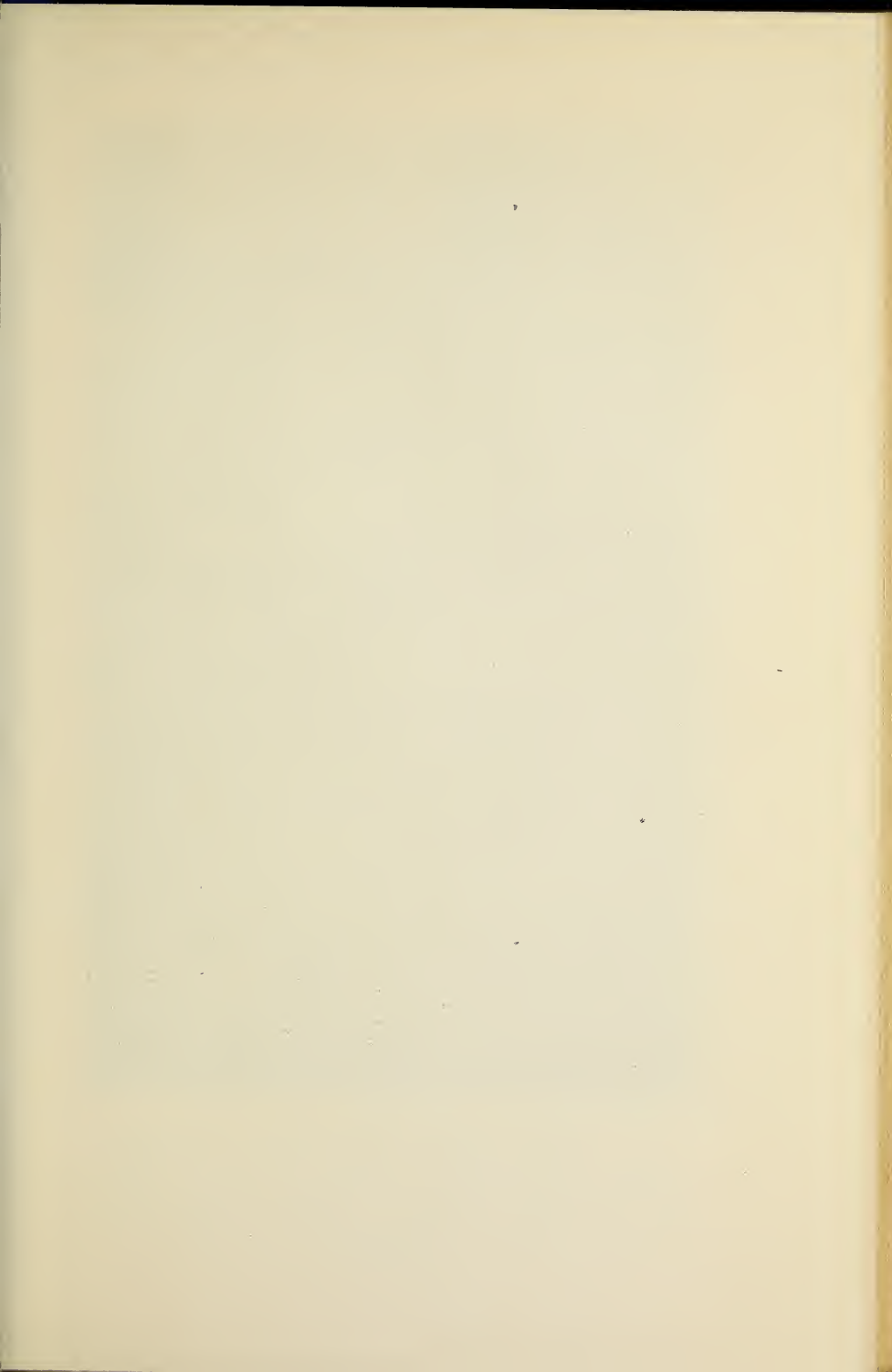
Donovan and Father Duffy returned after suffering a loss of 649 killed and 2,682 wounded, it was received with a warmth unsurpassed by any other organization, and included in its welcoming festivities was a superb banquet for officers and men at the Hotel Commodore, costing more than twenty thousands of dollars.

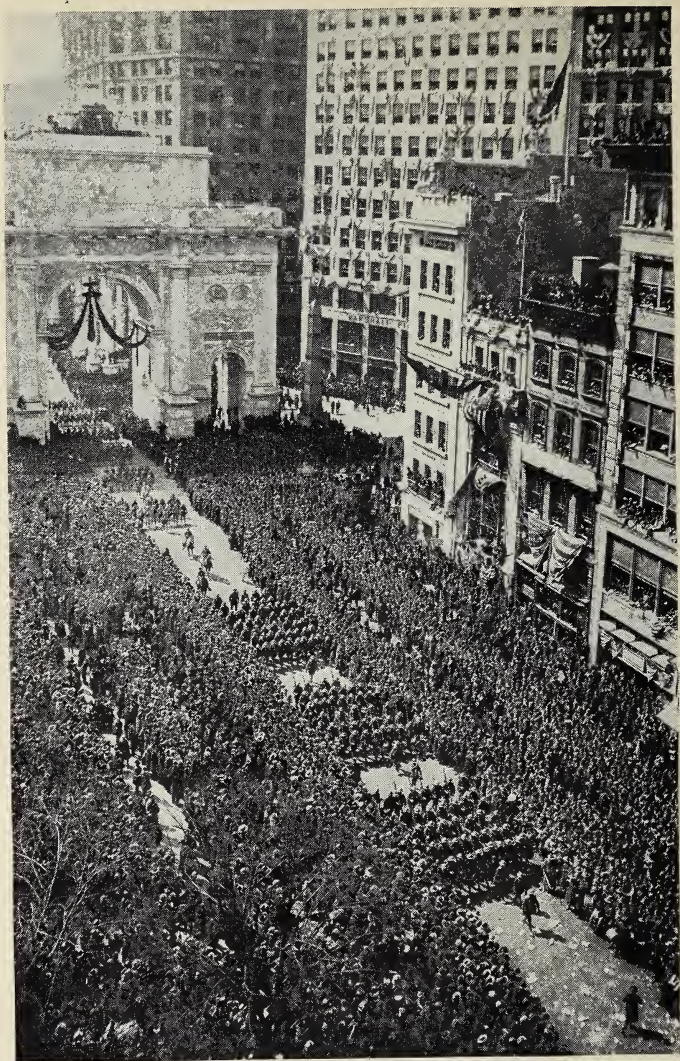
The 27th Division, under General O'Ryan, received a splendid ovation when it returned. Between the date of its return and March 25th, the date of its final parade, there was a continual round of festivities.

Not a single day but that General O'Ryan was in evidence at some luncheon or dinner arranged in his honor, and it was probably an off-day when he did not do double duty at both luncheon and dinner.

The General had an inexhaustible fund of soldier stories which always made a hit with the guests not only because of the story itself, but also because of the artistic ability with which his stories are always told.

Among others that I heard him tell was one showing the ability of an American sergeant to solve quickly a knotty problem. The Sergeant passing along encountered a sentinel in charge





SIGNAL CORPS 43984

PARADE OF 27TH DIVISION, MARCH 25, 1919 (NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD DIVISION COMMANDED BY MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN). PROBABLY WITNESSED BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER PARADE EVER HELD ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

of German prisoners on a trail leading to the rear. The prisoners were carrying a stretcher on which lay a wounded American soldier.

A violent altercation between the sentinel and one of the prisoners was in progress when the Sergeant arrived, and announced his presence by the good, solid American query: "Hey, what's the big idea here?"

One of the German prisoners was a commissioned officer, and pointing to the insignia of rank on his coat indicated by shrugs of his shoulders and waving of his hands that the job of carrying a stretcher was not one compatible with his rank. The Sergeant drew a big jackknife from his pocket and with one deft stroke cut the insignia of rank from the coat of the German, then turning him around, gave him a swift kick, with the words: "You are reduced to the ranks, now you beat it," and the procession moved swiftly away.

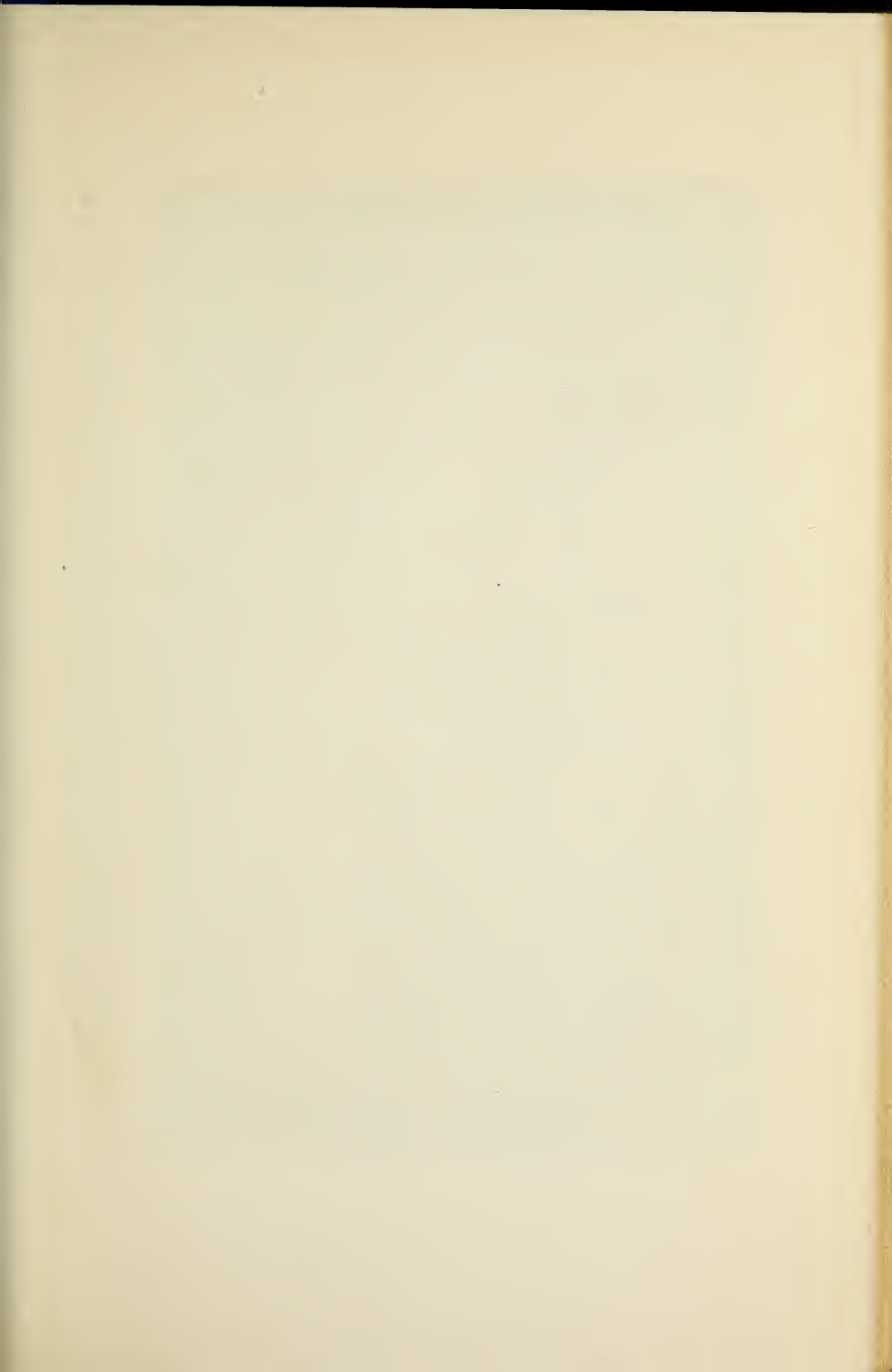
Another of General O'Ryan's stories was in regard to a cockney soldier of the British army serving in Flanders. This story loses much in being transferred to paper because it is not possible to reproduce General O'Ryan's ability to mimic the cockney accent.

The cockney, serving in the cold and the rain and the mud of Flanders, exclaimed: "Gad, and 'ow I 'ates the rain." A little later he exclaimed, "Gad, and 'ow I 'ates the mud." His discomfort increased with the continued rain and finally, in supreme gloom, he exclaimed: "Gad, and 'ow I wishes I was dead."

Just then a big nine-inch shell fell a few feet away and buried itself deeply in the soft mud before exploding.

The cockney was knocked down and completely plastered with mud from head to foot. He was only stunned, however, and after a minute arose and brushed away as much as he could of the mud and the wet, and then in the same tone, exclaimed: "Gad, cawn't you take a joke?"

During the return of our troops the official functions of the city were warmly seconded by the numerous unofficial functions arranged under the leadership of R. A. C. Smith, George Wilson, and their hosts of comrades. Banquets were arranged in honor of every notable that went or came, the hospitality was delightful and good fellowship the rule.





SIGNAL CORPS 62662

THE HOBOKEN PIERS DECORATED WITH FLAGS OF THE ALLIES FOR THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL
PERSHING WHEN HE LANDED FROM THE *Leviathan* ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1919.

During this period Job Hedges was probably the hardest working man in New York—at least between certain hours. It was my pleasant lot to sit next him on several occasions, and I noted that he never ate anything except, possibly, a spoonful of soup. While others were storing away the provender, Job was busy marshalling the various quips with which later he would set the table in a roar. His humor is proverbial, but he could be serious at times, and I recall the evening when a certain long-winded orator was still going strong at an hour past midnight when Job turned to me and said very earnestly: "I wish to hell that fellow would shut up. I want to go home and get something to eat."

General Pershing returned on the *Leviathan* on September 8th, receiving the most tumultuous and enthusiastic welcome accorded to any individual during my tour at Hoboken.

On September 10th was held the last of the numerous parades of troops—that of the famous First Division, with General Pershing at their head. This parade differed from any of the others in that the Division paraded with all of its combat equipment just as it would go

into battle. It was this division which had sailed from Hoboken as the First Expedition, on June 14, 1917. It was the first to go and among the last to return. In casualties it had suffered most, and I believe that all will agree that our government never had any division at any time in its history whose record excelled that of the division which paraded in New York on September 10, 1919.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY

HUNDREDS of transports sailed from the Port of New York carrying our troops overseas.

But of all the ships that sailed none gave me the keen pleasure that I felt when the Transport *Buford* pulled out from the lower bay on the morning of December 21, 1919.

It was the *Buford* which carried across the nihilists—the “Undesirable Aliens” as they were officially termed for the sake of euphony, and from fear of hurting the feelings of their sympathizers left behind.

Let it be said frankly that a great mistake was made. The *Buford* is one of our smallest transports. If we could send but a single vessel, it was the *Leviathan* which should have been chosen, and extra cots and hammocks should have been installed in every nook and cranny.

Much secrecy had attended the sailing of these “undesirable aliens.” The newspapers had published the fact that Emma Goldman,

Alek Bergmann and a lot of their comrades were to be deported.

The War Department wanted them to be slipped away without publicity. The officer who was to have command of the expedition was selected at the War Department, and arrived at Hoboken under secret instructions.

With much mystery and many precautions he confided to me that he expected to be off and on his way before the newspapers or the public knew anything about it.

I expressed to him my doubts of the possibility of this being accomplished. I told him that during the war we had sent out many transports concerning which the newspapers published no accounts—not because they did not know of the sailing—but merely because the war was on and the newspapers were patriotic and complied with the wishes of the government to maintain secrecy in transport sailings.

I reminded him that the war was now over, and the newspapers were on the job every hour of the twenty-four.

He was quite confident of his ground, how-

ever, and I attempted to arrange all details in accordance with his plans.

The guard from Camp Merritt was selected without telling them anything at all as to the nature of their duties, and it was arranged that they should arrive at the Hoboken piers about 2 A.M.

They were to be taken thence directly to the *Buford* at an hour when all well behaved newspaper reporters were supposed to be in bed and asleep.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent any leaks—but, as far as my observation goes, the newspaper men of New York City have a bad habit of sleeping with at least one eye open.

While crossing the ferry on the way home late that afternoon I bought an afternoon newspaper, and found in it more details concerning the shipment of the nihilists than I already knew.

I recall how the War Department for months insisted that all of our soldiers should go below deck and hide like rats while the transports steamed out to sea. If the time ever comes

when again we must send soldiers from New York Harbor I hope nobody will be so simple as to believe that ships can be sent from that port without the newspapers knowing all about it.

Anyway the *Buford* got away on time, and the only sad part is that it was not the *Leviathan* loaded to the gunwales.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB

IN AN ARTICLE such as this it is not possible to make mention of all of the organizations, associations and large-hearted individuals prominent in welfare work for our soldiers.

All of them cannot be mentioned, but no account of what was done for our lads would be even fairly complete that did not give at least some space to the fine activities of the Rocky Mountain Club and its efforts to furnish cheer and good-will to the soldiers from the far-western states.

This club, at the outbreak of war, was occupying quite modest rooms at 65 West 44th Street, New York, and had been accumulating funds for the purpose of building a new club-house.

When Herbert Hoover returned to America about the close of the year 1916 to make a plea for Belgian relief, he and Colonel Roosevelt and other members of the club

including its president, John Hayes Hammond, and its vice-president, Col. W. B. Thompson, got up a scheme which was enthusiastically approved by the club membership to turn over a very large part of the building fund for the relief of Belgian children.

The club-house has never been built, but its members have builded something more valuable and vastly more worth-while than any mere building.

When our soldiers were going and returning through the great city, this large-hearted club took upon itself the pleasant task of extending hospitality and good cheer to the boys in uniform from that great region of the Rockies:

“Out where the handclasp’s a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That’s where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit
tighter,
That’s where the West begins.”

Over the club door floated a gigantic banner inscribed: "Welcome Home, Boys of the West."

On October 27, 1919, the club gave an anniversary dinner in honor of the birthday of its most distinguished member, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Elihu Root and Herbert Hoover were among the speakers, and I had the honor of representing the army on this occasion.

As I do not know how better to state the activities of the club in behalf of our soldiers, I quote a part of what I said on this occasion:

"You have all heard what the Rocky Mountain Club has done for the Belgian Relief, but, members of that club though you are, I doubt if you know what the club has done for our soldiers.

"The Rocky Mountain Club has been one of the great instrumentalities in caring for our soldiers, and in making a home for those from the far West.

"Through that club more than one hundred and fifty thousand telegrams and letters were distributed to men from the Rocky Mountain region.

"There was a cordial greeting not only for the 'Boys of the West,' but for every American soldier who visited the club.

"Thousands and thousands of dollars of the club's money were spent in taking care of our men.

"I recall a little incident last June while I was over in France, and was waiting on the pier at Brest.

"They were starting to load the sick and wounded on the great *Leviathan*, and I saw two soldiers, each on a litter, one from Colorado and one from Wyoming.

"I went up and talked to them for a moment, and asked them where they were wounded.

"They said they were getting better, and hoped by the time they reached New York they would be able to get around a little bit.

"But, they said, 'We are far from home when we reach New York,' and I answered: 'Oh, no, you may be far from home, but you won't be far from friends. There is a club in New York that looks after men from your section.'

"Then I told them where it was, and they asked: 'How will we find it?'

"I said: 'Go to 44th Street, near Sixth Avenue, and look for that flag which you will find there: "Welcome Home, Boys of the West."'

"Now the work that was done was but little known to your members, I imagine.

"I saw the benefits of it. I know that your worthy president and your vice-president and others of the club gave all the backing to it that they could, but, as is generally the case, there was one outstanding man in all of this work—one who worked like a beaver, to whom no service was too much trouble, and who spent himself in the undertaking—your club secretary, Mr. Herbert Wall, to whom a very great part of the credit is due.

"He did it in magnificent shape, and in behalf of those soldiers who enjoyed the hospitality and the benefits of your club I want to thank you."

Besides a warm welcome at the club and the distribution of letters and telegrams, the Rocky Mountain Club was the official representative and financial agent of the states of

Arizona and New Mexico, each of which appropriated several thousands of dollars for the entertainment of its returning soldiers.

These funds were disbursed by the club as the representative of the states which had made the appropriations.

From its own funds the club frequently provided tickets for various shows and entertainments, as well as transportation for the sick or wounded in attending parades and other functions.

There was a wholesomeness and an enthusiasm in all that the Rocky Mountain Club did that made it in reality what it claimed to be: "An eastern home for western boys."

As early as Thanksgiving day of 1917 this club began its hospitality on a large scale by tendering a banquet to several hundred of the "Sunset Division," then awaiting its turn at Camp Merritt to go across.

On Christmas day of the same year I had the pleasure of being one of the guests at the huge banquet provided by the club for about one thousand soldiers in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor.

The hospitality of this club did not cease until the very close, for on January 26, 1920, at the Hotel Biltmore, the club tendered a splendid banquet to General Connor and his men who constituted the very last of our expeditionary forces.

The activities and the hospitality of this club were widely and sincerely appreciated throughout the western states.

I had letters of appreciation from every one of the governors of states from Colorado to the Pacific Coast, including a very enthusiastic and warm-hearted night letter from His Honor, Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco.

An extract from a letter received from Mr. Arthur Chapman, at that time managing editor of the *Denver Times*, is typical of many another that I have seen :

"When large numbers of western men came home, as in the case of the 157th Infantry and the 148th Field Artillery, composed of Colorado men, the people of our state took comfort in the fact that the soldiers did not have to wait until their arrival at home to get a

welcome, but, owing to the good offices of the Rocky Mountain Club, received hearty western greetings even before they had set foot on American soil."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SOME NARROW ESCAPES

DURING THE COURSE of the war a good many thrilling experiences came to those who were engaged in carrying our troops across or in bringing them home. One very remarkable experience was that of Lieut. Izac of the navy who was one of the officers of the Transport *President Lincoln*, torpedoed May 31, 1918. This vessel was struck by two torpedoes simultaneously and by a third almost immediately afterwards so that she began to settle rapidly. It was through good fortune and splendid discipline that out of a total crew of 785 souls the total losses were held down to three officers and twenty three enlisted men.

After the *President Lincoln* had gone down the German submarine cruised around among the life boats and the life rafts in the effort to locate Captain Foote, commander of the transport.

The crew lied gallantly and successfully, giving the submarine officials to understand that the captain was probably one of those who had gone

down as he had not been seen since the ship disappeared. As a matter of fact Captain Foote had been able to divest himself of his uniform as a commissioned officer, and the Germans had no way of distinguishing him from an ordinary seaman.

Lieut. Izac, one of the junior officers of the transport, had not found opportunity to get rid of his officer's uniform, and was taken away as a prisoner in the submarine. After landing in Germany, Lieut. Izac was sent from one prison to another, and, as a consequence of an unsuccessful effort to escape, suffered great hardships and privations.

In his energy, his indomitable will-power, and his persistent efforts to escape, the exploit of this young officer strongly recalls the escape of Major Thomas Rose and his companions from Libby prison during our Civil War. Lieut. Izac's final and successful dash for liberty was made on the night of October 6th. After a week of gruelling effort while living mostly on raw vegetables in the fields and traveling by night he arrived with his single companion on the banks of the Rhine.

He swam the river which at that point has a





LIEUT. EDOUARD VICTOR IZAC, U. S. NAVY, WHO
WAS TAKEN PRISONER ABOARD A GERMAN SUB-
MARINE AND WHOSE SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE FROM A
GERMAN PRISON CONSTITUTES ONE OF THE MOST
REMARKABLE CHAPTERS OF THE WAR.

width of about two hundred metres and the water of which was almost icy cold. When he had reached the opposite shore Lieut. Izac found himself in Switzerland, and had certainly earned the liberty which his courage had brought to him.

It falls to the lot of few men to have as narrow escape from death as did 2nd Class Fireman H. S. Smith of the Transport *Mount Vernon*. This sailor began his service on the cruiser *San Diego*, and on his very first voyage the *San Diego* was sunk by a mine off the coast of Fire Island. Smith was then transferred to the *Mount Vernon*. This vessel was formerly the German liner, the *Kronprinzessin Cecile*—which may be recalled as the former “Gold Ship” from the fact that in the summer of 1914, just before England declared war she started from the United States for Germany carrying a large quantity of gold.

In September of 1918 the *Mount Vernon* having taken over a big load of soldiers was on her way back, and had reached a point some two hundred and fifty miles from the French coast when she was torpedoed. Out of a total of 1,450 men on board there was a loss of but 37

lives. The management of this vessel after she had been torpedoed reflects greatest credit upon Captain Dismukes and his crew.

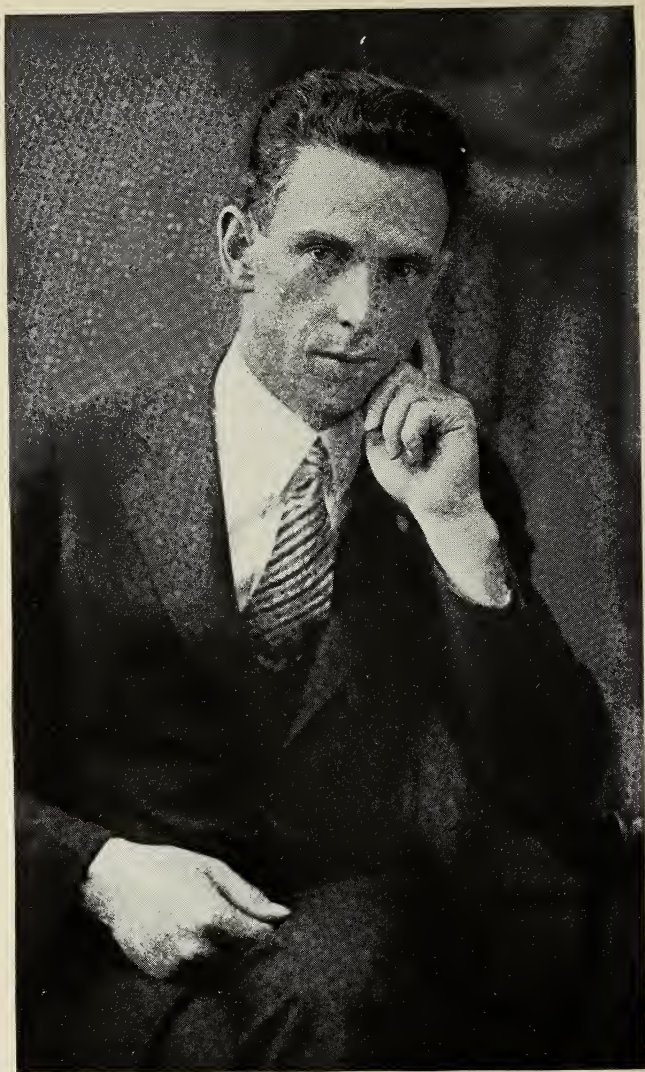
The story of the escape of Fireman Smith was related to me by Commander Stayton who was at that time executive officer of the *Mount Vernon*.

The torpedo struck the vessel almost directly opposite her boiler rooms and tore a very large hole in her side. Nearly all of the men who were in the boiler rooms were either killed outright by the force of the explosion or were drowned by the intruding water.

Smith was washed from the boiler room into a bunker, and in his dazed condition believed that he was being washed out into the sea. As the water lifted him up he put out his hand, and felt the mouth of a ventilating shaft that by actual measurement was eight by fifteen inches. He put his head and shoulder into the shaft, and the force of the water and the air pushed him up until further progress was stopped by a bend in the shaft.

Even then the water covered his head, but, as the ship rolled from side to side, Smith was able to get an occasional breath of fresh air.





2ND CLASS FIREMAN HOKE STARR SMITH, U. S. NAVY,
WHO HAD A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH
WHEN THE "MT. VERNON" WAS TORPEDOED.

Part of this air was used in breathing and part of it in letting out some good lusty yells. His comrades of the crew heard him, and cut him out just in time to prevent his being drowned.

One of our worst disasters during the war was the torpedoing of the steamship *Ticonderoga*. This vessel was formerly the German steamer *Camilla Rickers*, and I recall seeing her often in the harbor at Manila where she had been interned. After America entered the war the German crew did all the damage they could to the interned vessels by letting the water out of the boilers and then building up a hot fire. Many important parts of the engines were broken or thrown overboard. After repairing the damages to the *Camilla Rickers* she was rechristened the *Ticonderoga* and was brought to our eastern seaboard, and sailed on September 22, 1918, laden with horses and carrying a crew of 16 naval officers and 108 enlisted sailors. To take care of the horses on board, the *Ticonderoga* also carried two officers and 114 enlisted men of the army.

The *Ticonderoga* was one of a large convoy of twenty-four ships under protection of the cruiser *Galveston*.

About midnight of September 29th, she began to drop behind due to inability to keep up steam. Having gotten separated from the remainder of the convoy the *Ticonderoga* was attacked about daylight on September 30th by a German submarine which, when first discovered, was on the surface and scarcely more than two hundred yards away. At once the submarine opened fire with her two six-inch guns, and in the fight that ensued a great many of the crew and of the army contingent were killed or badly wounded. The captain and his men fought gallantly but the submarine had every advantage in the power of her guns. Finally at a distance of less than one thousand yards she fired a torpedo which striking the *Ticonderoga* amidship caused her to settle rapidly. Some life boats and life rafts were lowered before she sank, and in great part they were filled with the sick and wounded. The submarine took away two naval officers as prisoners leaving the wounded in the life boat and on the raft to shift for themselves. Soon the life boat and the life raft drifted apart, and nothing was ever heard of the fate of the raft.

After four days of severest privation and

suffering the life boat containing eleven men of the naval crew and fourteen men of the army was pickd up by the British vessel *Moorish Prince*.

The *Moorish Prince* arrived in the lower bay in New York at an hour too late to dock, and the rescued men were taken off in a hospital transfer launch. Chaplain M. O. Beebe of the Army went along with the launch, and these rescued men related to him their story of how the wounded captain of the *Ticonderoga* lay in the bottom of the boat covered with a tarpaulin, and how, when the submarine came alongside, they had saved the captain by assuring the submarine officer that the captain had gone down with his ship.

When the submarine had gone and they were left to look after themselves they told Chaplain Beebe their wonderful story of how they had organized to make the most of their slender resources.

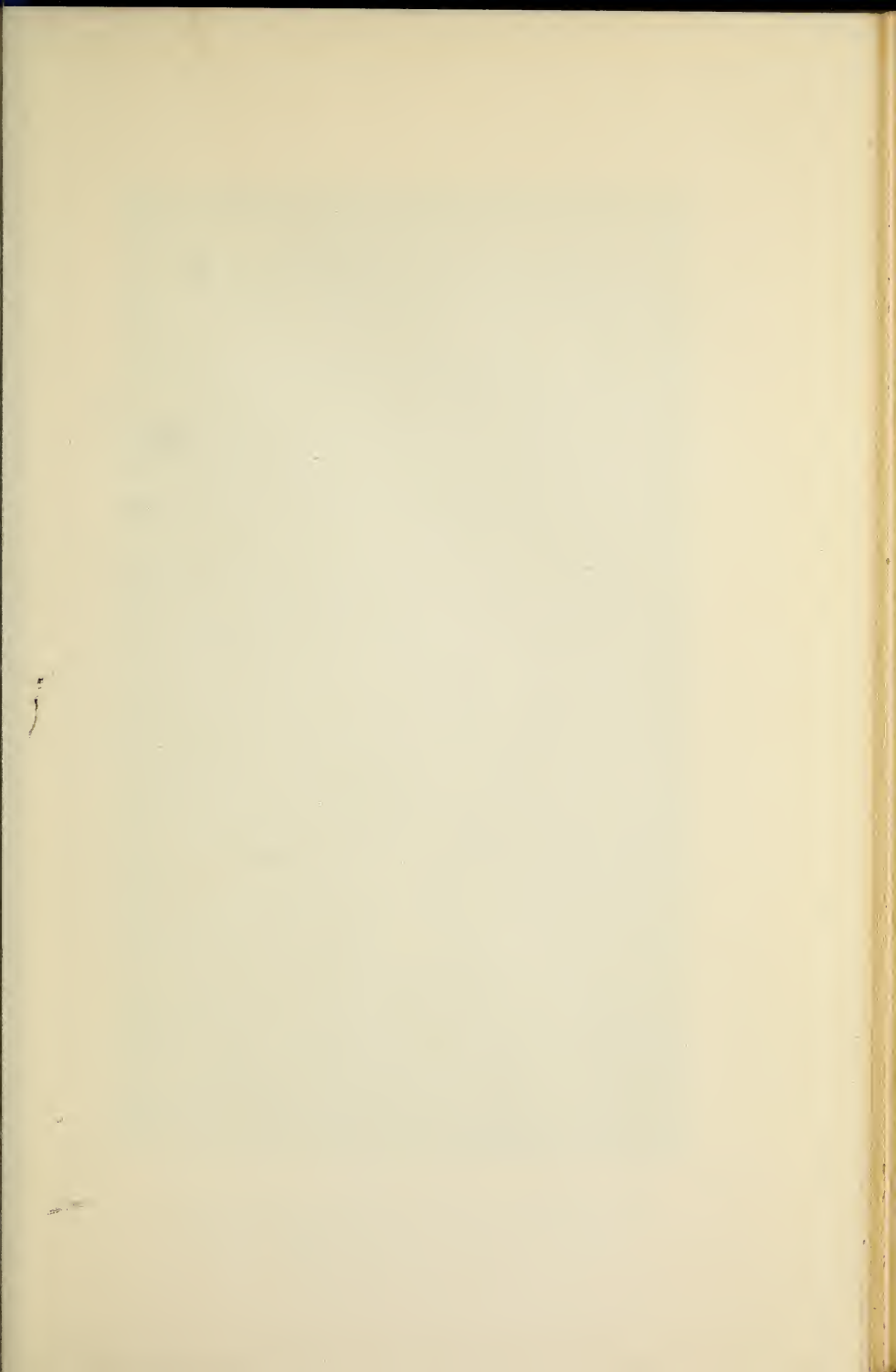
First they chose a leader; their training showed them that there must be a leader. Then they laid out and provided for all the tasks before them. Some were to tend the sail; some were to bale the boat; some were to care

for the wounded captain and the others so seriously wounded as to need care.

And just as these men had their appointed tasks, so all of the others were to pray. And how they must have prayed!

Says Chaplain Beebe: "A tall, lank, soft-voiced South Carolinian lad with tears on his cheeks and a sob in his voice said, 'Chaplain, it just seems to me that God had a leading string on our boat.' I asked for an explanation. He replied: 'Why we couldn't do nothing. The sub shot across the waves and sank all of the other boats and we wondered why they didn't sink ours. When they left us we rigged up a sail, and it was God in the wind that blew us into the path of the *Moorish Prince*.'

"Another, overhearing these remarks said, 'Yes, it's true, and if I ever see an infidel again I am going to kill him.' I asked him what he hoped to gain by such conduct, to which he replied: 'Well they can't tell me there ain't no God 'cause I know there is.'"





MRS. GEO. W. C. DREXEL, DIRECTOR OF PENNSYLVANIA-
DELAWARE BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, AND
DIRECTLY IN CHARGE OF RED CROSS WELFARE
WORK AT PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER XXXIX

PHILADELPHIA

AS FAR as troop movements were concerned, Philadelphia was a part of the port of New York.

We kept no permanent personnel there, but detachments of officers, men and employees were sent over to meet each outgoing or incoming transport.

Those who went from the port on this duty never failed to return with glowing accounts of how much was done for our boys and how efficient was the organization of those who undertook this welfare work.

The Philadelphia branch was a part of the Canteen Department of the Pennsylvania-Delaware Division of the American Red Cross of which Mrs. George W. C. Drexel was Director.

Mrs. Drexel was also directly in charge of the work at Philadelphia, and I doubt whether anywhere in the country there was more effective organization or better work.

It made no difference whether the great tide of soldiers was outbound on its way to France,

or whether it was inbound and on its way home, Philadelphia was, for the great mass of them, the nearest important station to the great port at New York.

It was fortunate to have the principal port of embarkation located at the great city of New York with its unexcelled facilities for amusement, diversion and handling large crowds of transients. It was equally fortunate to have at such convenient distance the great city of Philadelphia where the fine work done for our lads by the New York organizations could be supplemented by the equally fine work of their co-patriots in Philadelphia.

The Red Cross organizations in New York fed every soldier who arrived, and saw that the boys were not hungry when they climbed aboard the train that was to take them home.

But by the time the train had reached Philadelphia appetite had returned, and the lads were ready to sample the Philadelphia brand of provender.

The hungry soldier stood small chance of getting through Philadelphia without having his hunger relieved.

Under the splendid direction and leadership

of Mrs. Drexel there was an organized canteen department consisting of seventy-eight auxiliaries and branches with fifty-seven captains, fifty-four lieutenants and two thousand seven hundred workers.

Between the dates of September 20, 1917, when operations began and November 1, 1919, when the canteen branch went on the reserve there was a total of 2,033,375 men cared for of whom 1,718,260 were served at the railway station.

A contemplation of these figures will give some idea of the enormous amount of work performed by these patriotic women, and some glimpses of the effectiveness of the organization which enabled this work to be accomplished.

On the piers the work was directly under charge of Mrs. Henry Pepper Vaux as Captain of the unit, and refreshments were served to more than eighty thousand men.

On the day that one of our first transports was scheduled to sail we should have been in dire distress had not Mrs. Drexel and her assistants come to our aid.

The galley accommodations of the transport had not been completed on schedule time. The

troops had arrived and were hungry, but there was no way to cook or to serve even the simplest of meals.

The canteen branch of the Red Cross stepped promptly to the front, and served two meals instead of one, providing not only the solid components of a good meal, but supplying in addition liberal quantities of fruit, magazines, papers and games of various kinds.

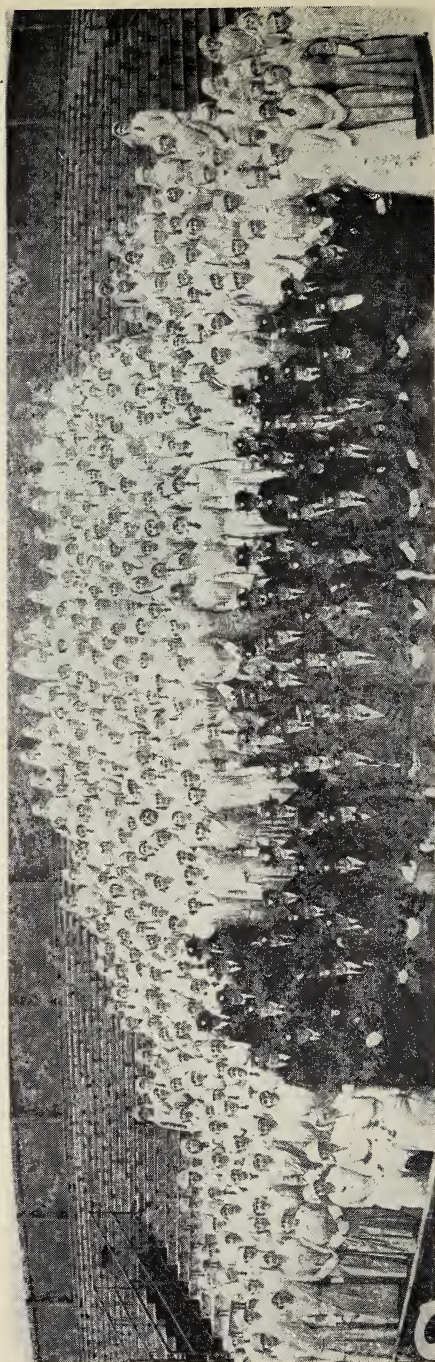
These men, some eleven hundred in number, were all from the south, and few of them had ever seen an ocean-going ship. After the evening meal these ladies distributed flowers and cheered many a homesick lad by promising to write to his mother, or to the wife left behind in hospital.

When they left the ship the thanks and the cheers of the men must have told them more plainly than words how much their good deeds were appreciated.

Another morning when it was quite cold, and the men were jaded with their long trip and very hungry, the ladies fed an unusually large number.

When the men had finished their meal a sergeant came up to Mrs. Drexel and said: "We





GROUP PICTURE OF RED CROSS WELFARE WORKERS OF PHILADELPHIA. THE WORK
OF THESE WOMEN WAS TREMENDOUS IN VOLUME AND SUPERB IN QUALITY.

have a good quartet, and we feel so grateful to the Red Cross we would like to come and sing for you before we sail."

The quartet came and sang for them "Over There" and a great many other army tunes while the ladies stood by smiling and making brave attempts to hide their tears.

As the wounded and the sick began to arrive they were transferred from the ships to the various hospitals throughout the city by the Red Cross Motor Transport Corps under the immediate charge of Mrs. Somers Rhodes as Captain of the Motor Unit.

It was not until August of 1918 that Hospital Trains began to pass through the city, and under the immediate direction and supervision of Mrs. George B. Evans, Vice-Commandant in charge, a total of 156,080 of our sick or wounded were cared for.

Many were the words of praise I heard in regard to this service, and I know that scattered over our land there is many a former soldier who carries in his heart warm recollections of the kindly attentions he received from these ladies as he was passing through Philadelphia.

A Hospital Train Escort Service began on

December 2, 1918, under the immediate direction of Mrs. George W. Boyd, Vice-Commandant in charge, and more than twenty-six thousand soldiers received refreshments while an information booth also under her charge gave information or assistance to nearly two hundred thousand soldiers.

On May 15, 1919, the returning 28th Division composed of Pennsylvania troops held its last parade in Philadelphia.

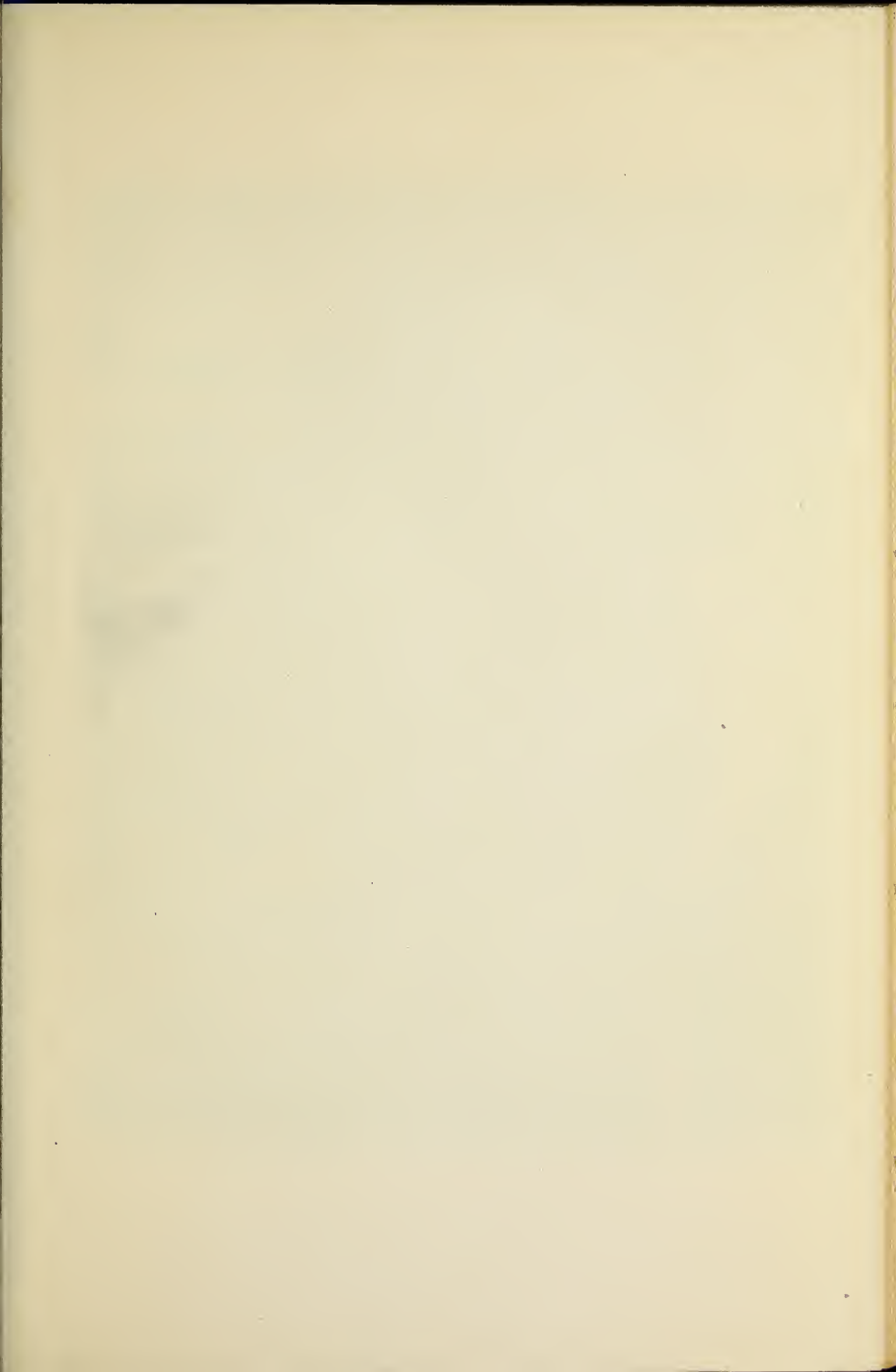
At request of the city Mrs. Drexel and her units served a hot meal to sixteen thousand men at Shibe Park after the parade.

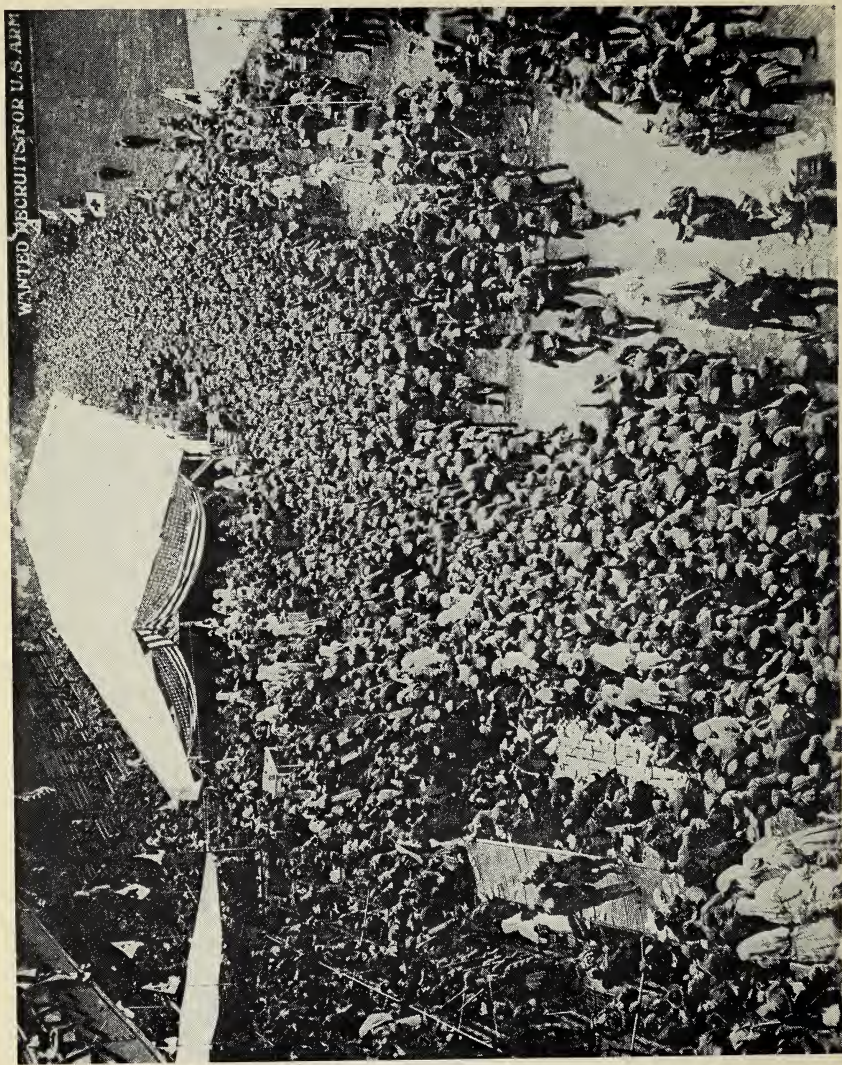
Three hundred women performed this service in less than two hours, the dinner consisting of roast beef, potatoes, bread, butter, cake and coffee.

A great many interesting incidents occurred in connection with this service, which I can but touch upon.

Mrs. Drexel relates that on several occasions it had been necessary to take sick soldiers from the ship and send them to the hospital before the ship had sailed.

In every case there was a protest and a cry: "Please let me go back with my company; I





WANTED RECRUITS FOR U.S. ARMY

RED CROSS WOMEN OF PHILADELPHIA SERVING DINNER TO 16,000 OF THE
28TH (KEYSTONE) DIVISION AT SHIBE PARK, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1919.

had rather die with my company than be left at home."

She relates a very touching little incident of her service: "Many mornings I used to carry big bunches of flowers in my arms, and ask the boys who would like a flower for luck. You can have no idea with what eagerness they said, 'Please, Red Cross, give me one'; and after the flowers were gone they begged for even a stem for good luck.

"One morning on a hospital train, months afterwards, I saw a sweet looking boy with one leg gone and some hip injury lying flat on the bed.

"As soon as he saw me he said: 'Why, Red Cross, you gave me a carnation for good luck, and you see I have had good luck because I am back again. Here is the carnation.' Could one have a better example of bravery than that?"

The following little incident related by Mrs. Drexel shows that there was as much trouble with mascots at Philadelphia as there was in New York:

"At various times the men brought mascots home with them. One company had a goat.

There is a law that no hoofed animal can be landed in Philadelphia.

"Every soldier hugged the goat before he said good-bye and left the ship, and the goat seemed to understand what it meant as he bleated most pitifully.

"Another man brought a piano home as a mascot—said it had followed his company everywhere, even into the trenches—and he seemed surprised when the Red Cross did not think it would be an easy matter to get it through the customs and send it to him, which we, of course, finally succeeded in doing."

I can but touch upon the activities of these patriotic women, not at all in the sense of being a history nor a complete account, but merely to show how deep and how wide is the debt of gratitude our country owes to its women for their labors among our soldiers.

Did our officers and our soldiers appreciate this work?

I shall answer by quoting an incident related by Mrs. Henry Pepper Vaux, the captain in charge of the work on the piers:

"On July 14th five transports sailed from Philadelphia with many men whom I knew

quite well, and they all asked me to telephone their families and say good-bye for them.

"One young captain was so enthusiastic about the work done for his men that he wrote his father asking him to thank the Red Cross again for him, which the father did, further expressing his gratitude by enclosing a check for \$500.00 to carry on the work."

The great bulk of troop movement through Philadelphia was during the summer season. The soldier lads kept the car windows open, and many of them got cinders in their eyes as a result. One of the side duties of the Red Cross workers was to remove cinders. Says one Red Cross captain: "I believe I could have filled a peach basket full to overflowing had I all the cinders I took from their eyes as the troop trains stood in the station. The very worst I remember—an enormous fellow from Texas was sitting beside the window with a filthy handkerchief pressed to his eye, and feeling too low in spirits to accept the ice cream the Red Cross was serving. I called to him: 'What's the matter son? Cinder in your eye?' 'Yes'm.' 'Wonder if you will let me get it out?' 'You may as well try. Every fellow in the train has had his

thumbs in there.' Immediately I took out a piece of clean old linen which I always carried in the pocket of my uniform. His eye looked like a piece of raw beef steak. I extracted a horrible jagged cinder, and then hurried on to other duties. Just as the train was pulling out I ran to him and asked: 'How's my patient?' 'Ah, nurse (we were always nurses), you sure saved my life.' "

CHAPTER XL

THE RETURN OF OUR DEAD

OF ALL THE SHIPS which landed at Hoboken none gave me greater concern than the freighter, *Lake Daraga*, which arrived at the Hoboken piers about midnight of November 13, 1919. She brought the first of our dead, some one hundred and fourteen bodies from the ranks of those who had died in Russia. They constituted a part of the dead of the "Fourth American Army" serving in Russia under the able command of Brigadier Wilds P. Richardson, widely known as the "godfather of Alaska."

For weeks the newspapers had been filled with discussion concerning the return of our dead. The War Department had agreed to bring back the remains of any soldier when request was made by next of kin.

For the time being the arrival of the *Lake Daraga* was a live topic in the public press. Newspaper correspondents in numbers were in my office every day seeking details for their stories as to how the bodies were going to be handled. Every one of them wanted to be right

on the dock, note book in hand, when the *Daraga* arrived. The movie men were even more insistent. As a rule the press correspondents on the piers during the war were reliable, loyal and patriotic. More than once when correspondents got wind of some accident to one of our ships and had come to me to get details I would tell them all I knew, and then ask them not to publish what I had told them lest it cause uneasiness or grief to some father or mother when subsequent investigation might show that such anxiety was unnecessary. Scarcely ever was I disappointed in them, and the press of New York throughout the war was always willing to be helpful.

But the war was over when the *Lake Daraga* was approaching, and the pressure for first-hand news was tremendous. All of the New York papers had correspondents, and there were many special correspondents from distant cities. All of them were insistent.

Finally I said to General Davison, my executive officer: "Let's set an hour and invite them all to come to my office, movie men and all." I think they all came, for the room was full of them, and I told them in substance that we appreciated the great interest on the part of the

public in the arrival of our first consignment of the dead, and intended to help the newspapers in every way we could, and also the movie men.

General Davison and I took them all to the pier to show them how it had been decorated for the reception of the bodies, and how all of the hand trucks had had rubber tires put on to prevent any jolt. Then we told them that we thought it best that no correspondents nor movie men be on the piers until the bodies had all been brought off and each casket covered with a flag.

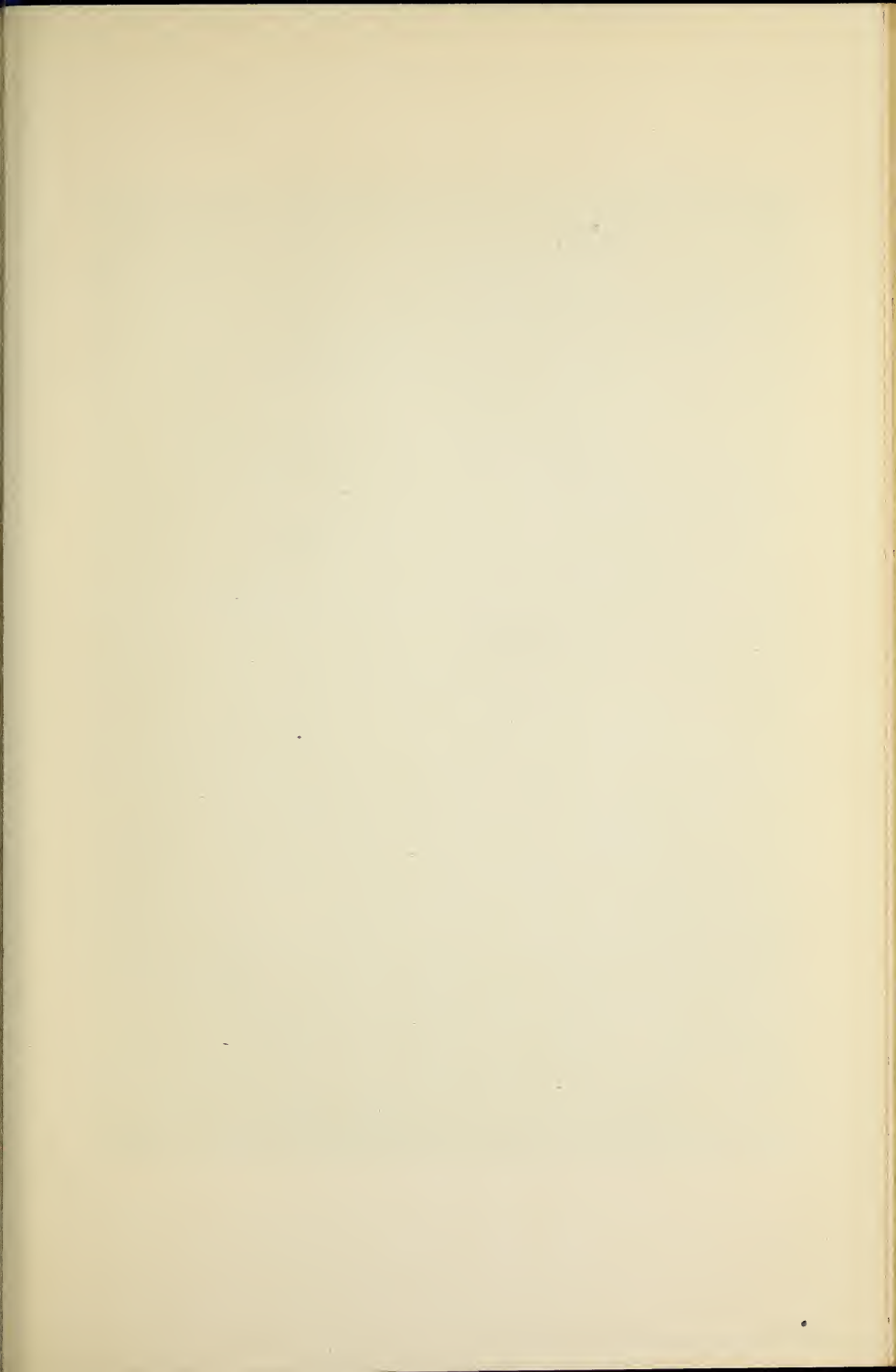
We told the correspondents frankly that the bodies were in the hold of the ship, that each casket weighed some six hundred pounds, and that it would be a matter of necessity to raise these bodies from the hold by the use of the ordinary cargo apparatus. I said to the correspondents that it was likely to bring grief to some mother if she saw a picture of a body being hoisted in cargo slings, and I felt it would be in every way better to wait and show the bodies arranged for the ceremony, each covered with a flag. We also told them that no stevedores, would handle the bodies once they had come from the hold, but that soldiers in uniform would then have exclusive charge.

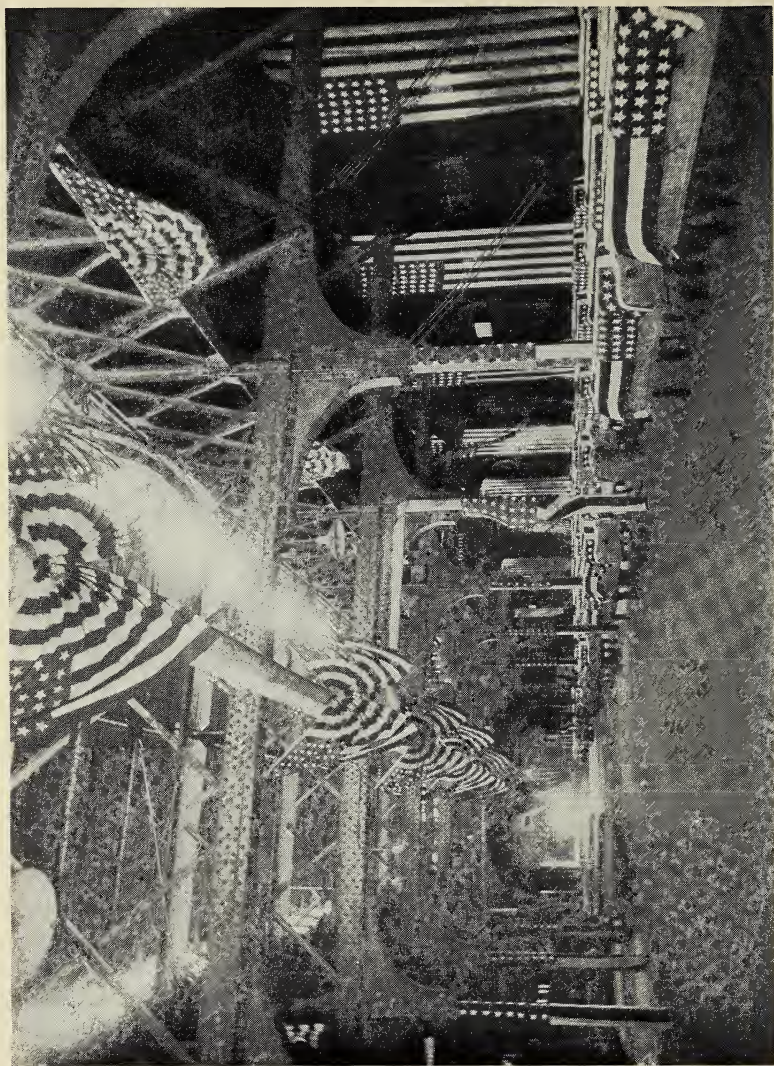
The correspondents and movie men all agreed, and went home satisfied. They adhered to their promise except one movie man representing a cheap skate evening paper who climbed over the roof and obtained a picture of one body as it was being raised from the hold. It is to the credit of the others that they mercilessly pilloried this fellow whose pass, upon recommendation of the newspaper representatives, was taken away, and he was not again allowed on the piers.

The arrival of the first consignment of our dead caused a widespread national interest. When the bodies had been received and arranged on the piers there was an official ceremony attended by large numbers of invited guests. Committees from both the Senate and the House were in attendance. Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York delivered an eloquent address in part as follows:

"The regiments, the battalions, the companies of the triumphant living have marched past.

"To-day," he said, pointing to the line of flag-draped caskets, "we meet the first company of the dead. The mother country receives into her compassionate arms all that is mortal of her





THE FIRST OF OUR DEAD ARRIVE AT HOBOKEN. IT WAS HERE THAT
SENATOR WADSWORTH DELIVERED HIS ORATION.

gallant sons who died worthily upholding her honor by their unswerving devotion to duty. In thousands of American homes grief is cutting at the heartstrings of those who have obtained the immortal usefulness of early death. They have joined the ranks of the deathless list of those who have died to uphold the national honor."

The dead brought back by the *Lake Daraga* were nearly all from the state of Michigan. Both the state and the city of Detroit had representative committees at the ceremonies, and at their request their bodies were sent back together occupying three baggage cars which had been tastily draped with flags. At the especial request of the state and city authorities we routed the cars so as to arrive in Detroit on Sunday morning to permit a general turn-out of citizens at the memorial ceremonies. I had sent my Adjutant, Major Robbins, to have general charge of the bodies en route to Detroit, and he reported on his return that many citizens and some of the officials had advised against the adoption of the same policy in future shipments. They felt that the whole city had become a place of mourning, and the exercises had a depressing effect upon the community at large. The gov-

ernment soon arranged so that the authorized attendant to accompany the remains of a soldier to his place of burial might be a relative, if one were present and available at time the body was started on its homeward journey.

This arrangement gave much satisfaction to the relatives of a good many of our dead soldiers who would otherwise have found the cost of the trip beyond their means.

America provided well for her dead soldiers. The appearance of our cemeteries in France was such as to make an American proud of his country. After I had seen these cemeteries I had about made up my mind that our soldiers ought to be let alone where their bodies were lying. Those who fell in the field were lying each by the side of the comrades with whom he had fought. It seemed to me that, if the will of the soldier himself could be known, it would be his choice to continue his sleep by the side of his buddie.

I felt that Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt had the right idea so well expressed by the Colonel in the words: "Where the tree falls, there let it lie."

I think now, however, that our government

has acted wisely in bringing home the bodies where the nearest relatives desire that this be done. In August of 1921 while I was stationed at Camp Dix I received an invitation to deliver an address over the bodies of several hundred soldiers just received from France. At the ceremonies on the piers I saw a great many "War Mothers" who had come with heavy hearts to greet all that remained of the boy who had given his life to his country. With many of these mothers I talked, and without exception they felt that it was a great comfort that the remains of the loved one had come back where loving hands could tend the grave.

The government has now completed its task of bringing home our dead, having brought back to the home land 45,459 bodies while in foreign soil 30,496 of our brave lads continue their sleep.

CHAPTER XLI

THE SOLDIER AND HIS MASCOTS

THE typical average soldier was young and unmarried. While he was devoid of family cares and worries, he was also devoid of wife and children upon whom he might lavish his attentions and his affections.

Just as in every day life we often witness the childless woman become deeply attached to her pet dog so the soldier had to have *something* which he could fondle and care for.

Most often it was a dog, but there is no limit to the range of a soldier's fancy. Inasmuch as too many mascots were sure to prove a strain upon the captain's good nature soldiers were frequently forced to pool their affections, and to adopt a mascot which belonged to no individual, but was the property of the organization *en masse*.

We see notable instances of the mascot "en masse" each year at the Army and Navy football game where the army mule and the navy goat, scrupulously groomed and gaily appareled,

are paraded and wildly cheered according to the personal predilections of the cheerers.

Oftentimes organizations arrived at the Port bringing their mascots with them, and I was always sorry when they did, for mascots were not allowed to go across, and sometimes the parting between the men and their mascots was truly pathetic.

My aide, Captain Couper Lord, came back from the docks one day with a rather touching story of such a parting which he had witnessed, and which, at my request, he describes as follows:

"They were a smart artillery regiment all the way from the Pacific Coast, and among other things they brought with them was their mascot, a little mutt dog.

"Mutt though he was, he seemed to embody some of the excellence of his masters. He had character, and he was a dog one would notice.

"As man after man moved up the gangplank the dog became nervous and excited. He ran barking up and down the pier seeking some way to get on board. He contemplated jumping, but the distance was too great for even so courageous a dog. The last man was finally on

board, the gangplanks were hoisted, and the ship slowly left the pier.

"Mutt followed barking pathetically in a vain endeavor to go with his outfit. He followed out to the end and watched as the ship turned and gathered speed for the ocean. The last I saw of him he was still straining his eyes after the ship fast disappearing in the haze of the lower bay."

The most historic mascot brought to the port was a brown bear belonging to a Motor Transport outfit arriving from one of our southern camps. It had been arranged that the bear would be turned over to the father of the captain of the company, but the father failed to arrive. The ship was ready to sail and time pressed. Mrs. Olney of the Red Cross was present on the piers; she had been willing to tackle any other problem that came along, so why not a bear? It was arranged, and she had a thrilling time getting the bear into a taxi and where he could be cared for.

Soldiers were not allowed to take their mascots across, but they brought them back by the hundreds. The ships' officers were not at all enthusiastic about allowing mascots on board

ship; they made a lot of dirt and a lot of trouble. There was a good deal of grumbling among the crews of some of the vessels to such an extent that I was asked from Washington for recommendation as to whether it would not be better to prohibit all mascots, but I strongly advised against such a course. I felt that every concession possible should be made in favor of those who had fought and suffered on the other side and the prohibition against mascots was never put into effect.

The most famous of all the mascots brought back from the other side was a mule colt. This was the only American mule ever born in France and when she was foaled on April 17, 1918, she was promptly christened "Verdun" because her birthplace was on the Meuse River south of Verdun. The colt accompanied her mother in all marches and operations including the fighting around Chateau Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne.

It is strictly against the orders of the Agricultural Bureau to bring horses and mules into this country because of the danger from the dread foot-and-mouth disease. Through some special dispensation Verdun was allowed to be put on

the upper deck of the Transport *Julia Luckenback* where she was petted and pampered all the way across by the men of Battery E., 15th Field Artillery. Arrived in New York the troubles of all hands began. First, through oversight, Verdun was allowed to be taken off. In compliance with the demands of the stony-hearted officials of the Agricultural Department Verdun was put back on the ship, the only alternative being destruction of the animal. She seemed in a fair way to return to the land of her birth when another emergency officer not knowing anything about the previous mix-ups allowed her again to be taken off and turned over to Battery E of the 15th Field Artillery at Camp Mills. When the lynx-eyed officials of the Agricultural Department again learned about Verdun she was well on her way to San Antonio, Texas. They had not finished yet, however, for they required reports by telegraph twice each day showing her temperature and the state of her appetite. Finally she had passed the crucial period and arrived at a state where infection could no longer be feared.

My last reports regarding Verdun show that she is still the beloved and pampered pet of

Battery E of the 15th Field Artillery. She lives a life of luxurious ease, and recruits are taught that it is a high privilege to be permitted to groom her and clean her stall.

Away back on June 26, 1876, General Custer and his entire command were wiped out of existence in the battle of the Little Big Horn. Only one thing that General Custer carried into that battle came out alive. A cavalry horse, old "Comanche," was found after the battle so covered with wounds that the Indians probably thought he would surely die.

Comanche lived, however, and to the day of his death was the beloved and tenderly cared for guest of the 7th Cavalry. His days of work were over, but the 7th Cavalry never held a ceremony of especial distinction where Comanche was not the center of attraction.

Such is the power of association in the human mind that it seems certain that Verdun will live a life of ease. To the 15th Field Artillery Verdun is an object of tender care because she is so closely related to the thrilling achievements to which that regiment contributed its full share.

Another widely known historic mascot—an outstanding example of mascot "*en masse*"—

was the Kaiser's goat brought home as the official mascot of General O'Ryan's famous 27th Division of the New York National Guard.

In connection with the subject of soldiers' mascots it seems fitting to remark that an organization known as the "Bide a Wee" Association gave its especial attention to looking after the stranded mascots of organizations, and saw that they were properly cared for.

Perhaps no single organization was more bountifully equipped with mascots than a Texas regiment which sailed from Philadelphia in the early days. Almost every soldier brought with him one of the small horned toads so plentiful in the arid portions of the Lone Star State. As our boys returned from service on the other side the German police dog stood high in favor, and a number of fine specimens were brought back.

CHAPTER XLII

AS THEY CAME HOME

STANDING on the side lines at Hoboken I had watched the birth and development of the finest national spirit our country ever knew. From the Hoboken piers I watched the breaking up and decay of that spirit which had been so splendid. As long as the war lasted patriotism was at its height; the spirit of service was abroad in the land; the man was a slacker who failed to support his government. But now the war was over; the war spirit had cooled; the sense of duty was on the wane. Acrimonious discussion and bitter partisan politics absorbed the public attention. Throughout the land blind, intense, unreasoning criticism became the order of the day. It is small wonder that the complaints of the returning soldier should feed upon the discontent he found at home.

What were the causes of the change? Reaction primarily. The higher the pendulum swings the further does it go on its return. A man does not continue to run after he has

caught the street car. No man of common sense, nor any student of human nature, could reasonably expect the national spirit to remain at white heat now that the war was over. Indifference was bound to result when the civilian soldier no longer saw active service ahead of him. If the change had been confined to mere indifference it would not have been so bad.

It was natural that the returning soldier should grumble—to “kick” has been from time immemorial the birthright of every soldier.

Some of their kicks were against the Embarkation service (now transformed into the Debarkation service). I am bound to say that, on the face of things, some of their kicks against the debarkation service were justified.

We were not able to bring our officers and soldiers back in anything like as much comfort and luxury as they enjoyed in going over. The reasons were obvious to all who cared to ask—but I think it is the universal experience that mankind finds it hard to “make allowances.”

When our troops were going across less than forty per cent of them sailed in Ameri-

can ships. They were sent across in many of the finest ships afloat—the *Olympic*, the *Aquitania*, the *Mauretania*, and all of liners of the Cunard and other first-class companies carried American soldiers to the limit of their capacity.

The British government even stripped the Pacific Ocean and brought to New York such vessels as the *Empress of Asia* and the *Empress of Russia* in order to hasten the dispatch of American soldiers needed so badly to strengthen the man power on the battle front of the allied lines.

Now that the war was over other uses awaited these vessels. The Canadian and the Australian troops had to be repatriated. Many of the vessels which had worked to the very limit in carrying soldiers across now had to go into dry dock for long-needed repairs.

Our debarkation service was left to shift for itself. It was not a theory but a condition that confronted us.

No longer was it a question of what we would like to have, it was merely a question of what we could get.

American troops by the hundreds of thou-

sands were in France clamoring to get home. Most of the ships that had carried them across were no longer available, and the only thing possible was to make the best practicable substitutions. The navy came loyally to the rescue in this situation and used to the limit all of its available battleships and cruisers. Warships were never intended for use as transports, but they helped in the task of getting our boys back home.

As a matter of necessity, and from no other reason, sixty-two of our largest and fastest cargo ships were hastily converted into troop transports.

In this conversion haste was the main element, and necessarily the cabin accommodations on all of these converted freighters were extremely meagre and unsatisfactory.

Ships of the *Luckenback* class were fine freighters, but they made very poor passenger ships—especially in their first-class accommodations.

Officers who had gone over in a Cunard liner or in one of the palatial liners of the White Star, and were billeted to return to

Hoboken in a "Luckenback," generally stepped ashore in testy mood.

Officers by the thousand began to pile up at Brest because these makeshift transports could not carry their proper proportion of first-class passengers.

Emergency officers anxious to return to their homes and their business grew impatient and chafed at the delay. The War Department was besieged by cables demanding action.

Something had to be done. The War Department directed that a considerable part of the best troop space on the *Leviathan* be fitted up with mattresses, sheets and pillows, and nearly three thousand officers came back on her first trip in this new service.

When these officers reached Hoboken they were mad to the core, and the press teemed with stories of their hardships.

Each one of them had a berth with mattresses, sheets and pillow, and an extra berth for his baggage, so that the space was only half occupied.

When the war was in progress we did not have an officer worth his salt who would not gladly have gone over in troop space, if thereby

he could help his government, and at the same time get himself into the field of action at an earlier date.

As a matter of fact we had thousands of soldiers who went across without having any berth at all. They had only their blankets and the deck, but nobody heard a whimper from any of them.

But coming back—it was different.

In going to France sixty-one per cent of our troops sailed under foreign flags.

In coming home eighty-three per cent of them returned under the American flag—not as luxuriously as they had gone across, but still the government was doing its best.

Neither the returning officers, the press nor the public made allowances for the difference in accommodations.

The kicking was active and persistent.

There is just one feature of the kicking to which I wish to draw especial attention because it is so characteristic of human nature.

Who did most of it?

Our wounded who had suffered most? A thousand times no. Was it the combat troops who had served so gallantly in the great drives

which brought the war to a close? In general, it was not.

They had learned that a soldier must endure hardships, and these men were soldiers—every inch of them.

Most of the kicking came from those who had not been near the battle line.

In a number of cases of alleged hardship appearing in the public press, the complainants were young officers who had just gone across and were serving in the S. O. S. area during the entire time they were abroad.

Quite a few of those who got their names in print had gone across as enlisted men, occupying a single berth instead of two.

So active and so persistent were the criticisms in the public press that I felt impelled to make a reply in the New York papers setting forth the facts, and explaining the reasons why our government could not bring home our returning troops in the same luxury they had enjoyed while going across. My explanations were not a success. The newspapers, too, had found that the war was over, and were ready to make much of any complaint that came to them.

On the piers there was daily evidence of the great change. Young officers who had gone up the Hoboken gangplanks in high state of morale, straining every nerve to carry out the demands of discipline, came back, some of them, with attitude wholly different. If a sentinel or a military police rendered a salute, he would be waved aside with the remark: "Oh, hell! Cut that out. The war is over now."

Sometimes young officers went absent from the gangplank, and struck directly for the great city. Twelve from a single ship granted themselves passes. One of them found that his mother had chartered a private Pullman car, and at once started with her to his home in a western city. Something had to be done to put an end to such conduct. As a last resort I placed the whole batch in arrest, and determined to try them all by court-martial.

Many of these young officers had influential friends. Some reason beyond my control developed why one of them could not be tried. I would not see one escape and the others punished, so they were all released. But the resulting publicity did much good. The New York newspapers once more took up the

cudgels and were helpful in giving to the public a proper viewpoint.

If the feelings of our soldier lads on returning had been confined merely to grumbling or "kicking"—however vigorously—it would not have been so bad. But at the close of the great war in which our troops had distinguished themselves for valor, endurance and superb morale I was astounded that so many should return with a bitterness of feeling that seemed to me inexplicable. "NEVER AGAIN." These were the bitter words constantly ringing in my ears.

I think that no man on either side of the great ocean heard more of the grievances of officers, real or alleged, than I.

Every day I saw officers by the score, some of whom came to my office, and many of whom I saw on the piers, on the streets or in the hotels. Into my office, too, came almost daily members of the various welcoming committees some of whom had arrived, frequently from a great distance, to greet the returning troops from their own localities.

Governors, senators, congressmen, mayors, public men of every description came to the

Port to welcome the boys in whom they were especially interested. From them, also, it was easy to see what a change had come over the spirit of the people.

The government, the war department and the regular army were the especial targets of the critics.

What were the causes of dissatisfaction? As already stated, reaction was the primary cause. This cause was inevitable and beyond remedy. There were other causes which could have been removed but which were not. For the failure to remove these causes I feel that we of the regular army are primarily to blame. The regular army was in absolute control, and must bear the blame for whatever mistakes of policy were adopted.

Some of the complaints had to do with events occurring on the other side. One of these had reference to the long hours of drill and training carried on after the armistice, when there seemed no further prospect of active service. The complainants harped especially upon the discomforts of the training carried on in the rain and snow. Every soldier, now that he may view the matter in retrospect, must realize

the demoralization that would have ensued had the troops been allowed to remain in complete idleness while awaiting transportation home.

But the really bitter, persistent complaints were against the War Department and the administration at home.

In the great final drive of the Meuse-Argonne campaign, many officers won their promotion on the field of battle. Many officers in command of organizations had failed in combat service, and were relegated to duties in the rear while their places had been taken by officers who had shown themselves competent.

But the moment the armistice was signed there was a cable from the War Department absolutely forbidding further promotions. The officer who had distinguished himself in long and arduous campaign could not, under these instructions, receive the promotion which he had earned. The incompetent officer was not demoted, but was free to return to his former command. It is true that after a time General Pershing was able to secure a partial revocation of these instructions and a great many

officers received the promotion which they had earned.

But a great deal of damage had been done. In some way the idea became prevalent that the War Department was not interested in the officer who had earned promotion on the field of battle since it was willing to deny him the fruits of his valor. It was a most unfortunate idea to become prevalent for it worked great harm to the regular army.

When the great war was over it was natural and inevitable that a great many of our emergency officers should want their immediate discharge. The War Department should have recognized this fact and provided accordingly. Many of them were business men who had made great sacrifices when they entered the war. The demands for discharge were vigorous and insistent. As a matter of course not all of them could be spared at once.

But the handling of these applications for discharge was done in a way that lost us many friends. If there was ever a time when patience, tact and a kindly feeling towards our emergency officers were needed it was when they were leaving the service. Many

of these applications for discharge came under my immediate observation because many of them were made from the port and were forwarded by me. Sometimes it seemed to me that whoever was responsible for final action carried in his mind the thought that to be able to say "no" in a positive and brusque manner was a sign of military efficiency. In cases where discharge was not possible it would have been a fine thing if some good reason had been stated together with a promise of discharge when conditions would permit.

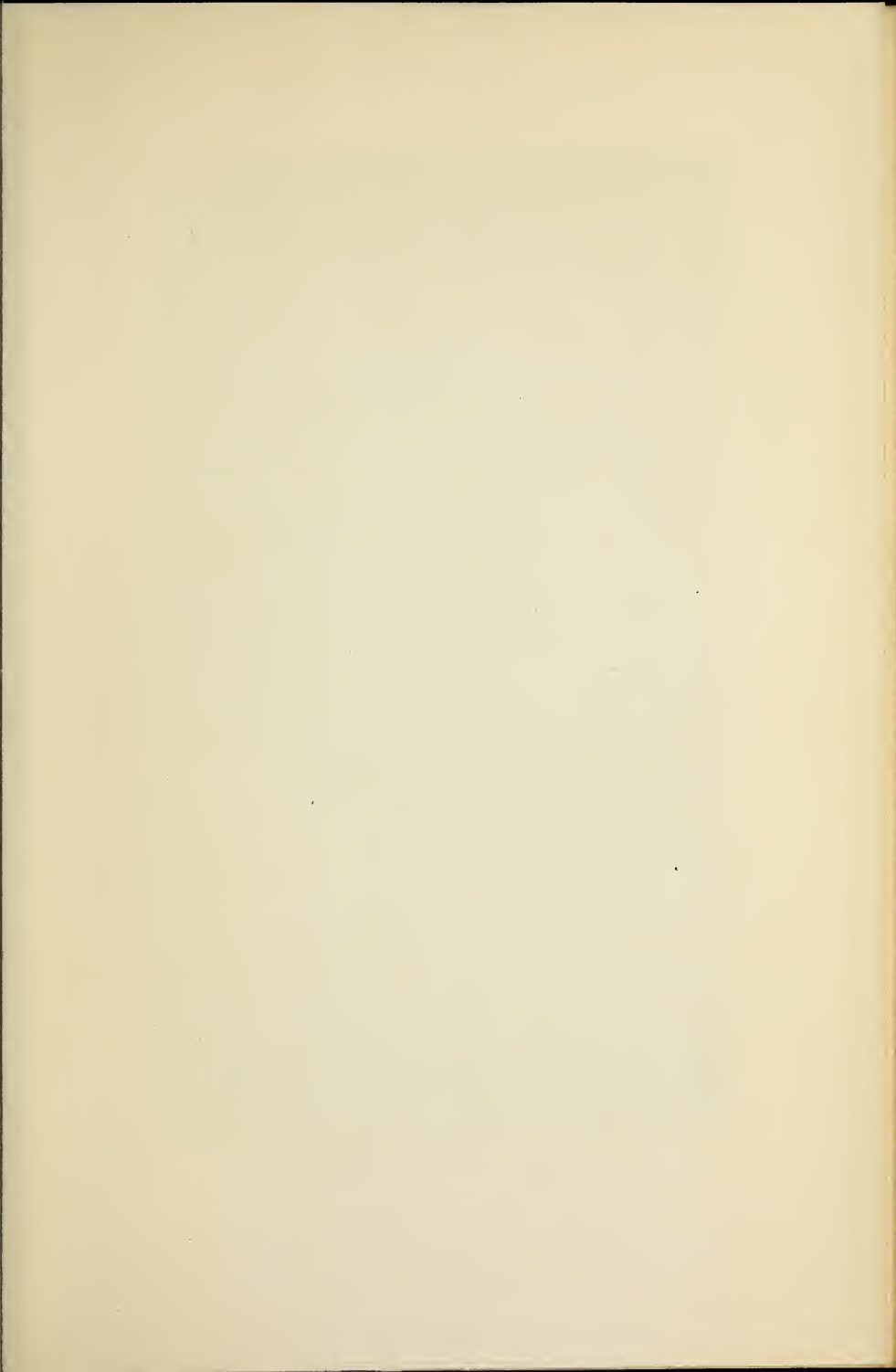
Every day I had in my office throngs of public men who had come to welcome the returning soldiers of their own community. Many of these public officials were congressmen, and they oftentimes made strenuous efforts on their own account to secure the discharge of some officer or soldier in whom they had a special interest. The scant courtesy shown them laid the foundation for that blaze of animosity which was so in evidence at the following session of Congress.

Driving force is of great value on the battlefield. But at the end of the war a little tact

mixed with a knowledge of human nature would have been priceless.

One of the things that astonished me most was to find that officers of the regular army were just as much dissatisfied as were the emergency officers. Some of our best-known and most valuable officers of the regular army had won their promotion in active campaign. Many of them were met at the gang-plank with the official order of the War Department demoting them to their permanent rank before they had opportunity to set foot on shore. Nothing could have been more upsetting to the officer who, as major general, had commanded a division, than to find that he was a colonel before he could kiss his wife. I know that demobilization was beset with difficulties, but almost any plan which contained within it just a little bit of consideration for the feelings of officers would have been better.

Not only were officers demoted at the gang-plank, but those on duty in America were demoted in so haphazard and uncertain a manner as to cause the very greatest dissatisfaction. Within more than forty years of service in our army, I have never known the morale of our





BRIG. GEN. PETER W. DAVISON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER,
DURING RETURN OF OUR TROOPS FROM FRANCE.

officers to be as low as it was during the period of demobilization. There seemed to be no set plan, no fixed method of procedure, and officers who had spent their lifetime in the army were nearer to being bolsheviks than I have ever known them at any other time in my service.

To quote a concrete case: On November 30th, Brigadier General Peter W. Davison was my executive officer, and second to me in rank at the Port. He was demoted on that day and on December 1st he was junior in rank to a considerable number of officers at the Port holding emergency commissions as colonels, but who were junior to him in the regular service.

A large number of officers whom he ranked on November 30th, were now senior to him, yet I continued him on duty as executive officer. Peter Davison was one of the best officers I ever saw in uniform, and I consider it a fine tribute to his qualities and a fine tribute to the discipline of other officers at the Port to say that to the day of his death there was never the slightest question that

arose in regard to his supervision of the duties of those who had now become his seniors.

It has always seemed to me that the only fair way would have been to demote all officers to their real rank, from the chief of staff to the bottom. The charge of favoritism could not then have been raised; the morale would have been much better, and the feeling towards the regular army would have been much kinder.

I do not refer to these mistakes in policy by way of criticism, but rather in sorrow, for the enforcement of these policies cost us dearly in the attitude of our returning soldiers, and in the public opinion of the country at large.

I quote them because, if we are to correct the mistakes of the last great war, it is necessary to have a clear, well-defined idea as to what those mistakes were.

It was about this time and in this connection that there occurred an incident which was the cause of a good deal of joking at my expense by some of my brother officers. On January 20, 1920, there was held a big "United Service Dinner" at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It was attended by all the officers of the army and

navy in or around New York and by a great many invited civilian guests. The banquet hall and the galleries were entirely filled. As usual, Job Hedges was on the program to provide the wit and merriment; Admiral Sims was on hand to represent the navy. Major General Robert Lee Bullard, one of the best and wittiest speakers the army has ever had, was scheduled to represent the army. At the last minute something happened to prevent General Bullard's attendance, and I was asked to take his place. I had very little time to think about what I was going to say, but as I recalled the constant grumbling and the spirit of discontent on the part of my brother officers of the army it seemed to me that the time was ripe to say a few words to them about our duty as older officers of the army to set a proper example of discipline and morale. Intending to pay what I regarded as a proper compliment to our brother officers of the navy, I suggested to my comrades of the army that we should take pattern by our brethren of the navy—adding that we never heard from them any open criticism, etc., etc.

Admiral Sims of the navy immediately fol-

lowed me. It was the first time I ever had the pleasure of hearing him, and he is both a forceful and a pleasing speaker. But when the Admiral had finished paying his respects to the Navy Department, he had said quite a deal; when he had finished with Josephus Daniels, there was scarcely a pin-feather left.

For a long time afterwards I saw scarcely one of my friends among the senior officers of the army who did not attempt some witticism at my expense.

CHAPTER XLIII

CONCLUSION

IN the foregoing pages I have tried to relate some of the incidents and stories of human interest that occurred in connection with the sailing of our troops and their return to the home land.

The welfare work on our piers and at our embarkation camps had a most beneficial and far reaching influence on the morale of our soldiers, and our country owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to those patriotic men and women who devoted themselves to this duty.

In an earlier part of this paper I mentioned that the work of sending our troops overseas was handled by three separate and independent agencies—the navy under Admiral Gleaves—the Shipping Control Committee under P. A. S. Franklin and the army under the Commanding General of the Port.

Admiral Gleaves and Mr. Franklin are men of broad gauge, possessed of rare energy, administrative ability and powers of organization.

Moreover they are men of splendid personality with whom it is a pleasure to work.

In the vast, complicated system of interlocking co-operation under which we worked it is my greatest pleasure to recall that no differences ever came up which we could not ourselves adjust. Washington never had to worry over any friction at the Port.

Some time after the war I was highly honored by the award of the navy Distinguished Service Medal—a rare honor indeed to an army officer.

This medal was presented to me at the Boston navy yard by Admiral Dunn as representative of the Navy.

There was a review and the citation accompanying the medal was read to those assembled to witness the ceremony.

The citation was complimentary, but when Admiral Dunn and I had returned to his office after the ceremony I said to him I could have written one in fewer words which would have been true, and would have given me greater pleasure.

He asked me what I meant, and I replied that the citation I had in mind would set forth that after more than two years of intimate, inter-

locking co-operation between the army and the navy at the Port we had quit the job better friends than when we began.

Thus far I have said but little concerning the large number of officers, soldiers and civilian employees who worked with me as my assistants during the great struggle.

Within my experience extending over more than forty years of service I have never known a more loyal, faithful nor efficient force.

I should say that the one outstanding feature which more than anything else characterized their service was the spirit of team work and loyal co-operation, which was the finest I have ever known.

